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LEWISTOWN NARROWS — A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW



# Juniata Memories

*Legends Collected in  
Central Pennsylvania*

*By*

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER

*President of the Altoona Tribune*

"It is not likely that much, if indeed any part, of what I may write will be granted a permanent place in the literature of my country, nor am I stirred to effort by any ambition or dream that it may. I shall be well satisfied if, by what I write, some present entertainment be afforded to the reader, a love of nature inculcated, and encouragement given to a more manly or womanly life."—*W. H. H. Murray.*

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ILLUSTRATED

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To M. R. S.  
THROUGH WHOM THE  
WRITER FOUND HIMSELF, THESE PAGES  
ARE AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED.



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## FOREWORD.

WHETHER one cares for stories of war or the chase, of Indians or English, of religion or of love, he will find his own in Mr. Shoemaker's eight volumes about Central Pennsylvania. My own life-study has been religion, and it was because I saw the value for that study in these tales that I noticed them, in 1914, in *The Pennsylvania Magazine*. One of our modern religious problems is: How is the mind of man constructed? How does it work? Are our minds the same as those of the prophets and evangelists? For this reason the study of folklore has become an important branch of the science of religion. In folklore we see the mind of Abraham Lincoln's "plain people" at work. From these workings we can often get glimpses into the mind of primitive man.

Every locality, therefore, should collect its folktales, and Mr. Shoemaker has done yeoman service to science by his collection. Moreover, there is a charm and a life in the teller's way of telling that gives a zest to the reader. One can smell the pines and breathe the mountain air. Wizards and warlocks abound, as if no railroad and no telephone could banish them; ghosts, too, haunt us on every hand; while, as I said before, the girls of the legends are so pure and sweet that many a city youth will want to take the

Lewistown Express to see if any more of them remain.

ALBERT J. EDMUNDS,  
*Historical Society of Pennsylvania.*

July, 1916.

## EXPLANATORY PREFACE.

**I**N the summer of 1910, in the columns of the Newton Hamilton *Herald* these words were written by a correspondent: "There is one hope I have which I wish to give expression to. This beautiful Juniata Valley is rich in history and traditions. I should like to inspire some boy or girl to give this folklore to the world for the world's good. It will not be an easy task, but will require much digging and delving as it does to bring mineral wealth to the surface, and it will even more greatly enrich mankind."

At that time the correspondent had not heard of the compiler of the present volume, or the work he was trying to do. It was a year later that the writer of these pages began the task of collecting the legends and folklore of the Juniata Valley, and in the valleys tributary to it, such of it as survived into a materialistic age, or would be imparted by the holders of the secret treasure-chest.

It was not to be a final work, but merely to "blaze the trail" for others. Probably sixty legends were collected during the years 1911, 1912 and 1913. The first twenty-five or thirty came from the northerly limits of the region, in the Seven Mountains. The second half were unearthed in the Juniata Valley proper, or in the little valleys contiguous to it.

The first collection was compiled in book form,

under the title of "In the Seven Mountains," and secured a respectful hearing from the good people of the Juniata country from Altoona to Juniata Bridge. It was the first real encouragement that had come to the writer after ten years of effort to collect and publish the folklore of the Central Pennsylvania mountains. It was his sixth volume; he might have soon felt sensations of discouragement had it not been for the generosity of the dwellers by the "Blue Juniata."

The volume of legends pertaining to the southerly Juniata Valleys and the writer's eighth volume of Pennsylvania folklore is the one now being presented to the public—JUNIATA MEMORIES. Most of the materials were gathered, as stated above, in 1911-1913, but several driving trips through the romantic territory, this "Eldorado Found," were taken in 1914 and 1915 to confirm certain details and local color.

The legends were secured from old people, hermits, farmers, lumbermen, teamsters, hostlers, hunters, trappers, old soldiers, and their ladies. They were freely given, many with the knowledge that some day they might find their way into print, some with no idea as to their future, told for the sheer joy of their relation. Many of them deal with persons of prominence in the political or social history of Central Pennsylvania, others with individuals of whom documentary history contains no trace—they of the "forgotten millions." They treat of Indian days principally, with a goodly sprinkling of the supernatural, of hunting, lumbering and pioneering. Perhaps they are not repre-



sentative legends of the Juniata Valley, better ones might have been found. The historian of the Juniata country, U. J. Jones, hinted of many such which the present writer could find no trace of. Those who knew them most probably died, failing to pass them on, long before the compiler of these chapters came on the scene.

But not finding any better legends, he has written out the twenty-six herein presented, which seemed to possess the most human interest, or as many as would fill a volume of this size. He has endeavored to reproduce them exactly as he heard them from the lips of the old people. They have not been enlarged on or changed, even when they ended abruptly or in mystery, but he fears that they have all lost much in passing through his hands.

There is an indefinable charm or thrill when hearing a tale of the long ago from an aged person, who knew the actors in it intimately, or whose family did, especially when it is recounted in an old farmhouse or mountain tavern on a blowy autumn night, before an open fire or even a glowing stove. As there is a place for all legends, there is also a time for hearing them.

The writer has visited practically every spot where the scenes in these legends are laid, he knows "the lay of the land." He could see the actors moving before him in his "mind's eye." As far as possible, he has tried to verify every date and incident, and to do so has absorbed a vast amount of Pennsylvania history

and literature. Some of the stories fit the page of history exactly, they must be absolutely true, others have no connection with anything recorded, they must represent the garbled memory of some one's animus or the mental vagaries of some tottering sage. Some of them would seem to clear up mooted points in history, others to further confuse it, but all are a picture of a phase of life that is no more—the simple, imaginative, bold, free life of the frontier.

As stated previously, many of the characters are the ancestors of persons now prominent in the Juniata Valley or elsewhere. To avoid giving offense to these, as some of the ancient figures were most unjust to the redmen, and believed too much in ghosts, or that might was right, the compiler has reserved the privilege, as in his previous volumes, to occasionally change the names of persons, places and dates. But this has been done only when it seemed best, and always with deep regret. But if the legend occurred on the north side of a certain mountain, and not on the south slope, as stated in this book, it only matters a few miles, and what is that in the boundless space and endless time which make up this world? But it is a drawback to the exactitude of such a work.

There are countless legends still to be unearthed in Central Pennsylvania, especially in the valleys tributary to the Juniata. Some are mere fragments, just a word or two, others long enough to fill a volume, or be turned into historical novels. But all are worthy of being written down, saved from oblivion, before it is

too late. Any one can find them, it requires no special gift, friendliness and simplicity, that is all.

They show the old pioneers in a favorable light for the most part, as possessing a decided *spiritual side* to their natures, far and above their abilities as mere hunters, trappers or wood-choppers. And in conclusion, first, and most of all, the old people are to be thanked for their kindness and patience in recounting the legends, their unvarying courtesy, that old-time charm that we must not let fade away. Then the press of the Juniata Valley, including the Newton Hamilton *Herald* prophet of this effort to collect these "memories," must be thanked, for they have been uniformly good to a writer in a new field. And the reading public are to be thanked, they have grasped at something they knew not what, and some of them found it to their liking. And lastly, but not least, to the great Pennsylvania Railroad, and its official photographer, Mr. W. H. Rau, of Philadelphia, who kindly granted the permission to reproduce the illustrations used in this book, go the author's sincere and lasting appreciation.

HENRY W. SHOEMAKER,

*Member of American Folklore Society.*

April 29, 1916.



# JUNIATA MEMORIES.

## I.

### OLD DAN.

A WAR STORY FROM THE SHORT MOUNTAIN.

SOME years ago the *Semi-Weekly News* of Huntingdon published a very interesting account of a famous stag called "Old Dan," which ruled the wilds of Huntingdon County between the years 1885 to 1895. This magnificent "forest king" was named, so the widely read article stated, for an old German hermit, who lived in a secluded cabin on Short Mountain, and who was as hard to meet as the famous stag.

Old Dan, the hermit, was indeed a very difficult man to converse with. This was partly because he professed to know very little of the English language, and partly because he seemed to prefer a life of silence. Taciturn almost to the point of inhospitality, very few hunters or fishermen cared to seek accommodations in his forest-hidden shack.

Those who sought to remain with him never tried it a second time, he was so ungracious in all his acts. But those who spoke to him, and who were persons of discernment, could readily note that under his uncouth, unshaven exterior he was a man of breeding and education—he had that mysterious atmosphere about him that proclaims a gentleman.

It was not until the last year of his life, when some premonition must have come to him of his approaching end, that he became to any extent communicative. He went out of his way to wave to the hunters as with their dogs they went along the trail by the creek bottom, he acted as if he wanted them to stop and talk. One of the hunters, the celebrated William Pursley, who had been snubbed by the recluse annually for twenty years, seeing the change in the old man's demeanor, left his companions one evening, determined to find out if "Old Dan" had a message to give to the world.

After a preliminary conversation, the hermit begged the hunter to remain over night, that he had much to say, it could not all be told in a night's time, but he would try. It was supper time, and after the brief repast, the two drew up their chairs around the slim cylinder stove, for it was in the fall of the year, deer season. The hermit prefaced the talk by saying that he would not be long in this world, that he had seen the token that had killed his career in Europe, and sent him into the wilds a wretched exile, and could now have no other change in store for him but death.

Pursley noticed, but said nothing, that "Old Dan" was talking away in good English, without the decided accent so characteristic of him in the past. The token which foretold death would unseal his lips, and he begged of the hunter to deliver a packet of letters and papers to his relatives in Germany, whenever he should hear of his death. Then he got up, and opened a *placard* in the wall, back of the stove, taking out a



bundle of envelopes and papers, tied in crumbling red tape. On the end of the uppermost envelope was written with faded ink a long and complicated foreign address. Pursley slipped the bundle into the inside pocket of his heavy hunting coat, propped back his chair, prepared to hear more from the eccentric old German. The hermit, who was only too anxious to talk, put his hands behind his head, and with his sunken eyes fixed on the ceiling, commenced the relation of the story of his life. Pursley, although he was a very old man when he re-told the story, declared that it made such an impression on his mind that he could vouch for every detail, and it was a remarkable story.

The old recluse did not attempt to describe his birth-place, his early circumstances, except that Dan Schultz, the name under which he was known in the mountains adjacent to the Juniata, was not his real cognomen. He had come of a military family, and early in life had secured a sub-lieutenant's commission in the Bavarian Army. He was not popular with his brother officers, as he was more artistic and literary in his tastes than they, who gave most of their time to roystering and pleasure seeking. He was much given to solitary walks in the forests, where he communed with nature, and composed bits of verse, which unfortunately he never wrote down. He liked to visit old castles and armories which abounded at Munich, near which city he was stationed.

He became on friendly terms with the armorer in charge of one of the palaces, and was present at a re-

ception given in the armory in honor of a French savant who was writing a book on mediæval arms. In addition to the nobility and officers, many intellectuals attended. It was in the evening and a few lamplights sought to supplement the fitful glow of many candles to light the deep, dungeon-like rooms. The young officer, like one in a dream, wandered about among the dismal trappings of the long ago, picturing to himself the lives of warrior knights and their ladies, scarcely noticing the brilliant throng who laughed and chatted and moved about on every side. Standing in front of a peculiarly fashioned suit of chain armor, in a dim corner of the main chamber, he noticed a couple so unusual looking that it roused him from his dream. They were a man and woman; yet he noticed the man first. The first impression was that he was a soldier and must be very old. Dressed in knee breeches, with black silk stockings, and low shoes with silver buckles, a long black coat and lace *jabot* he seemed like a figure from the previous century. The man's face was pasty, there were dark puffs under the eyes, he wore a wig with an officer's pigtail, and on his upper lip, under the eagle-like nose, was a slim black line to indicate a mustache. The old man carried a silver-headed cane, it might have been a sword-cane, so popular in those days. He seemed anxious to explain the armor to his companion, a very young woman. She was probably little over twenty, with a plump, finely rounded figure, and if anything was a little above the middle height. Her eyes, which she kept downcast, were further hidden by

pale hair worn low, under a black peach-basket hat. Her nose, very *retroussé*, and her pale transparent skin, made the deepest impression, as also the fact that she was not gowned as elaborately as most of the other women present.

The young officer, keeping in the background, followed the odd couple about the rooms for half an hour, but never once did the beautiful young woman glance up, or look around. Meeting his friend the armorer, he asked him who the pair might be. The armorer expressed surprise, saying that they were not friends of his, that he had never seen them before in Munich. Furthermore he had not observed them come in; perhaps they were friends of the Frenchman in whose honor the reception was given. But as other persons spoke to the armorer, the chance for further explanation was not secured.

When the officer looked for the beautiful girl and her grizzled companion, they were nowhere to be found in any of the apartments. He then sought the old doorkeeper. That person could remember no such couple, the reception was not for strangers and he recognized the faces of practically every one who had been there. Mystified and half in love, the young soldier, wandered out into the night air. The episode made such an impression on him that he could not go to bed, and the next day he was so deficient in his tactics that he was rebuked by his superiors.

Six years passed. The young soldier found himself in the vortex of the Seven Week's War, a war with

Bavaria and Austria on one side, and the growing military autocracy of Prussia on the other (1866). He had not received the promotions that had come to his brother officers, he was known as a poor officer, yet his knowledge of his books was greater than almost any man in the regiment. His failure was due to his dreamy nature, his errant habits. He lacked the exactness of a martinet and tactician. Yet materially he was better off, as he had inherited a small fortune from an uncle, a retired major general. The officers carried their roys-tering habits to the headquarters and camps. They must have a good time, they must dance, they must mingle with attractive women.

On the evening before the very first engagement an elaborate *soirée* was given in the *schloss* which had been set apart as the regimental headquarters. The best people of the city were invited, as well as relatives of the gallant soldiers who would defend their country's honor on the morrow. The marble hall was brilliantly lit by several crystal chandeliers, and the young officer stood in a group of his companions, watching the arrival of the jeweled and fur-robed ladies and the officers from other regiments. It was a gorgeous scene, but one incongruous with actual campaigning. As one by one the beautiful and perfumed women, cloaked and veiled, swept up the broad steps and disappeared in the direction of the dressing rooms, the young officer's thoughts turned to the fair girl he had seen in the armory six years before. These thoughts had barely taken form when, to his surprise, he saw her, looking

more queenly than ever, entering the palace. Her head was lowered, but he could see that in addition to the folds of a heavy white veil, she wore a small black mask over her eyes.

As it was not to be a masked ball, only an informal gathering of distinguished sympathizers on the eve of a battle, why was this one woman masked? Unable to contain his curiosity longer, and not a little amazed that none of the other officers commented on the phenomenon, he caught by the sleeve the officer who stood nearest to him. The youth in gold lace drew his arm away testily, as he did not like his interrogator, and in response to the direct question said that he could see no masked woman passing by. Dumfounded, he turned to several other officers, who positively stated they could see no such woman, then became rigid and silent. But after the woman had passed, the unpopular officer felt that his companions had pretended they had not seen the woman in order to check any further attempts at social intercourse.

All during the evening the young man scanned the forms and faces of the guests, but could see no one who resembled the woman of the black mask. Having learned his lesson with his brother officers, he sought, as a last resort, a footman, who had been on duty at the grand portal. The flunky declared that it was his duty to admit only such persons as he knew, but that no masked woman had gone in, or could have gotten in. Such a person would have been seized and turned over to the sentries outside as a spy. Again the young

officer passed a sleepless night, and the next morning blundered with his fellows, and helped to lead the vanguard of retreat.

It would have been thought that such an experience would have sobered the military leaders, and warfare henceforth be approached with more seriousness. But no such thing. On the eve of the very next engagement a *soirée* with ladies must be given. Again it took place in a huge castle appropriated by the military commanders. Again the rooms looked as bright as the previous rout on the battlefield had been gloomy. The great ladies whose faith in their Bavarian heroes was unshattered were all present to cheer them on to their next day's patriotic task. Perhaps the woman with the black mask might be there. The young officer, who otherwise would have shunned this ill-timed revel, was early on hand. In fact, he had been solicitous lest he were not invited, his brothers in arms had a strange habit of "unintentionally" leaving him out of many things. He managed to station himself very near the doorway, where the guests entered. He waited a long while, until it looked as if the mysterious woman was not coming at all. Just as he was about to leave his post, she came in, moving by so close that he almost touched her. To his wonderment, she again wore the small black mask over her eyes. Turning to some elderly ladies, with whom fortunately he had a slight acquaintance, he asked who was the young woman with the black mask. They quickly answered that they saw no such woman, scanning the foyer with their



lorgnettes in feminine interest. Forgetting his manners, the young officer pointed, but they shook their heads, and reiterated that they saw no such person. There was nothing to do but to apologize and slink away, but he remained all the evening in a corner, watching for the masked woman in the gay assemblage. But she was not to be located, although many and beautiful were the guests.

Another sleepless night fell to his lot, and once more he participated in a retreat that was little better than a rout on the morrow. His corps being cut to pieces and demoralized, the survivors were sent to another part of the country to reinforce the hard-pressed Austrians. A strong force had been gotten together; it looked as if the tide at last would turn to victory. The allies had chosen their own ground for a battle, and the impression was strong that the Prussian hordes must go back in retreat.

The night before the battle that would change all it was decided to lessen the strain by some diversion of a social nature. The commanding generals were occupying some large barracks, which were aptly constructed for entertaining congenial guests, especially the fair sex. Invitations were given to the ladies of the local nobility and gentry and to the wives of the few high officers who were able to be with their consorts, and the affair promised to be one of great brilliance and strengthening to the *esprit de corps*.

The young officer who was being treated more civilly by his Austrian companions than by his old

Bavarian comrades in arms, was on hand early, standing near the grand entrance, under a crystal candelabrum, watching the happy throng assemble. In gay little companies of twos and threes the ladies arrived, perfumed, cloaked, gloved and veiled. There had been so many dull days of bivouac and campaign that more officers were clustered about the doorway than the dictates of good breeding would generally allow. Among these officers were numerous Bavarians, some of them from the young officer's former regiment from the environs of Munich. Their attitude toward him was still stiff and haughty; they never spoke with him except on official matters.

In the midst of the magnificent scene the vigilant young man saw the masked woman come in. She looked queenly, with a white satin and ermine cloak thrown over her, her *cendré* hair hidden by a heavy white veil, and the tiny black mask accentuating her *retroussé* nose and the waxlike pallor of her skin. Gazing at her with an intense expression, as if to make sure that his eyes were not deceiving him, the excited youth clutched at the arm of the officer standing nearest to him. He demanded of him the woman's name, and what she was doing at the ball wearing a black mask. The officer turned on him with anger, answering with an oath that he saw no such woman, that he must be a madman.

The excited soldier declared that she had stood in front of them, and to prove his words, rushed forward after the fleeing figure of the woman. Almost at the



dressing room door he came up to her and sought to seize her by the arm. If it was an ungallant act, it had a hideous sequel. The young officer found himself standing alone in the center of the spacious corridor holding in his hand the severed arm of a skeleton. A cry of horror went up from the great ladies as they issued from the dressing room to join their partners, a laugh of exultation from the assembled officers. The disliked officer had had a practical joke played on him by some one. By common consent they elbowed him toward a narrow door at the end of the hall used by servants. Some one slammed the door in his face, and he slipped on the narrow stairs and fell heavily to the bottom of the flight. The skeleton's arm dropped from his grasp, and crashed on the stone floor.

When the unhappy officer recovered himself he found that he was lying in a pool of dirty water, his dress uniform was ruined. Staggering to his feet, he ran along the gloomy passage-ways until he came to a low door, which he unbolted, finding himself in a dark alley paved with cobble stones. At the far end of it he saw a white light above a door, and to it he hurried as best he could, his high-heeled boots slipping on the uneven stones. In front of the door stood a pale thin woman, with a face like a fiend or a harpie. He asked her where he was, and she mumbled the unintelligible name of a street. His head began to swim, and he asked if he could go inside and lie down. The shocks of the night had been too much for him, for he remained unconscious for nearly forty-eight hours.

When he awoke, several stout men and women, like working people, were bending over his couch. The harpie-like woman was nowhere in evidence. He asked where he was and was told that he had been picked up outside of the house next door and carried inside, where he had remained unconscious. It being war times they could find no doctor. A great battle had been fought, the news had just come in that the Bavarians and the Austrians had been routed. And there he lay in his Bavarian uniform, had doubtless been accounted a deserter in the combat which became known to history as the decisive battle of Königgratz. He told his story frankly to the people about him, who were respectable artisans. He begged them to loan him a suit of civilian clothes, so that he might make his escape from the victorious Prussians. After some hesitation, the workmen agreed to do so, but advised him to remain with them another day or two as the streets swarmed with the victorious soldiery.

The following night, attired as a journeyman plasterer, the young officer sallied forth. His mustache had grown longer during his illness, he had a three-days' growth of beard, which added to the disguise. He was "recognized" by another workingman, whom he fell in with at a street corner and accompanied him into the country to repair a chateau occupied by Prussian officers. Once outside the lines, he waited until darkness, and passed on to a region of safety. By various subterfuges, aided by a small purse of gold, and with a rare amount of luck, he succeeded in reaching

France. Being a linguist, he worked his way across the country, and at the coast got on an immigrant ship sailing from Havre. It took him sixty-four days crossing the ocean, tempests raged, and an epidemic of cholera wiped out four hundred of the five hundred passengers. He got through Castle Garden, and for a time worked in a brewery in New Jersey. At length he fancied he was recognized, and would be murdered, so he beat his way on a freight train to Huntingdon, in the Juniata country. There he worked at anything until he learned the lay of the land, eventually locating in the remotest part of Short Mountain. There he lived by hunting and trapping, and by the judicious expenditure of the little money which he brought with him to America. And he was well satisfied with his mountain home; he felt at rest there, he cherished no fear.

But one night when he came in from a deer hunt, dragging a splendid stag, the rays of his lantern disclosed the form of the woman who had caused the upset of his lawful destiny, seated on his chair beside the cylinder stove. She looked just as she did that far-off night in the armory at Munich, but if anything more beautiful. Before he could control himself the old recluse spoke to her, asking her who she was, just as he had asked of many other persons in the glittering ballrooms. Instantly he repented of his rashness, as the figure commenced to fade away, and he recollected the old superstition that a ghost spoken to must vanish. In despair he sank down on the floor, his hands

clutched out in anguish; he felt some object. He clambered to his feet and found himself holding a small black crêpe mask. Then everything seemed to confuse him; had he dreamed his whole past life, had he brought the mask with him from the old country, or how had it come into his possession? It was all too strange to be true. Recovering himself, he sat on the chair, squeezing the mask to make sure that he was not in a trance. Then came over him the realization that the meaning of it all was that he would soon die, the woman who was the portent of defeat to the Bavarian arms meant death to him, and opening the door of the stove, he threw the mask inside and a piece of lighted paper after it.

It was soon after that eventful night when he made friends with William Pursley and gave him his little bundle of documents. But Pursley paid small heed to the old man's conviction of approaching death. He took the packet away with him, and when he reached his cozy home across the northern ridges in the shadow of Paddy's Mountain he threw the papers into a chest where he kept many things he valued. Late in the following summer, when poring over a Huntingdon County paper, he read of the death of the hermit of the Short Mountain, "Old Dan." He then thought of the bundle of papers, and opened the chest to get them out. He could not find them. He called for his wife, but she had no recollection of them. Perhaps one of their daughters who was in Pittsburg on a visit had thrown them out when she cleaned house at Easter time.

## II.

## THE REDE.

## A LEGEND OF SINKING CREEK VALLEY.

IN beautiful Sinking Creek Valley, near the wonderful Indian Cave, in the region of the sink-holes and underground streams, on a hillside backed by ancient pines and facing the romantic Canoe Mountains, stood a substantial log farmstead, the home of a more or less erratic Ulster Scot named Thomas Ancketell. For a number of years he had conducted a stopping-place for travelers at the foot of the South Mountains, near what is now Upper Strasburg, Franklin County, but desiring a more open-air existence, he had removed with his family into the Juniata country. Becoming the possessor of a farm of respectable size he prospered and was more happy than in the days when he catered to the public as a boniface. Probably he would have spent his entire life as a tavern keeper had not his daughter Eleanor pointed out to him the advantages of farming and the care-free life that goes with it.

Thomas Ashe, the youthful English traveler, who spent an evening at the mountain tavern in 1806, and who was much taken with the fair girl, thus describes the lovely Eleanor Ancketell. "Her person was tall

and elegant; her eyes were large and blue; her features regular and animated; and expressive of a pride and dignity which the meanest clothing, and the strongest consciousness of her humble circumstances in life, could neither destroy nor conceal."

And rightfully she thus demeaned herself, for was not her father, if any good can possibly come from referring to such subjects, descended from a younger brother of the Major Ancketell, of "Ancketell's Grove," in the County Armagh, who fell at the Battle of Drumbanagher, March 13, 1688, and is buried in Glaslough Church? But several generations of ne'er-do-wells had shattered the family pride in her father, until he cared nothing who he was, only to have it born afresh in his daughter's charming soul.

Guiding the family after the death of the wife and mother, which occurred soon after their arrival at Upper Strasburg, Eleanor had striven until successful in causing them to move into a new and more rural locality. There the family had prospered from the outset, and the passion for drink had subsided in the father.

Eleanor Ancketell, with her beauty and charm naturally had many admirers in the Juniata country, especially in the secluded valley where women of her capacity and character were seldom met with. But there were rumors of an earlier love affair, perhaps it was for the traveler Ashe; at any rate she maintained a certain reserve, which in reality added to her charms. On Sunday afternoons she had a habit of sitting under a



mammoth walnut tree by the roadside alone, reading her Bible, and before returning to the cabin, a few stanzas from a beautifully bound volume of Thomson, which had been presented to her by the English traveler. The sturdy young mountaineers as they rode by on their stout Conestoga chargers cast many a lingering glance at the fair young reader. How to penetrate her reserve and become friends was an absorbing question with all of them.

Perhaps the most sincerely interested, as well as the most attractive-looking of the mountain gallants who rode by was young Adam Engart, of Canoe Valley. He was a splendid horseman, full of life and fire, yet withal of serious nature and devoted to books. Constitutionally, he disliked making any attempts at conversation, fearing that they would not be welcome. There was a general store near the old lead mines, the only store in the valleys, which he visited every few days. On week days he seldom saw the fair Eleanor about her home, but on Sunday afternoons she was always seated on her favorite bench under the old walnut, even when the winds whistled and showers of buff-colored leaves were tossed to the ground.

Adam Engart had never seen her at church, though he had purposely visited the Presbyterian and Lutheran congregations. At the Calvinists' meeting house he had been told that she belonged to the Church of England, but had on rare occasions worshipped with the Presbyterians. The young man's grandparents had been Lutherans, but his parents and himself attended

all the local churches, extracting the best of the varied teachings.

One Sunday afternoon in mid-August, when Adam was riding homeward from the Lutheran services, he made bold to stop a moment, and in his most friendly manner asked the fair girl what she was reading so intently:

"It is the only book that I read outside of the Bible, one of the few I have, and the one I most prize—the Poems of James Thomson."

Adam asked her if she was fond of reading, to which she replied in the affirmative, but added that she did not own many books; they were hard to procure in such a remote valley.

"This book was given to me by an acquaintance the year we left Upper Strasburg for this locality—that was about four years ago."

She did not state, however, that apart from glancing over some of the numbers of the *Huntingdon Magazine* it was the only book of literature that she had read in all that time, although if she had tried, she could have borrowed others from the cultivated Scotch-Irish farmers, who formed the corporal's guard of settlers in the valley.

There is something about the personality of books that associates them with the happy or hopeful hours when we first read them. This edition of Thomson stood for a bigger and better life and a broader world through which a last fleeting glimpse had come by the handsome young English traveler who presented it to



her. She prized the book as the emblem of a great idea. There were several pauses in her conversation with Adam Engart, but he managed to tell her that he, too, was fond of books, and if she wished he would bring her the following Sunday an edition of the poems of the Irish poet, Thomas Moore. His brother had brought him the book from Philadelphia; he believed that she would enjoy the Irish melodies, having heard that she had been born on the Emerald Isle. Though not as yet faithless to Thomson, the thought of Irish poetry quite thrilled her and she smilingly assented to the promised gift. Adam was tactful enough not to remain too long, so he mounted his charger, and started down the hill in the direction of the Gap in the Canoe Mountains.

The following Sunday was more like a day in late autumn. It was overcast, with a sky of solid greyness, with gusts of wind, which shook loose the prematurely yellow leaves of the chestnut trees. These, with particles of dust and grass, made "whirlpools" as he rode along. Under his arm, securely wrapped in a piece of homespun to protect the morocco covers, was the precious volume by Tom Moore. As he rode, the young man whispered to himself verses by the tuneful poet. Never had the ride up the stony trail and over the divide seemed so short. The horse never missed a step, the road seemed like the "Golden Streets."

Primitive natures, those which are untouched by licentiousness, can feel the same sweet pure emotion of growing affection as those whom culture has taught

appreciation of all that is best. As he neared the spreading walnut tree on the top of the hill he could see Eleanor seated on the bench, with a green homespun jacket, and her shapely hands folded over her knees. She made a pretty picture! With his keen eyesight, the sight of a hunter and marksman, he noticed that the book of poems by Thomson was nowhere in sight. He did not think, as a more self-satisfied person might, that the beautiful being was interested in him, and was anxious to show it through preferring his book.

When he drew up opposite the tree, the girl arose and came forward to meet him, smiling blithely. He unmounted gracefully, quickly tying the big horse to an upright root of the pine-stump fence. There was a cordial greeting, followed by the presentation and opening of the book of poems. It was a larger sized volume, and was even more ornately bound than the book by Thomson, and this tome had the added charm of a dozen or more copperplate engravings. When Eleanor looked at it she noticed an inscription in the fly-leaf; from the crimson her pretty cheeks turned, it was evident that it was not less flowery than the one written by the traveler Ashe.

The young people sat down together on the bench, and despite the rawness of the air, the hours went by with utmost rapidity. When the girl announced that she must return to the house to prepare supper she coupled it with an invitation to him to remain. But as he was anxious not to "overdo" matters, he courteously

declined, and departed, promising ere he rode away to be back the following Sabbath. When he was gone Eleanor missed him; it was the beginning of a spiritual communion that was to be the greatest epoch in her life.

Every Sunday they met until cold weather set in. By that time their affection had grown to a degree of love that made further silence impossible. Adam told her of his great love, of his desire to make her his bride. Eleanor, replying, told him that her love was equally intense, but that she could not marry him and leave her father and brothers, who depended on her for almost everything. If her brothers married, new homes might be started through them, but at present the first and real duty was to the home circle. It was not a hopeless wait, so that Adam accepted it as his fate, trusting to work out some plan which would facilitate an early union. Their love was on such a high plane that when they were apart they seemed to be in constant communion—they literally spoke to each other through space. When they were together they hardly needed to speak, so close was their harmony of thought and purpose. It was that feeling of spiritual nearness that he had that led Adam to begin the acquaintance, and Eleanor, despite her natural reserve, felt impelled to meet him more than half way. Their separations lasting for six consecutive days did not seem as severe as would have been the case if no spiritual images could be conjured up, and where an abyss of mutual distrust and uncertainty exists.

Adam was much interested in hunting and trapping, and despite his youth, had a record of having slaughtered a hundred deer, fifty wolves, a dozen bears, several panthers and scores of wildcats or "catamounts." Among the earliest settlers the young of the panther was mistaken for the wildcat of Europe, and every panther's cub which was slain was falsely dubbed a "wildcat." The short-tailed bay lynx, the real wildcat of America, was known to the pioneers of the Juniata country as a "catamount," as farther north it was styled the "bob-cat."

In the winter months Adam had a pack of small hound-like dogs which he trained to trail the bob-cats or catamounts. It was exciting sport, as the fleet-footed felines gave the dogs quite a chase, and when the trail got too hot, they would climb a tree, generally a pitch pine, and defy their pursuers until the hunter came up and sent a bullet into their sanctuary. Then they would come tumbling down and if not mortally wounded give combat to man and dogs.

During the winter of Adam's courtship he participated in many such hunts, and in order to have Eleanor share in the pastime, he selected the best of furs, those longest and softest and most beautifully dappled, and had made for her a cloak, cap and muff. It was a unique outfit, and was very becoming to the charming young girl's type of beauty.

It so happened that Adam kept up these hunting expeditions until the snow had almost disappeared from the foothills, where the "bob-cats" were most numerous





ARCH SPRING, IN SINKING VALLEY



on account of their fondness for the rabbits that swarmed among the stump fences of the newly cleared back lots. Nature had wisely put the wildcat in the forests to keep in check the increase of rabbits and hares, which otherwise might have worked untold damage to growing trees, as the wolves were Nature's safety valves to keep the deer from becoming inert or overplenty. Eleanor's memory of these wildcats was particularly vivid from her earliest days of the mountain tavern, when in the forests around the old house, the lynxes would call at night to their mates on adjacent ridges.

She had always wanted to accompany Adam on one of his thrilling hunts, but her household duties prevented. She was much interested in what was to be the last hunt of the season, and wished the young hunter his full share of success. It was to take place on a Saturday, after the week's work was done, and the young Nimrod confidently planned to carry the trophies over to his sweetheart on his customary Sunday visit. It was about noon when the young man started away gayly, his yelping "cat-dogs" on leash. Most of the snow had gone from the valley proper, it was the last Saturday in March, but the foothills and the backfields were still covered with it. The pine-covered mountains looked as wintry as in January, especially the Cove range, on the valley's "winter side."

The cats, from frequent hunting, were less venturesome about approaching the settlements, but it was still

some distance from the foot of the mountains when their spoor was noticed. The tracks of several cats were seen together, among them those of a prodigiously large one, which had paws almost as big as a Canada lynx, "the big grey wildcat" of the North, an animal not known on the Juniata. The dogs were soon loosed and the merry chase began. Field after field was crossed, until the foot of the Cove Mountain was reached. Right up the steep side of the lofty eminence, right into the dense original hemlocks, the wary animals had headed. The tracks looked extremely fresh, yet it seemed a long time for them to be brought to bay.

Over across the valley Eleanor's keen mental perceptions followed the hunt as vividly as if she had been on the scene. She sang at her work, she seemed as gay as the bold hunter. Toward evening a change came over her mood very suddenly. A great shadow seemed to descend on her, which she ascribed to her heart's longing for her lover. It did not grow any less as the dark cold night settled in, her sleep was troubled with hideous and formless dreams. When she awoke it was a grey morning, warmer than the previous night, and the little snow that remained about the corners of the old stump fences was melting fast. She seemed to have a dizziness in her head, but she got up and went about getting the breakfast. She tried to rouse herself by picturing her lover's coming, only a few hours off, with his glad smile, his genial ways, his load of tawny wildcat skins.



She had been out in the yard to fetch something from the smokehouse to start the breakfast in the big pot which hung from the crane in the huge open fireplace, when to her surprise she noticed what seemed to be a wildcat, and an extremely large one at that, crouched on a mat near the kitchen window. Its round yellow eyes met hers, it crouched closer together, yet its contour did not indicate hate. In all her experience she had never heard of a catamount entering a house, and she was sure that it had not been inside when she went to the smokehouse, and as a precaution she always closed the door when starting out. How had the pest gotten in! Her father and brothers were still upstairs asleep; it would take too long to arouse them, and she was not very adept at handling firearms, though there were several rifles and muskets in a gun-rack against the wall. However, she determined to put the cat out, so seizing the housekeeper's universal weapon, the long iron poker, she flung the door open wide, and went after the intruder. The catamount put its tail between its legs, and giving the girl a sidelong glance, trotted nimbly out of the door. It ran across the yard, seating itself on a patch of melting snow.

When Eleanor went outside she was amazed to find the old family watchdog, and a "cat-dog" in his day, seated complacently by the kitchen steps. She tried to attract his attention to the cat, lolling but twenty feet away, but the hound professed neither to see nor smell the creature. Taking the dog by the nape of his neck, she led him up to the side of the cat, but he apparently

saw nothing. As she struck at the cat again with the poker, which she held in her left hand, the animal got up and leaped out of the yard, and seated itself on top of a steep bank which rose above the house. There Eleanor left it, and returned to the kitchen to continue her domestic duties.

In due course of time the father and the boys came downstairs and she recounted to them her marvelous adventure with the boldest of "catamounts." They were naturally surprised and equally disgusted with the conduct of their hitherto unimpeachable watchdog. After breakfast they went out in the yard to see if the cat was to be located. Eleanor pointed to the bank, where she said she saw it still crouching, but none of the others professed to see it and it was too sloppy under foot to further investigate.

With breakfast over, and the exciting adventure related, the feeling of gloom which hung over the girl grew deeper and more profound. Coupled with it was a conviction which grew stronger every minute that her lover was in distress, that something had happened to him, that she must go and help him. She hated to impart this to her family, but after a few more minutes could conceal her feelings no longer.

Suddenly she blurted out: "Adam is in trouble; I feel it in my bones; I must go to his aid at once."

Being the dominant personality in the household, Eleanor had no difficulty in having one of her brothers saddle the family horse, and by herself she rode across the valley as rapidly as possible. As she crossed the

divide the feeling of gloom began to dispel itself, and in the late afternoon she arrived at the lone farmhouse where Adam resided. His parents were outside in the lane when she arrived. They looked pale and anxious. Almost before she could speak to them they burst into lamentations. It was easily to be seen that something terrible had happened, and most probably to Adam.

"We were watching for you," said the mother, who was the first to recover her composure, "and we hoped to the last you would arrive in time."

"Then Adam is no more," cried Eleanor, her face muscles too rigid for tears.

"He passed away less than an hour ago, after calling and calling for you," broke in the grief-stricken father.

Eleanor was off her horse in an instant and threw her arms around the unhappy old couple. As they walked to the house the parents alternated in describing their son's unhappy end. He had gone out gaily to hunt wildcats, after his dinner, the day before, taking the dogs with him. At nightfall he had not returned, but nothing was thought of it, as he never relinquished the trail until victorious. During the night the household was aroused by the dogs barking and howling. Half awake, all had thought that Adam had returned and slipped into the hay-mow until morning, as he had often done before on arriving from late hunts. In the morning no signs were seen of the young man, but the dogs acted so strangely that it was de-

terminated that something was wrong. The other boys had allowed the dogs to lead them across the pasture fields into the mountains, and on the summit over a flat tableland. On the southerly boundary of this plateau, seven miles from home, they had come upon the young hunter lying in the snow with an ugly wound in his side. He was barely conscious, but asked if any one had gone after Eleanor. He tried to describe how the accident had happened. He had located an extremely large catamount on a pine tree late the previous afternoon, and was stealing up on it to shoot, when his gun had caught on a fallen tree, gone off, and shot him grievously. The boys built a litter out of hemlock poles, and making a bed out of their coats, they carried the wounded gunner as tenderly as they could over the uneven country. They had gotten him home about an hour before, and he lived less than thirty minutes after being put in his own bed. Up to the last he had hoped that Eleanor would come to him, though in his delirious moments he declared that he could see her. After life was extinct the mother had opened one of the windows, and when she looked out was horrified to see a large wildcat running across the yard. Before she could give the alarm it leaped over the stump fence and disappeared in the brush.

Eleanor, with her clear intellect, saw many peculiar things in this narrative. The dreadful sensation of gloom had come to her about the time the accident occurred. The night of troubled rest had set in with her lover lying grievously wounded on the lonely moun-

tain top. The wildcat in the yard was the rede or spirit of the still living man, projected into the wild beast, and sent across the mountains, if not to bring her to him, to at least give him a last look at her. The sudden lifting of her despondency she timed at the moment that the young victim passed into the beyond. The majesty and distinctiveness of these apparitions for a time held back her grief. But when she stood beside the silent form of her beloved she sank to her knees, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Grief-broken, she remained at the Engart homestead until several days after the funeral, when she sadly wended her way across the mountains. When she entered her room the first thing that caught her eyes was the volume of Tom Moore's poems. It looked to her like the padlock to another door of hope that would be forever more closed to her. Without chance or opening, the narrow, stunted life of her great soul must go on, year by year, with such wonderful opportunities across the mountains.

## III.

## THE SNOW IMAGE.

AN HISTORICAL FRAGMENT FROM STONE CREEK.

WHEN the infuriated settlers swooped down on the Indian encampment at the head of Stone Creek, after the murder of the Donnelly family in 1777, they were at first disappointed to find it occupied only with women and children. To wreak their vengeance on full-grown braves was more in order with the hate which rankled in their bosoms. But a closer survey showed such comeliness among the squaws and maidens that they determined to outrage their savage foes by carrying the best of their women into captivity. A few old hags who hurled earthen pots at the invaders were knocked senseless with gunstocks, a child or two which screamed too loudly were strangled, but the bulk of the population, consisting of a half-dozen attractive looking Indian girls, were bound and carried away.

Such occurrences as these were common enough in Indian days, even though history purposely or not fails to record most of them. And the Indian type seen among the Pennsylvania mountaineers to this day is due to marriages contracted between the white captors and Indian women. It is not due to water and climate as



a German ethnologist suggested some twenty years ago.

All of these captors were not capable of conscientious scruples. Their treatment of the Indian prisoners was neglectful when it was not positively cruel. Among the raiders on the Indian village on Stone Creek was a man named Jacob Nittman. He came from one of the eastern counties, and strove to emulate the career of "Black Jack" Schwartz, the "Wild Hunter of the Juniata." He was as fierce looking as Black Jack had been in his palmiest days, but lacked the qualities of mind and heart which made immortal the name of "The Black Rifle."

Doubtless Jake Nittman was fearless, but history does not record his having participated in any attack on Indian braves, a very peculiar circumstance. But he was always in the vanguard at the breaking up of the Indian villages when the women and children alone "held the fort."

After the excitement had subsided, he found himself in possession of a very beautiful Indian maiden of eighteen summers, who was dubbed by the traders at Standing Stone Town "Crow Wings," because of the intense blackness of her hair, which she wore parted in the middle. Nittman had his eye on this girl for some time and had sought to ingratiate himself with her when she came to town with her mother and brothers, but she seemed to have an instinctive aversion for him. Once he had laid in wait for her when she had come into the settlement alone, and had given her a piece of silk, which she might use to make a shoulder

cape or headdress, but she had refused to accept it. Another time when he saw her looking wistfully at a peddler's store of tawdry jewelry and beads, he had pressed a piece of money into her hand, which she dropped to the ground mechanically, and refused to pick it up. A third time, meeting her carrying a heavy load of furs toward the town, he dismounted from his horse and offered to carry her load, and her own sweet self the balance of the journey. But she shook her pretty head so disdainfully that he felt his conquest hopeless.

But now to avenge the Donnellys, a band of frontiersman, as unauthorized as the White Caps of later days, had wrecked and pillaged the redmen's village, and made chattels out of their women. Nittman was as happy as a boy with a new toy over his new possession, and gave several war whoops that would have done credit to a savage. The victorious backwoodsmen dispersed in their several directions leading their captives; it was indeed a horrid sight, one over which history has done well to drop a curtain.

At that time Nittman had a hunter's cabin in what is known as Detwiler's Hollow, a deep secluded forested glen hidden in the high mountains between Stone Valley and the Valley of Kishocoquillas. It was in a country ranged over by Indians, yet the intrepid hunter had little fear of their incursions, now that the punitive expedition had yielded up so handsomely. It was there that Crow Wings was taken, and where she almost grieved herself to death. In order that she re-



main with him, the hunter tied her to a huge pine tree, the ropes being twisted about her wrists and ankles. There she had to stay for days at a time while her cruel captor was off on a scouting or a hunting expedition. On one occasion she managed to loose her bonds and escaped. As luck would have it she walked right into Nittman's presence that night as he was seated by his burnt-out campfire.

To teach her more caution in the future he knocked her senseless with the butt of his rifle, and in the morning, when she had scarcely revived, he threw her over his shoulder like a sack of flour, and carried her back to his fortress in Detwiler. Then he bound her up more tightly than ever, and started off on another excursion.

Among the bravest Indian fighters of that time in Stone Valley was a youth of seventeen years named James McClees. It was he who was so brutally murdered on the Houston farm, the year following, presumably by Indians—but renegade whites had a habit of conveniently blaming every crime on the redmen; just as equally renegade whites do to-day with the Negroes in our Southern States. One day young McClees happened upon Crow Wings, bound and helpless at Nittman's camp. The captor was absent, and the young fellow was struck with pity at the girl's beauty and helplessness. The girl had seen him previously in Stone Town, and admired him, and his unexpected appearance at her prison made her hail him as her deliverer. He would have released her had not

Nittman appeared on the scene. He accused the youth of plotting to make trouble for him, which aroused the Irish lad's temper to such an extent that he left the camp in order to keep from committing an act of violence.

It seemed as if all avenues of escape were blocked by fate, and Crow Wings faded and wilted with an abject grief. There was only one chance left, she had an Indian lover named The Panther, but he had strayed up to the Susquehanna country, and was at that time being pursued by the relentless Indian fighter, Peter Grove. One night when Nittman was absent, a pack of wolves surrounded the captive girl, howling and yelping, and could have torn her to pieces had they chose. Instead they tore down a half of a deer which hung on a rack, fought over the carcass until daybreak, when they disappeared into the forest.

Crow Wings related her adventure to her captor when he returned the next day, with the result that he left a rifle with her; her arms being free enough to use it. She conceived the idea of shooting her bonds, thus freeing herself, but Nittman was never far enough away that he could not hear the report and return before she made good her escape. She also plotted to shoot the man if she could catch him off his guard. She had been captured in August, and winter set in with no avenue for escape yet available. She was broken-hearted, and resolved to starve herself to death. She would pretend to eat, instead throwing the food back of her into the underbrush.

While Nittman was absent on one of his hunting excursions he found himself trailed by five Indians. He did not want them to locate his camp or captive, so led them far to the north, eventually giving them the slip in the Bare Meadows. While hiding among the rhododendrons a terrible snowstorm, a veritable blizzard, set in. Nittman, with his giant strength, had to strive his utmost to prevent being engulfed. He thought of Crow Wings, tied to a tree, with meager clothing, and little to eat, braving the awful tempest. He would feel sorry if the storm smothered her or if she froze to death, as she was the best looking Indian girl he had ever captured, but his own safety came first. Between his hiding place and the trail into Detwiler the hostile Indians were lurking. It was three days and nights, during which time he was so hungry he ate snow, that Nittman hid among the rhododendron thickets.

When he got out, he returned to his camp by a circuitous route, and great was his horror at what he found. It was a beautiful yet tragical sight. The snows of the past four days had drifted into the glade where Crow Wings had been tied to the giant pine. The drifts had engulfed her, she was completely buried in a mass of whiteness. The mound which covered her slender form gave her the appearance of a marble statue, or snow image. Without examining to make sure that she was dead, the cowardly man fled from the spot as fast as he could plow his way through the drifts. It is said that he never stopped traveling until he reached Sinking Creek Valley, where he lodged with a friendly

family until the Tory outbreak, which he joined.

Justice, divine and poetic, was meted out to him the following spring, when at Kittanning, with Weston, he was shot down by a noble redman, Captain Logan, son of old Shikellemus.

James McClees, who was so soon to die a martyr's death at the hands of the savages, discovered the dead body of Crow Wings, standing erect, still tied to the giant pine. With tears in his eyes he cut loose the ropes and the slim, petite figure of the beautiful Indian girl fell to the ground. Reverently he dug a grave at the foot of the old tree where all that is mortal of this victim of white man's rapacity sleeps her last great sleep. But though her body is at rest and at peace, her fair soul nurtures a grudge, a lasting hate, that will find no appeasement.

During the summer months when Detwiler fairly reverberates with the songs of myriads of whippoor-wills, and later with the laments of equally numerous katydids, and on the hillsides at midnight the raucous bark of the grey fox is heard, the spirit of Crow Wings broods over all silent, sulky, and unsatisfied, yet unable to *materialize*. But when the autumn winds blow, and the old trees creak and shake, and sometimes tumble down, and the great horned owl voices his discontent of things, then the wraith of Crow Wings begins to take on form.

When the first snow falls, and the deer huddle dejectedly beneath the sweeping boughs of the young hemlocks, and the wildcat is abroad stalking the wily

rabbit, then comes forth the shade of Crow Wings in all its malevolent force. Like a great mist of whiteness, all-pervading and all-absorbing, she sweeps and eddies and floods the glade through which the trail into the Seven Mountains extends. It has been a tale for generations that to be caught after night on the path across Detwiler during a snow squall means death. It is only a joke to city folks, who sit in their comfortable homes and laugh at the as yet misunderstood forces of eternity, which they call "superstition." But the mountaineers do not scoff, even the young ones, and they shun Detwiler when the snow is falling.

It is now about twenty-one years since the Snow Image, as the backwoodsmen call the spirit of Crow Wings, claimed her last victim. But she has claimed one every twenty-one years or so for a hundred and twenty-five years, consequently the list is not a small one, if the old folks are to be believed. There are some who assert that the grave of Crow Wings is surrounded by half a dozen other mounds, victims who have felt the fatal effects of her frozen kisses. But it is a fact that there are many little clumps of ground hemlock in the vicinity, which do resemble graves.

It was probably because of its connection with so many weird legends that the young people of the Kishocoquillas Valley and the Valley of Karoondinha to the north always selected Detwiler's Hollow and the adjacent Kettle as their favorite picnic grounds. They never tired of revisiting these picturesque spots, and there was always one in every party who would regale

them with the quaint legends that had their origin there.

On one particular picnic, given by some Sunday-school scholars from Tusseyville, Old Fort and Colyer, it occurred about a quarter of a century ago, was a youth named James Ludwick, and his sweetheart, Mamie Carlin. They had plighted their troth under the mammoth trees that forever kept the sun out of the Hollow, and enjoyed thereby the most blissful day of their existences. They were to marry when the young man had saved enough to secure a home, and the prospects seemed rosy to the two loving enthusiasts. They always liked to talk of the eventful day when their real romance began, and the Hollow was to them a storied shrine.

The young lover worked industriously at the Altoona shops until his little savings had grown to a point when marriage seemed advisable. New Year's Day was selected as the time for the wedding, they wanted to start the new year right, they said. Ludwick usually rode by train to Centre Hall, but on this occasion his work having let him off earlier than he expected, a friendly engineer asked him to ride with him in his cab to Lewistown Junction. There he could take the train to Milroy, where he could always find some one going across the mountains. It was a pleasant trip, the young man's spirits never seemed so high, his hopes for the future more confident. He was laughing and joking all the way to the Junction, and in the train up the valley to Milroy. It was three o'clock in the afternoon before he could find a conveyance going northward.



The mail stage had gone, and most of the farmers remained at their homes during the holiday season.

The young man would have gladly "struck out" on foot, as he had often crossed the Seven Brothers that way, but he was carrying a number of heavy bundles and would like a "lift" part of the route if possible. He was about going to a livery stable and hiring a team when he heard a genial voice shouting "Happy New Year, Jim." Looking around he saw his old friend, Pat Gharrity, the happy hermit of the Seven Mountains, perched on the driver's seat of a farm wagon. Ludwick waited until the wagon drew near, and in response to old Pat's signal clambered aboard with his bundles.

The old mountaineer explained to him that he had been to town with a load of his best potatoes, and was now homeward bound. While he was not going within ten miles of the young lover's destination by road, there was what was known to the mountaineers as a "short cut" across the mountains, which would be an easy trip if the bundles could be carried easily. This short cut ran along the old Indian trail through Detwiler's Hollow, eventually reaching the valley back of Colyer. Ludwick knew the way well, besides Detwiler to him was hallowed ground. He could fasten his bundles tightly to a heavy pole, and swing it across his brawny shoulders; he had made much harder trips. He really was anxious to go through Detwiler where his love story had begun. It would be something to tell his sweetheart, who was equally sentimental on that sub-



ject. Before the top of the mountain had been gained snow was falling heavily. Old Pat said that it looked like a "young blizzard." But when the forks of the road were reached Ludwick determined to press on. He knew every foot of the way, and it would save him the long walk westward through the valley after reaching Old Fort. Gharrity wished him a happy life, praised the bride, and waved good-bye as he started the heavy team up the steep mountain road.

Ludwick cut a stout hickory pole, to which he fastened his packages, and started resolutely in the direction of the Indian trail across Detwiler. He had not gone far before he reached the original timber, which at that time covered the greater part of the road along the Long Mountain. The arching branches of the giant pines and oaks shut out the snow, and deceived the young traveler as to the severity of the blizzard. As the forest grew denser Ludwick could see the tracks of much game as it crossed the road, the spoor of deer, wildcats and wild turkeys. He was just wishing that he had a gun when a dozen paces in front of him in the middle of the path stood a handsome black fox in all the richness of his mid-winter pelage. Needless to say Ludwick wished more fervently for a gun, as the hide of that rare fox would have paid the expenses of a dozen wedding trips. The fox looked at him with its round brown eyes, then scraped one of his forefeet in the snow, whined a little, and stalked off into the laurel thickets. As the young man passed on he tried to recollect if it was a good or a bad sign to

encounter a fox in one's travels. He knew the old saying that it was good luck to meet with "a bear, a wolf, or a stag."

At length he came to a trail road down the mountain, all choked with the superb logs of original white pine. In the opening made by it he realized the full extent of the snowstorm. He had never known it to come down with greater intensity. A raven perched on a snow-covered skidway croaked ominously. It was a melancholy scene, but he must push on. Soon he was descending the steep path which led into Detwiler. It was slippery walking, and the snowstorm seemed to have conspired to bring the night on faster. At the bottom of the dismal glade he noticed something that looked like a high mound, or rather cone of snow, at the foot of one of the original pines which still grew thick in this hidden valley. It was so dark and the snow fell past his eyes so swiftly that he brushed it away again and again to obtain a clearer vision. He could not quite make it out, so he left the path and began climbing over the snow-hidden rocks in the direction of the giant pine.

His pack became so heavy that he laid it down, intending to get it again when he returned to the trail. The pine seemed further away than it looked at first, the snow seemed to be blinding him. As he neared the mammoth tree he recognized it as the one where the Indian girl, Crow Wings, had been kept a prisoner in the old days, the tree that had been so often pointed out to him by his old trapper friend, Bill Johnson. He

then realized that it was a foolish thing to be sight-seeing in such an unholy locality with his destination still nine or ten miles distant. He was about to turn to go back to the path with his curiosity unsatisfied, when he saw the snow cone move. As it moved it assumed the figure of a beautiful slim woman. It seemed to shine like phosphorus out through the evening gloom. Impelled by a desire that was stronger than himself, he moved forward, and as he did so the arms of the Snow Image extended to greet him.

Beautiful as appeared the apparition, he had no feelings of love for it. He could only think that this would be an amusing story to relate to his sweetheart when he was reunited with her around the inglenook on the headwaters of Coffee Creek. Raising his hickory pole, which he was using as a cane to help him over the uneven surface of the glen, he struck at the beautiful ghost. He must have hit it a terrific blow, for the entire mass came tumbling into his arms. He could feel the wet snow on his lips, an unwelcome kiss, the pressure of snow like an embrace about his shoulders as he fell, crushed under the weight of the Snow Image. His derby hat blew off and sunk into a drift. Sturdy shopman that he was, he did not lose his presence of mind, and resolved to battle with the ghost like he had once done with a tramp who tried to blackjack him on a back alley near the yards in Altoona. Keeping a grip on his pole, he struck out right and left, at the same time rolling from side to side. But the more he struggled the more and heavier was the snow that fell on him. And

amid the roar of the tempest-tossed trees he fancied he heard the cruel tones of a woman's laughter. There was no use screaming for help. The nearest lumber camp was four miles away, and its occupants were all at their homes celebrating the holidays. The lone panther that had met Bill Johnson face to face on a log when crossing Hemlock Run, and which haunted the hollow for years, might hear him, but he was not sure that the animal would prove an ally in his extremity. So he struggled bravely, getting weaker every moment. The heavy snow was piled on top of him. He felt as if he was becoming new foundation for the Snow Image. He began to think of his expectant sweetheart. His hopes of ever seeing her again grew fainter and fainter. He could not breathe easily; he was smothering to death. Then all of a sudden came a flash of bright light in which he saw his loved one's face as in an aureole, and his spirit passed into a different sphere.

And the snow continued falling on him all that night, all the next day and night, and only abated a little on New Year's morn, the date of the unhappy man's intended marriage. James Ludwick's non-arrival at his bride's home on the day before New Year's was viewed with some anxiety. The trains came and went, but he did not get off of any of them. He was not among the passengers leaving the mail stage at Old Fort. No sleigh containing him was noticed on any of the converging country roads. Mamie Carlin's spirit was crushed when night came on, and he had not arrived. The guests who had come in a straw-ride to the remote

farmhouse to "see the New Year in" with the bride and groom-to-be, felt a pall over them, and were glad to drive away at the first chiming of the tall clock in the hall. The girl had a presentiment that all was not well. Besides her lover had promised to arrive not later than that morning. So she sat up all night waiting for him with a lighted lamp in the window. But morning dawned, and he had not come.

There was no use going over to the church with the bridegroom an absentee. So one of her brothers drove to the edifice and told the preacher and the intended guests that there would be no ceremony that day. The next morning telegrams were sent to Altoona and to the missing youth's brothers and sisters in western States, but none of them knew of his whereabouts.

When the snow had abated, and the roads opened sufficiently Pat Gharrity made a trip down to Milroy as was his wont. There he heard of James Ludwick's disappearance, and recollected how he had carried him in his wagon to the top of the Long Mountain. The mystery was in a measure solved. A searching party went out, but could find no traces of the lost man in the snows which choked the glens and hollows and obliterated the paths.

It was a long and cold winter, but when the first *peeper* was heard in the deep marshes of Detwiler late in March, a traveler came across a bulky bundle tied in rotted brown paper, and a little further on was a battered black derby hat. Nearby was found the body of the lost lover, his hickory staff of ill-fate in his hand.

## IV.

## THE SHADOW MAN.

A ROMANCE OF TUSCARORA MOUNTAIN.

WHERE the noble Tuscarora Mountain sweeps down to the Juniata, not far from the quaint old brown covered bridge that spans the river to Thompsettontown stood until lately a substantial looking farmhouse, built of blocks of solid yellow sandstone. Erected in Colonial times, and with a high roof of slates, and tall chimneys at either end, it was a good example of the type of house that was set up to stay, to be the foundation of a yeoman dynasty. The splendid pioneer who erected it in the midst of a country still harboring Indians, a country with an uncertain political future, must have had a supreme faith in the destiny of his family when he threw up such solid foundations. Perhaps it was the charming scene which spread before his vision which led him to locate there permanently at any cost. For certainly no lovelier panorama ever pleased the eye of man.

The "Blue Juniata" in those happy days before mercenary manufacturers polluted it with their foul refuse, lay at the foot of the sloping sward, crystalline and limpid, reflecting a thousand shadows. Beyond were rolling hills, cleared land gradually replacing the



forests, culminating in ridges which all but shut out the majestic peaks of the Mahantango Mountain on the Susquehanna fifteen miles away.

Along the Juniata in those days flourished giant buttonwood trees, interspersed with wahoos and red birches. Wonderful beds of reeds grew along the water's brink, affording hiding places for myriads of water fowl. The wild swan, so loved by the poet Drake, often "sailed before the storm" when the usually calm waters were churned into a choppy sea by some sudden gale. Great blue herons waded along in the shallows angling for frogs, lizards, water snakes, and other arch enemies of food fish. The brown bittern or "Indian hen" crouched among the swaying rushes. Sometimes the sky would be darkened by the flights of the wild pigeons, which seemed to rise like a cloud out of the topmost crest of distant Mahantango, a sort of columbine Vesuvius. And at sunset the great line of ruddy pink along the sky line seemed an endless infinity of color, so rich that it must dye the river for all time liquid mother of pearl. And at night when the young crescent moon climbed over the Tuscarora summits, and reflected itself in the calm waters, the peepers, the whippoorwills, wood thrushes, the katydids, the foxes, and the wolves greeted it with musical incantations from the mountain heights by seasons.

It was an ideal abiding place, so much so that any refined soul who, dying, woke up in such a realm would thank eternity. Even when the railroad came,



and to make room for it the grassy paths where the long-stemmed violets grew, which led to the river bank, had to be torn up, and many noble trees were leveled, still enough of the primitive beauty remained to make it always linger in the minds of appreciative natures.

With such surroundings the natural sensitiveness of the ancient family who occupied the mansion for five successive generations was augmented and spiritualized. With each succeeding generation a keener sense of appreciation was born, a deeper love for the river and mountain burned into their souls, until finally, with the son of the fifth in line to possess the old home, was a youth whose appreciation and love passed all bounds and limitations, for though he was born and grew up amid the familiar scenes he never tired of them, they seemed more charming to him every year. As his nature reached out he grasped new beauties, new meanings, new tones to every oft-viewed spot, he clung to the manse as if a seed that after many peregrinations at the behest of the vagrant wind had at last firmly rooted itself in the soil. With the expansion of his nature he was always finding new sources of beauty and wonderment. Always a lover of shadows, from his earliest boyhood days, when with a candle held aloft he could make out countless forms, some hideous, some beautiful, others grave or gay, in the old walnut-framed mirror standing on his dresser, he found even stranger shadows cast off the grand old Tuscarora, which rose a thousand feet of arboreal majesty a short distance behind the old stone house.

But even before he began climbing the mountain, and unraveling its secrets, its mystery from afar charmed him much. He loved to watch, especially on dark lowery days, the row of pines which stood on the comb or summit of the mountain, the trees which seemed delegated to fight back the oncoming gusts of wind which sought to chill the valleys.

There was one gaunt yellow pine, taller than the rest, with which he seemed to become personally acquainted, a tree with gnarled trunk, drooping top, and long dark needles, a tree which seemed to have a code of signals to flash to its young admirer. And he never forgot his ecstasy when for the first time he reached the summit of the delectable mountain, and sought out and sat under the shade of his favorite pine. And as he sat beneath it the ever mournful sigh, which never ceased even when the winds fell, assumed a happier tone, only to resume the banshee-like wailing when he departed. Year by year he would be pained to see the dearly beloved pines struck by lightning one by one, and in a twelvemonth become grim, barkless skeletons, pointing toward the heavens with impotent menacing arms until the north wind would take them in strong arms and crooning a requiem drop them softly to their last resting place among the sweet ferns and whortleberry bushes. And the pines which escaped the lightning strokes, even the favored pine, were sorely ravaged by the forest fires, which in the springtime, when the sap was ascending, crept up their delicate trunks and scorched the life out of their most

vital spots. Some sent out fresh growths of bright green needles as if defying cruel fate, but every one touched by the horrid flames had its life shortened, and cried itself into nakedness and death.

But transcending even the pines, the glory of the mountain top, was the privilege of studying the shadows which were cast by the vast height upon the river and over the rolling meadows and woods. These shadows had life and form, and every one a different meaning. At first they had seemed to the young mountaineer fantastic gloom, yet fascinating withal. But as he watched them again and yet again, they took on shape—yes, life. They always came at a certain time, each one in its respective place, and gradually their panorama spelled into the youth's mind the ancient annals of the valley where he lived.

There were first of all the shadows of earliest afternoon, which pictured the titanic beasts and flying reptiles, the fern trees, calamites and lepidodendrons of the prehistoric days in that fair land before him. Then came shadows of mid-afternoon, the shapes of primitive, savage men, restless and unstable as the sea. As these shadows lengthened into late afternoon, all pictured on the meadow slopes were tall Indians, with bows and spears, and tents and lodge houses, which faded as Indians always did. There were forms of panthers, bison, moose and elks, the brutes which contested the forest realms with their redskin contemporaries. Of the evening shadows some streaked out into tall groves of pine, beech and hemlock, which as night

fell broadened and deepened, and were the background to some of the strangest photo-plays ever enacted. Many were the wonderful dramas portrayed by the evening shadows. Full of form and power they were, replicas surely of the life that had ebbed in that God-favored realm. No artist's brush or poet's pen could tell the simple stories as those dark shadows acted them out.

On one clear September night an Indian campground was depicted on the sloping bosom of the river and dale. An old warrior sat by a camp-fire, smoking his calumet, while the squaw busied herself about the tent, and the children, four slim boys, and one beautiful little girl, chased one another about as only shadow children can. It was a scene of rare activity and beauty, so much so that the living watcher wished that he could cross the void. Suddenly like waving black plumes an attacking force plunged into the peaceful family group. Striking great sweeping strokes with tomahawks and war-clubs, they seemed to rout the home-loving warrior and his spouse. Picking up the lovely little maiden they sped away with her into the shadow realms, where the darkness grew vaster and more engulfing. Then the warrior, who had evidently only been stunned, rose unsteadily, and tremblingly his squaw came to his side, and with shadowy gestures, they lamented over the loss of their loved one. The boys, who had flown in terror to the gloom of the shadowy pine forests came back swaying like reeds and swept about their stricken parents, offering shadowy

consolation. Then the brave and his four sons drifted away off on the war-path, which turned and twisted among the shadowy realms of infinity. Through long dark vistas of shaking pines the determined warrior led his boys. Back at the camp the unhappy mother sank to the dark earth, burying her head in her endless blanket.

Another encampment came to view, dark and shadowy. Scores of great gaunt Indians lay about a fluttering campfire, fast asleep. Sitting among them was the tiny dark form of the stolen child, nodding with grief. A tall sentry paced to and fro, unstable as a leaf, a thing of shadows and uncertainty. At the edge of the gloomy forest the warrior and his sons hesitated. They raised their shadowy tomahawks, sweeping on like shadows do, they were upon the sentry, sending him sprawling to the ground. In an instant, a shadowy moment, they had surrounded the unhappy child. The warrior parent wrapped her in his shadowy cloak, and crept with her to the dark forest, where the shadows seemed marshaling themselves for complete union with night.

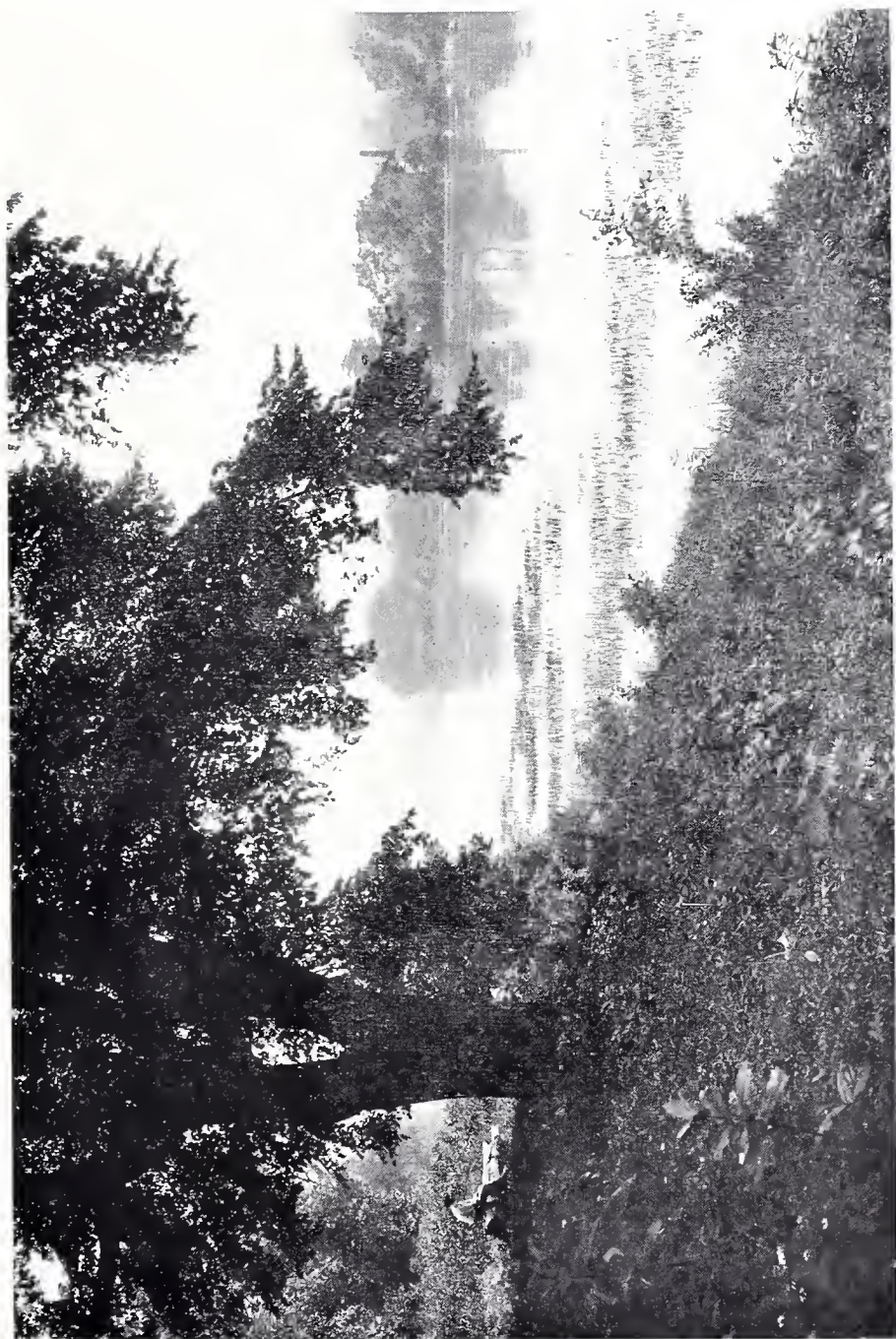
On through the growing duskiness they sped, flying shadows, over shadowy mountains, rocks, rivers and sinking seas, back to that secluded dismal spot where in deep grief still crouched the shadowy form of the unhappy squaw. Sweeping down before her, a triumph of shadowy might, the great slim warrior unfolded his flowing cloak, and out slipped the little girl restored to those she loved. And the Indian family

came closer together, their vast cloaks sweeping and trailing until all the shadows seemed to unite in them, and there was nothing else but the dark tones of their garments. All was blackness, immensity, night had fallen on their happiness. They were one, at peace with all the sable harmonies of nature's period of rest.

Then the tranquil stars came out as a theater lights up after shadow pictures, seeming near to the seeker after elemental truths on the mountain top, and he descended in the cool evening. On his way he scared up a wobbly-flighted whippoorwill here and there, which flew straight at the stars, and in the distance belated crows were cawing, as they settled down to roost. And the rare mountain flowers he accidentally trampled on the way, the doleful notes of autumn crickets interrupted, the sweet flying scents of pine or fern, would make a perfect memory book. It was a glorious existence, this intense life close to the past in all its pictorial wonder.

But in other ways he was not idle, a busy world called him as he developed to meet its wants, and though the part he played was not great, it cannot be said that it was useless. But such a life had its limitations of utility, the grandeur and glory of it all would best be seen in perspective. But fate would have to open the gate of such an Earthly Paradise, mere mortals would blunder out if unescorted, and perhaps lose the pass word to return. And that was why that the young man, loving the shadow-realm so well, instinctively hated to go far from it. Every time he went





SUMMER SHADOWS





away, even when fancying that his quests were of importance, he was filled with a strange yearning to return, it was so deep-rooted in his being that he had to answer its call. He was waiting for a message that would carry him afar to come out of the land of shadows itself, that was still of the life he loved best, but over trackless roads or oceans.

The call did come to him very unexpectedly. It was late on a summer afternoon, after he had returned from the heights, communing with his best-loved pines that still survived, and mourning over the prostrate forms of their fallen comrades, it was a grey evening when everything was shadow, hence hinted of uncertainty, and he was in a mood that was almost a reverie.

Lying on a couch, with hands behind his head, he instinctively began listening to the tick-tock-tick of a gilt French clock, one of the heirlooms of the old house, which stood on the high mantel shelf of the bookish-smelling library. The tick-tock-tick was so emphatic, it was like the wing music of birds, it fairly carried the listener out of himself. The couch seemed some chariot that sailed out of time into a new world. It was as if the chariot carried him very far, as it could do so when not hampered by time. Upon his spirit came a vast calm, he was in that state of tranquility when one can see ghosts. All of us who think and feel have infrequently or frequently, as our natures are attuned to the Infinite, felt that strange peace which presages visitation. If uninterrupted, the visitor from the unseen will come either as a voice or a presence, but a

sudden incursion of outside influences will drive this state away.

But as the mood progressed the young man noted that a marked change came in the dimensions of the room where he rested. The small windows, with the wide sills—the walls were four feet thick—widened and elongated into glass doors which led out on a flagstone terrace, with scenery beyond that was totally unfamiliar. The distant vistas showed broad fields lined with tall Lombardy poplars, with blue dome-like hills fading into the sky-line. The massive walnut furniture contracted and twisted itself into a gilt set of the period of the last of Louis' to match the clock. The old deep fireplace, with its wooden facings and mantel shelf resolved itself into an ornate open grate of greenish marble with a gilt framed mirror above. Instead of the heavy brass candlesticks, elaborate gilt candelabra arose on either side of the French clock, giving it an air of harmony that it seemed always to have lacked. There appeared to be more rooms in this dream house than the one he was used to.

Though lying still he had the power to gaze into the other apartments. Beyond two huge gilded doors was a spacious hallway with white marble floors, and a staircase of marble with bronze railings. There was stained glass in the massive front doors, on the sides of the front steps were griffins carved out of limestone, which held aloft fluted metallic lamps. On the opposite side of the hallway was a high-walled library, with rows of bookcases which reached almost to the

frescoed ceiling. On the tops of the cases were tarnished busts of such great men as Seneca, Lucretius, Terrence and Catullus. In the center of the room, by another vast fireplace, was a huge writing table covered with richly bound but much-used books and manuscripts. Back of the library, that thrilled the young man with its wealth of all that appeals to bookish tastes, was a room that must have been an armory.

It had a huge greyish stone fireplace, and cases all around the walls, not so high as in the library; these cases were stacked with guns old and new, of every shape and style, from the latest American rifle to the bow-gun of the middle ages. On the stone floor, near the fireplace stood a mounted wolf, more brindled than the black wolves of the Seven Mountains or the grey timber wolves of the ranges south of the Tuscaroras. With jaws open, showing rows of fierce white fangs, it was like the wolf killed by the fabled hound, Gelert, "tremendous still in death." On the curiously wrought façade of the fireplace was nailed a mounted head of a wild boar, a *grand vieux sanglier*, a beast with hideous curving tusks and swarthy crest. Above the cases was row after row of horns of fallow deer, the smooth palmated antlers resembling the rare "shovel horns" of the Seven Brothers. Above these began the elaborate carved rafters. From some of these hung stags' horns holding lamps, which gave a mediæval flavor to this unique room. And in the furthest and darkest corner, the mailed hand gripping a broadsword, was a much-rusted suit of arms, the visor

down, hiding, perhaps, the white ghost face within.

But it was gradually growing darker, gloaming was giving way to dusk, that finest of evening distinctions, which only a lover of shadows can know. It was time for candles, for some one to light the fires. The smooth beech logs piled so carefully in the grates, seemed to invite the friendly blaze. There was a chilliness, a mustiness to these old rooms that could only be lessened by human company in lieu of candle light or fire-glow. Some one would surely come, the very neatness of everything showed that the mansion was inhabited.

As he waited, he gazed into the long mirrors which hung between the windows, hoping that they would catch the shadow of whoever might come. The love of shadows had gone with him into this unreal land. Perhaps he was in "the valley of the shadow."

And out of the silences, on the marble floor of a room beyond where he lay, came the sharp small sound of feminine footsteps. Expectantly he waited, but not for long. He turned his head around and in the shadows he saw her. Beautiful she was, but though she seemed familiar, he could not recollect when he had seen her before. Perhaps it was because he had never met her before in that particular corner of the world. Yet she seemed so strangely familiar! It was as if he had known her for years, yet he failed to place her. She was carrying a burning taper to light a gilt lamp with a silver lace shade, and as she noticed him lying there on the divan, not a look of surprise as might be expected came across her mobile features. It was

as if she had stepped out but a few moments before and returned in a matter-of-fact way to light the lamp.

As she placed it on the glass-topped table which stood between the fireplace and the lounge, he scrutinized her carefully. She looked just as she always had, but where was it that he had seen her before, it would be too difficult a matter to adjust, he would forget the shadowy part and lose himself in admiration. For indeed she was admirable to look at. A few years younger than himself, close to twenty she appeared to be, with curling brown hair, and eyes that in the shadows were black, and by the lamplight grey, with skin more pale than rosy, a semi-*retroussé* nose, full lips, a rounded throat and arms and figure, she was an embodiment of grace and charm.

To be on such intimate terms with such an adorable person, yet not recollect who she was, was an amazing predicament, it was so shadowy, yet so delightful. If he spoke to her, she would vanish, and the grand old house go with her, for ghosts must speak first. Could this all be a chapter from some past existence, in some topsy-turvy whim of time. It seemed like reading over again an early chapter in some interesting book before the final chapter had been reached. All these reflections were naturally simultaneous, in a realm where there is no time. As he pondered, the beautiful young girl turned toward him and spoke, saying:

"What a wonderful evening this is. Come, let us go out on the terrace before all the shadows have gone."

To speak was to command, and entranced and happy the young man got up and taking her fair hand, for he knew her well, even if he could not "place her" temporarily, walked with her to one of the long windows, which opened like a door. Soon they were outdoors in the cool evening air, with a glorious yet foreign landscape before them.

"It is too late to catch only the last grand shadow effects," said the young girl, who seemed to know as much about shadows as himself. "An hour ago a shadowy pageant went by, I thought of you traveling on the long road."

So he had come there by the road, and not over the clouds; he had journeyed there like any one else would have come.

"This last shadow looks like a great marching army," she went on, "but earlier we had the wild beasts and hunters, and priests and monks and farmers and wagons, then a long line of kings."

Such royal shadows, he mused, could not exist on the Juniata. He was evidently in some strange country. But everywhere shadows must fade, kings as well as Indians. But as the gloom of night overspread the scene, the shadowy armies with their flags and gonfalons were merged into evening calm and peace. He again scanned the wide landscape. Off in the west he could see the twin spires of some ancient cathedral with a city below it. The spires reminded him of the twin pines that stood to the westward from his Juniata home. Could these trees be the shadows or symbols



of an old-time church, the river the shadow of a worn-out disappearing town?

These questions might have been answered, had not night fell so soon. Then the beautiful girl turned from the darkening view, and led her companion from the terrace by a side staircase and along a pebbled path which led through a grove of Norway spruces, with branches that swept the ground, like the spruces of Fairbrook where he had visited as a boy, until they came to a high stone courtyard, which surrounded some stables. Inside the gateway several large shaggy grey dogs were chained, which leaped to the length of their chains, stood on their hind feet and barked vociferously. These were wolf dogs, the young man was given to understand. Despite the thickly settled country, the wolves, she said, were still to be found, affording superb sport for hunters and dogs. Inside the stables were roomy box-stalls, each one accommodating a hunter or a race horse, some of them retired heroes of cross country classics.

When she saw his evident gratification at all the wonders of the barns and stables, she gently said, "I am so glad that I wrote you to come, it was the proper inspiration to have done so."

The young man made no reply, as he was trying to figure out if he had received any such letter. But all was shadowy, foggy, as far as such a letter was concerned.

Then they strolled back, toward the old house, with its deep slanting roof and pilaster chimneys, and leaned

a while over the parapet of the terrace, watching the stars that shone out as clear as if it had been a night in October. There was one star which seemed to hang between the twin towers of the distant cathedral. When they re-entered the house by the same loggia window, the lamp had gone out, the room was very dark, the young man remembered that the girl shuddered as they closed the door. All was dark and shadowy in the house, as silent as the grave. Then the clock chimed the quarter hour. How ghastly would the stuffed wolf and the rusty suit of arms look at that hour.

The young man groped for the table, when he felt it, the top was marble not glass. He looked more clearly, the stars were shining through small deep-set windows, the clock was on the wooden mantelpiece, ticking away to two stiff colonial candlesticks. Of course the lovely girl was nowhere to be seen. Somehow the young man was seated on the couch again. He had not been asleep, only in the world of shadows where everything is so different, where the non-essential is banished.

He got up and soon found the matches, lighting the old lamp which sat on the table with the marble top. The clock on the mantel, ticking away to eternity, announced the hour as ten minutes to seven. It was not late, only shadowy. It was the solemn dusk that presages an early autumn. He looked about the room, everything was familiar, just as he had always known it, just as he had left everything, except that on the center table was an envelope addressed to himself. It

had not been there when he lay down. Perhaps the person who came in to light the lamp had placed it there. He looked at it closely; it bore a foreign stamp; the bold handwriting familiar, though he had not seen it in some time. Like a flash of lightning he recognized it as the writing of the charming girl who had lately been with him in the shadowy land, yet when he had been with her there he was unable to place her.

He did not open the letter right away. He must formulate a plan of action first. The shadowy presence *he* had lately felt ~~it~~ was but the visualization of his longing. How to get away, to get started to her that very night was his one idea. To "go over the mountains of the moon." The shadows that had hung over him were suddenly lifted, and out through the bright vista he saw the completeness of life like the star suspended between the cathedral towers.

## V.

## THE WOLF TRIBE.

## AN INDIAN TRADITION OF THE JUNIATA.

ESHLEMAN, in his "History of the Indians of Lancaster County," in speaking of the Lenni-Lenape, the "original people" of the Indians, says that "according to their own story when they became established in what is now the Eastern States they divided themselves into three tribes—the Turtle, the Turkey, and the Wolf Tribe. The first two settled on the coast from the Hudson to Potomac Rivers. The other, the Wolf Tribe, settled inland on the Susquehanna, because they were warlike and formed a barrier between the coast tribes of the Lenape and the Mengwe on the west, who had become enemies of all Lenape by this time. The Susquehannocks, Nanticokes, the Shackamaxons, the Shawnees and several other tribes, it is said, came from the Wolf Tribe of the Lenape."

Job Chillaway, by race a Lenni-Lenape, and a noted Indian in colonial history, about 1768 settled in the Juniata Valley, first at the mouth of the Little Juniata; but as soon as settlements were made by the whites, moved up Spruce Creek, where he remained until white men penetrated there, when he removed to the head of Diamond Valley, where he spent the re-

mainder of his days. He supported himself for many years after the Revolutionary War by bringing deer and elk meat into the settlements to trade off for flour and bread. During a cold winter, about 1800, he was found dead in his cabin by some bear hunters. He was supposed to be about one hundred years old at the time of his demise.

A great story-teller, his mind being a treasure house of historic and legendary lore, his company was sought by the more intelligent settlers to while away the long winter evenings with tales of the long ago. He was particularly fond of telling about the earliest days of the Indian people, especially of his own Wolf Tribe of the Lenni-Lenape. This would carry the Indians' beginnings back many thousands of years, giving them a history as ancient and honorable as that of Celt or Saxon. He was fond of explaining his reasons for never hunting wolves, that these animals were sacred to his race, that only thoughtless or heedless Indians went on the warpath against them. The superstition that wolves were harmful beasts had been brought into Pennsylvania by the Europeans, who by creating a demand for hides and placing a bounty on the scalps of wolves, had set the idle and more worthless Indians to wolf hunting, and in another generation practically every redman had forgotten his family tradition in the lust for gain. But Job Chillaway was what might be called an orthodox or old-line Indian. He believed in abiding by the ancient landmarks which had led his race to greatness in the past. He had examples on all

sides to show the quick disintegration of tribal power and physical and moral prowess with the adopting of the white man's ways. The surest method of conquering the Indians was debauching them morally. They could not absorb the new habits, even the new religion of the pale faced strangers; they strangled on the innovations, dying out faster than even bullets laid them low.

Had all Indians been like Chillaway, and his even greater *confrère* Red Jacket, the Indian race would be a force to reckon with to this day. Red Jacket resisted the forcible selling of land, the new religion, the new modes of life; he remained an unreconstructed rebel to the end. And to a lesser degree Chillaway held to his old faith, his old ways, and when far up in the nineties could shoot as straight as any youth among the whites. The great age attained by the Indians of past generations has been disputed by the fact that most Indians of to-day are short lived, but before the vices introduced by white men enervated them, Indians living their simple outdoor life were almost indestructible human machines. The Indian owed his decline to the white man and to him alone, and if we blame him for sins, let us first blame the white men who were the serpents in his garden of Eden, the primeval forests of America.

When Job Chillaway talked of the past, he always asked for a wolfskin rug, which he would spread out on the earthen floor before the huge fireplace, then sit down tailor-fashion, and with a wealth of gestures that were almost European, recount the romances of the



Golden Age of the Indian race. As an evidence of his mind's fecundity, he never told the same story twice. If it fell on a band of unappreciative listeners it was lost forever. But it must be stated that Chillaway was careful in his choice of an audience; he would suddenly become silent if his hearers were out of *accord* with him. It is therefore fortunate that his version of the selection of the name for the Wolf Tribe fell on ears that were "wax to receive, marble to retain."

It appears that a very long time ago, when the world was new, and the Indians were the chosen people of the Great Spirit, there was a certain great chief or king named Se-Tan-Se-Tan, whose regal abode was near the headwaters of the Little Juniata. His was a mighty and forceful personality, for he cemented together into a powerful confederation individual families of redmen, who had led aimless lives hunting and fishing among the wild mountains. This had never been done before, and when the savages realized the benefits of a common interest as compared with the hopeless struggling and anarchy of the past, they blessed the far-seeing warrior who made this new state possible. As he was the first successful man they regarded him more as a being apart from themselves, a demi-god, rather than to cherish toward him any sentiments of jealousy or envy. And it was probably the same with new-found leaders all over the world.

Se-Tan-Se-Tan, wise leader that he was, did not abuse his boundless power. He exercised it at all times for the betterment, for the development of his subjects.



He encouraged agriculture as more steadily remunerative than the chase and worked with a will to clear the forest jungles from the richest soil along the river banks. The seeds of melons, corn, potatoes, as well as apples and plums were gathered and planted, and great was the rejoicing at the results of this added effort. The wild animals were the only discordant features of the otherwise calm agricultural life. The deer and elk coveted the juicy cornstalks, the moose loved dearly to browse off the young shoots of the fruit trees. The smaller animals chewed and gnawed and uprooted the melons and potatoes. Various birds were equally noxious, and incurred the ill-will of the new race of farmers. Hitherto all destruction of animal and bird life had been for the purpose of securing the flesh, bones, or hides, but now a new purpose was instituted; to destroy the furred and feathered creatures as foes of man's lawful toil. Animal drives were instituted where herds of deer, elk and even bison were slaughtered ruthlessly in stockades, birds were snared and butchered by the tens of thousands.

In the Juniata country game became so scarce that one year when a flood caused the total loss of crops, there was a famine, followed by death, because there was nothing to kill to make up for the loss of potatoes and corn. This, to a certain extent, lessened the wanton destruction of wild life, but it also led the more shrewd Indian agriculturalists to clear patches of ground on high lands, not subject to flood. But then came a long protracted drought, with an equally great crop

failure. Death stalked and ramped among the Indian villages, filling the Indians' burial places with countless fresh-made mounds. Then the Indians awakened to the true idea of conservation of animal and bird life, which they practiced until the white men came, and began an indiscriminate slaughter of all living things. The Indians were at first amazed at such reckless conduct from white men. They had heard that their own remote ancestors had almost wiped out wild life with dire results, but they, supposed savages, had abandoned such madness; yet these professedly intelligent white beings from Europe were more ruthless with their wanton killing than the wildest aborigine had ever been. But then the white men were always an enigma to the calm, philosophic Indians.

"Call us wild Indians," Job Chillaway would often say, "why, we are not half so wild as the crazy white creatures who came here from across the big water."

In the vicinity of the royal lodge house of Se-Tan-Se-Tan were rocky cliffs; it was probably at the mouth of Riggle's Gap, the chosen home of many families of wolves, while further back in the ravine were the caverns of bears and panthers.

The domestic life of the great chief was in every way ideal. In early youth he had married a beautiful maiden named Shawanie and in his hour of triumph remained true to her. In that he was an example to many white men, who seek fresh companions to share their completed destiny. If there was a shadow over the happy home it was caused by the absence of children.

For fifteen years no little ones came to bless the union, but the noble warrior made no complaints, as such a thing as an hereditary dynasty had never occurred to him. He had done his duty to his fellow-redmen, that was all. He wanted no special favors for his posterity. They would have to stand on their own basis as citizens. But the presence of young folks would undoubtedly have added to the joys of the royal surroundings.

But after years of waiting a little son was born to Se-Tan-Se-Tan and Shawanie. It was the signal for great rejoicing. Voluntarily the tribesmen set out to celebrate the event by a month of feasting and frolic. Agriculture, hunting, fishing, the arts of pottery and weaving, all were laid aside while the happy savages ran races, played games, sang, danced and gorged themselves. It was a wonderful exhibition of the love which the redskins felt for their brilliant chieftain and his devoted wife. At the end of the thirty days of merrymaking the little one was christened Shawanoh, after his mother, and this name has ever clung in slightly altered form to Indians allied with the dynasty of Se-Tan-Se-Tan. The joys of the christening were prolonged for thirty days, during which time the carnival spirit of the revelers knew no bounds. The redskins, primitive beings that they were, were delirious with joy. They assembled before their ruler's lodge house, shouting that the little boy be selected as the successor of the great warrior in the dim distant day when he should join the great majority. They pictured a long line of kings, descended from Se-Tan-Se-Tan, all equally

famous for their greatness and goodness. At the end of the sixty days of frolic it was difficult to get the savages back to serious pursuits. They were dance crazy, feast crazy, hoarse from shouting encomiums of praise on their king and queen and child. But eventually they quieted down, but whenever they saw little Shawanoh it was a signal for cheering and enthusiasm.

Had the little fellow been the least bit vain, his nature would have been spoiled by such adulation, but instead he was modest like his parents, taking his popularity in good grace, a true little gentleman. His simplicity of manners endeared him more to the people as he grew older. He would make an ideal recipient for their hopes, he would never betray his trust. Though he recognized his position in the tribe, his manners were easy and democratic; he never sought to emphasize the gulf which separated him from the Indians of lesser advantages. He was an intelligent child, anxious at all times to learn, which he strove to do by asking questions of his elders. In fact he exhibited a positive genius for leadership seldom seen in one so young. It was about this period when the general outcry against wild beasts was raised. Stories of the indiscriminate slaughters were bandied about the royal encampment, where the hunters became heroes in the eyes of all except little Shawanoh. He expressed the greatest detestation for this class of men, so much so that no stories of their exploits dare be mentioned in his presence.

Out in the ravine back of the regal home were a number of wolf dens. The wolfish families, models of con-

jugal fidelity, lived in crannies or fissures in the almost precipitous sides of the great granite cliffs. Little Shawanoh often stole out into the ravine alone to watch the playful antics of the wolf pups. The little animals would be brought out by their parents to sun themselves on flat overhanging rocks, or sometimes would climb down to the brookside where they would frisk and play along the stream which flowed through it. On several occasions the little Indian prince encountered old and young wolves in his path, but they never thought of molesting him. He became so friendly with the sagacious beasts that he could approach them when at play to within a few feet, and though they were aware of his presence, they showed no signs of alarm or anger.

One day when little Shawanoh was sitting on his favorite shell heap by the placid Juniata he saw a party of Indians, dressed in war regalia, carrying bows, arrows and spears, marching in single file toward the gorge where the wolf dens were located. It did not take his childish mind long to grasp the situation: The redskins were heading for a tour of extermination among his friends, the wolves. Jumping to his feet, the little prince ran after the hunters as fast as his tiny legs could carry him. Catching up with the hindmost of the party, he called out to him to learn the nature of the quest. The burly savage looked around and was amazed to see his king's son at his heels. As he was an Indian from a distant valley, he did not know the little prince's dislike for hunters, so he bowed low and announced

that he and his party were bound for the wolf dens "to wipe out the whole infamous race of wolves."

The little prince's copper-colored face turned pale, but he stamped his small foot and shouted: "You shall do nothing of the kind. I command you to let the wolves, which are my friends, alone once and forever."

Hearing this childish outbreak the other hunters turned around, recognizing their prince instantly. They bowed, but beyond that paid no attention to his plea for the wolves. At a signal from the leader, they started on a dog trot up the hollow, leaving little Shawanoh to his own devices. While they doubtless meant no discourtesy, they imagined that as a child he could have no real preferences as to whether wolves should be killed or not that they would be bound to respect.

But little Shawanoh was determined to save his beloved wolves. He took to his heels, running as fast as possible down the ravine to his father's camp by the Juniata. The mighty chieftain was not at home, but the little fellow was so persistent and his tears were so genuine that the queen mother, Shawanie, consented to go back with him to the dens to save the unhappy animals, if not too late. The little prince was thoroughly exhausted from his race and from nervous excitement, so the queen took him in her arms and carried him up the narrow path. As they neared the rocks they could hear voices above them, high up on one of the cliffs, which was honeycombed with the wolves' dens. The



prince told his mother to stop and shout to the impudent hunters.

Putting Shawanoh on the ground, the queen called out in as loud tones as she could command, "Indians, up there on the cliff, touch not a single wolf, in the name of your queen."

The haughty redskins were dumfounded at this unexpected summons, and almost fell off the steep ledges on which they were standing. They looked down to where the voice came from, but they could see no one, the foliage was so dense. They had not succeeded in breaking into the dens as yet, and they hated to be crossed in their bloodthirsty work, but a command from their queen's lips could not be disregarded. So after a "council of war" they decided to climb down the cliff and make sure that it was really their queen who had spoken. They had a strong feeling that it was only some servant brought out there by the little prince to scare them from their work. When they reached the valley they saw at a glance that it was the real queen, so they prostrated themselves before her and said that they were sorry; they would do no more hunting. After the queen and her little son departed the Indians again conferred together.

"No doubt the queen only came out here to pacify that war-like little prince. Now that she has gone, we can go back and finish our work." All agreed that this was sound logic, so when the "coast was clear" they reclimbed the steep face of the cliff. When little Shawanoh reached his lodge-house he watched for the





A QUIET EVENING ON THE JUNIATA



return of the hunters, who he supposed were following at a respectful distance. As they did not return he mentioned the circumstance to the queen.

"Perhaps they have departed by another route," said the queen to calm his fears. But after half an hour had passed, and no Indians appeared, Shawanoh became certain that his mother's and his wishes had been disobeyed. He chafed with anger and humiliation, as well as with fear for the safety of the wolves. He was lying on his back weeping when his father Se-Tan-Se-Tan appeared at the camp. He inquired and was told the cause of his beloved son's grief.

"I cannot believe that any Indians would disobey such direct commands, but then order has been so recently secured among our race that they may not understand the meaning of authority. But to make sure, I will go to the wolf dens and see if they are still there."

Lifting Shawanoh to his shoulder, he marched up the ravine. And he got to the cliffs none too soon. He could hear the shouts of the hunters, the falling of stones and the snarls of the wolves,—evidently they had penetrated one of the dens and were ready to begin a general butchery.

It must be confessed that Se-Tan-Se-Tan lost his temper. Drawing himself erect, he shouted, his voice trembling with emotion: "Indians, what do you mean to be killing those wolves in disregard of the orders of your queen and your prince. Desist at once, for I am your ruler, Se-Tan-Se-Tan."

The Indians dropped their wedges and spears, and

trembling, left the frightened wolves and meekly descended the cliff. As they did so the wolves ran out and scampered along their narrow pathways to safety, some of them catching a glimpse of their little friend and deliverer still seated on his father's shoulder.

Se-Tan-Se-Tan was generally a kind and a just man, but he had established authority by years of work and was not going to jeopardize it. So he drew his stone hunting knife,—as sharp a blade as any later one of steel,—and biting his lips to keep in his angry words, waited for the approach of the wayward savages. As the first one stepped forward, bending low in respect for his king, the angry monarch seized him by an ear, and by a deft stroke of his keen knife, cut it off and flung the bleeding member to the ground. The savage, with a shriek of pain, got up and dashed into the forest, his blood spattering the big broad leaves of the linden trees which lined the banks. As one by one the other Indians approached, Se-Tan-Se-Tan seized them and cut off one of their ears. It was a bloody scene, and the shrieks of the wounded savages echoed up and down the wild glen. While the mutilations were progressing little Shawanoh danced and laughed until he felt as if his sides would split. Kindly child that he usually was, his primitive nature glutted itself with revenge. The earless redskins saw the little prince's antics, and their pain seemed more intense while he was laughing at them. When the last one had vanished howling in the gloom of the forest, Se-Tan-Se-Tan took the boy on his shoulder and returned to his campground near

the Juniata. Needless to say there was no more wolf hunting in the vicinity of the king's home, nor for miles in the neighborhood; it was a pastime under the ban of royal displeasure.

A year passed, and the king, queen and prince were camped at the foot of the Blue Knob, the highest mountain peak in Pennsylvania, on the summit of which some religious exercises were to be held the next day. The kingly couple, in a spirit of true democracy, had taken a promenade down Poplar Run to gather some huckleberries. For the moment the little prince, Shewanoh, was left alone at the camp, playing with several tame fawns. His parents had asked him to go with them, but he had declined, preferring temporarily the society of his pets. While playing gleefully, pulling the little animals' ears and climbing on their backs, something caused him to look up, and he saw the form of one of the Indians whom his father had mutilated at the wolf den the summer before. Like a sparrow hawk pounces on a field mouse, the savage was upon the defenceless child. Clutching him by the throat, the revengeful redman drew a sharp knife, cutting off both the child's ears, and then severing his juglar vein. The little fellow was dead in a few minutes, and terrible to witness was the grief of his parents when they returned half an hour later. But great though they may have been in temporal affairs, they could not restore life to their dead boy. So they resolved to have him buried with pomp on the top of the Blue Knob, where his little body could hold converse with the mighty forces

of nature, his cousin-germans, the Sun, the Winds, and the Storms.

The next day, which was to have been one of feasting and religious exultation, was instead a period of sadness and weeping. An impressive procession, in Indian file, ascended the Blue Knob at daybreak, the line of Indians being so long that at one time it extended from the summit to the base of the mighty mountain. In an open space, on the wind-swept crest, where centuries of storms had battered away the trees, the body of Prince Shawanoh was laid to rest. When darkness set in the mourners retired, leaving the little corpse alone with nature's grandeur. When the moon came out and peeped over the summit, wolves, like sentinels, crept out from four corners of the forest and bayed sadly over the grave.

Early the next evening a family of skulking panthers sought to dig up the remains, and began clawing at the mound. It so happened that the grief-stricken Se-Tan-Se-Tan and his queen wished to revisit their son's grave to cover it with sprigs of wild myrtle, and arrived in sight of the spot at about this moment. And they came in time to witness a tragic scene. While the panthers were digging into the grave, four gaunt grey wolves, with bloodshot eyes and lolling tongues sprang at them from the four corners of the forest, literally tearing the tawny brutes to pieces. Never was a sudden onslaught more successful. Six dead panthers, rent almost to bits, vindicated the prowess of the wolfish watchers over the remains of the little prince. When



the panthers were despatched, the wolves crouched on the mound, pouring their hot tears into the earth. The bereaved parents, overcome by the strange sight, retired from the mountain without being observed. But they resolved to pay a rich tribute to the rare goodness of the faithful beasts. First of all the next day came a royal decree protecting wolves forever, and giving the name of "The Wolf Tribe" to the newly formed confederacy ruled over by King Se-Tan-Se-Tan. And so it remained for untold centuries. The wolves were venerated and their name kept alive by one of the noblest clans of warriors who ever walked this earth. And little Shawanoh, the innocent cause of it all, had paid back his debt of friendship to his wolfish comrades, not only with his life, but with the priceless gift of immortality.



## VI.

## CANDLEMAS.

## A LEGEND FROM THE SHADE GAP.

NER MIDDLESWARTH, that splendid Connecticut Yankee who by long residence in Snyder County became the "Dutchest" of Pennsylvania Dutchmen, was very fond, in his latter years, of recounting old stories which he heard when he first penetrated into the wild country tributary to the Juniata, stories of Indians, borderers, outlaws, witches, and also quaint folklore and traditions. He often told his family he had made notes of some of his more remarkable experiences; that when he had the time he would write a book of reminiscences.

But the chance never came, his busy life extended to the end, and when he passed away, several years past his eightieth birthday, his story went to the grave unrecorded, except in the form of the above-mentioned fireside entertainments.

To listen to him was like sitting before a Pennsylvania edition of the Arabian Nights! The one-time speaker of the House of Representatives at Harrisburg was not so well acquainted with Job Chillaway as with another famous Indian of the Juniata Valley, Captain Logan. This is the Logan for whom the Logan Val-

ley below Altoona was named, on account of his having lived for some time near Martin Bell's old furnace.

Captain Logan was the oldest son of old Shikellimus, Colonel Conrad Weiser's friend, and the vicegerent of the Iroquois Confederacy at Shamokin, now Sunbury. On his father's death in 1748 he was proposed for the vicegerency by Weiser, but was disqualified by the Council of Chiefs at Onondaga, because he had only one eye, a supreme defect to the Mingoes, who all but worshiped physical perfection. Without his official designation he strove to exert an influence over his race, but by 1750 he withdrew to the Juniata Valley to spend the remainder of his life away from the intrigues and duplicity that had its center at Shamokin. During the Revolutionary War he rendered invaluable service to the Colonies, especially in dealing with the notorious Tory, Weston. A younger brother, James Logan, who was killed in 1780, was known as the greatest of Indian orators, and lived for several years at Logan's Spring, near Reedsville. Captain Logan often revisited the scenes of his youth at Shamokin, and usually traveled on foot through Middle Creek Valley, as the best way to reach the forks of the Susquehanna. He always made it a point to break the journey by spending a night at the Middleswarth homestead near Beaver Springs. He was particularly interested in the Middleswarths, as the older generations in Connecticut had befriended some of the Pequots after their last great defeats, when they sought refuge in the northern forests in the Nutmeg State.

Some of these Indians later were converted by the Moravian missionaries, Buttner, Rauch and Mack. Captain Logan felt that the Middleswarths on their record could be trusted as true friends of the redmen, consequently he could break bread with them without fear or mental reservation.

He was therefore particularly happy when under their hospitable roof, and often recounted to the head of the family quaint incidents of the long vanished past. On one occasion the subject of "ground hog day," the second of February, was alluded to, and the old Indian laughed, remarking that it was an Indian tradition, and that he would like to tell the complete story of how the ground hog came to be the patron saint of Candlemas. As is well known, this is distinctively an American superstition, but its limits do not even extend to all sections of this country. In Northern New York the bear is the animal which sees its shadow, almost similar to the old superstition of France and Spain. In Germany it is the badger which sees its shadow on the fated day in February. The old French tradition runs as follows: "*Le jour de la Chandeleur si le soleil paraît avant midi, l'ours rentre dans la tanière pendent quarante jours.*" Another version has it, "*A la Purification, grand froid, neige abondante ou sinon l'ours sort de sa tanière, fait quelque tours et rentre pour quarante jours.*"

When Ner Middleswarth's family came to Pennsylvania they brought the bear story with them, and were not a little surprised to find that in their new house

bruin had given way to the ground hog, or as they had called it in Litchfield County, the woodchuck. They asked their Dutch neighbors, who seemed to know nothing of how the woodchuck had taken the place of the bear and the badger. Some of the older Germans remarked that they were surprised to find the woodchuck the arbiter of the seasons, but they had adopted the local tradition along with the other pleasures or hardships of the frontier. One must go to the Indians to find the origin of the famous ground-hog story. But most of the Indians who passed up and down the valleys spoke very little English, and were inclined to be uncommunicative on any subject that might bring edification to their white successors. They were accused of knowing of mines of rare metals, and keeping the information from the whites. As a rule they were surly and taciturn, ever ready to ask favors, but wanted to give as little as possible in return. They could not grasp the philosophy of the white man's central idea, that he was giving his civilization to a wild country, even if an entire race of human beings had to be blotted out in the process. All they saw was a lot of white-faced creatures, for the most part illiterate, wasteful and cruel, living in crude log cabins on the lands that had formerly belonged to the Indian race, and were theirs still by right. They had been cheated or driven by force off these lands, where they had grown crops as good as the white man's, or where they had hunted and fished according to methods that would shame a latter-day "conservationist." They were a wronged race, driven

from post to pillar, all for a thing called "civilization," which at bottom possessed no heart, no soul, no decency, no kindliness.

The only white men whom they could tolerate were the gentle Roman Catholic or Moravian missionaries, whom they regarded as dupes of the mercenary captains of "civilization." But the few remaining Indians, roving aimlessly through the hills and valleys which they once controlled, were often short of food. They had to make friends with the settlers to get a bite to eat, or a night's shelter, or a little work. They were a lot of unhappy ghosts of an order of things which may have been as near perfect as any scheme of life we have today.

The Pennsylvania Indians were not savages, but industrious, decent beings, fearing their God, and just to their fellows, until stripped of their homes, their livelihood, and frequently their women and children, they became crazed by their wrongs, and on the war-path, and by the midnight sortie, sought to annihilate their cowardly white conquerors. Their story is a sad one, yet the justice of it is beginning to dawn on all fair-minded and temperate Americans.

But it is too late. Gone are the noble redmen. They will never know that their cause has at least been recognized as right by some. Of all Indians Captain Logan cherished less rancor and bitterness, considering the extent of his bad treatment by the whites. Blinded in one eye by a white man, thereby forfeiting the viceroyalty, then stripped of his lands, his brother's family

murdered by whites, even his humble cabins at Tyrone, and also at Chickalacamoose taken from him through faulty titles, he became in his old days a wanderer on the face of the earth. It was no wonder, therefore, that his heart warmed and his spirit expanded in such hospitable homes as that of the Middleswarth family close to the "Juniata Divide." The old Indian declared that he could only think and talk of the past by the fire-light, and at night. Candles were accounted a luxury in those days, so his wish was readily granted. Then, he said, he felt he was again by the patriarchal campfire on Shikkellemus's Run on the Miller farm near West Milton, where his old father, the great vicegerent of the Iroquois, would gather his children about him and tell the stories of the dim and distant past.

It was in the days when the world was new, thus the redmen always began their tales, when the Indian race was in close communion with the Great Spirit, and the secrets of the Infinite Workshop were revealed to his chosen people, that the bear gave displeasure to the exact balance of things by his ravenous appetite. So great was his destruction of the lesser creatures, as he was then on a strictly carnivorous diet, that it looked as if his race would devour all else except mankind. As like all creatures he was created for a wise purpose, it would have been wrong to exterminate him, consequently he must be checked in his folly. He must be taught discretion, taught to take his proper place in the scheme of nature.

The Great Spirit was then experimenting with the



various forms and means of life, so he tried putting the bears on a herbaceous diet, and in a short while their fierce claws lost their power to kill. That lessened their destructiveness, but they soon began to work havoc with fruits and gardens, to become foes of plant life. Then this herbaceous diet was modified so that they subsisted chiefly on plants, berries, and fruits, and to make up for the lack of their principal diet in winter, a long sleep or hibernation was decreed for them. This worked very well, for the bears were glutted with nuts, fruits, corn, and berries by the time the autumn set in, and were ready to climb into some dark retreat to "sleep it off."

So the bears, as the season advanced, congregated into sections of the country where caverns and sinks abounded, where they staggered about half asleep, quarreling for the possession of the darkest recesses. Their long sleep was said to be a dreamless one, they were literally dead until the early days of February. In Europe it was generally about the twelfth of February when they emerged from their retreats, while in Pennsylvania it was about ten days earlier. Then they became restless and sallied forth to wander about the winter landscape.

Being too clumsy-footed in the deep snows to capture any game, and unable to dig out any food from under the drifts, many of the poor creatures perished from hunger and exposure. Benumbed by cold, they could hardly reach their caves in safety, or when they got to them, they were so hungry that they could not fall to



sleep, so the Great Spirit again had to go to the rescue of the bears. This time it was decreed that if the bear which emerged first from his cave, on a day, which later curiously enough corresponded with the Candlemas Day of Christian countries, and saw his shadow, he should return to his hiding place immediately and not wake his fellows, and all would sleep for forty more days. This was because in high mountains, where the bears made their homes, a clear day in early February usually signified continued cold and snows, an indefinite prolongation of winter. If on the other hand, it was foggy or cloudy, it presaged thaws and milder weather, an early spring. Early February was a climatic period, and its prognostications rarely went amiss. It is the month of those beautiful fleecy white clouds called "Indian clouds." So the bear population were saved much trouble and suffering, and became animals of kindly and gentle nature in appreciation of the favor thus bestowed upon them.

It was considered a high honor to be the King bear, or Head bear, the one which felt the first impulse to awake, to crawl outside to inspect the weather prospects. In the autumn in chestnut season, in that most glorious period of Indian summer, when a pale mauve haze hangs over the mountain landscapes, and the air is sweet with the odor of drying leaves and wild fruit, when it is hard to tell where mountains end and sky begins, the bears met in the Shade Gap, and gradually it came to pass that they elected their leader, or the "Awakening Bear." Usually the elections were of a

harmonious character, more so, said Captain Logan, than some elections in the eastern counties when Dutch and Scotch-Irish battled for supremacy at the polls.

Generally the biggest and strongest bear was chosen for the honor, like in Captain Logan's day, rich men and landowners monopolized the highest positions in the gift of the State. The bear that won by the count of noses was escorted to where the nuts and pumpkins were the thickest, and left to gorge himself unmolested. He must needs eat an extra store, as if he awoke and found winter still raging, he should have a comfortable feeling in his stomach, else he could not get to sleep again. Perhaps it might have been better to lay up a stock of provisions, but the bears preferred spring food in springtime, and nine times out of ten they found the extended period of winter, when it was easier to go to sleep again than to sit in a damp cave and live on mouldy nuts.

If the bear chosen as leader was such a big bear that his sway was not easily disputed, he was re-elected for years in succession until some younger bear outstripped him in size and influence. In those distant days there were bears of various colors in Pennsylvania, some shiny black, some foxy red, some brown, some yellow, and a few white. For some reason or other the black bears usually chose the leader from one of their number. It may have been an earlier phase of Ernest Renan's saying, "The black heads are always the rulers." But among leaders of mankind, Cæsar, Napoleon, Wash-

ington, Hamilton, Jefferson and Grant were not black-haired men, but on the "red headed" order.

At the time of the appearance of the first permanent white settlers in Pennsylvania these bears of various colors were still to be found. The black bears were vastly in the majority (there were two varieties of these, "hog" and "dog" bears). Next in numbers came the red bears (the last one was killed in Union County in 1912), then the brown bears (one was captured alive in Cameron County in 1914), then the yellow bears (one was killed in Susquehanna County about a century ago), and lastly the white bears, which were always the rarest, the last one known having been taken in an animal drive in the present confines of Snyder County by "Black Jack" Schwartz in 1760. All came from the same original stock (*Ursus Americanus*), but formed distinct and separate families. At one period in the early history of the bear tribe in Pennsylvania, a black bear weighing a thousand pounds was elected leader for twenty-one years in succession. He was a surly old bear, a conceited old bear, but being of such tremendous bulk and of the popular color, he always triumphed in the animal contests. He wore his honors niggardly, begrudging the fact that he had to get awake and crawl out in the cold, yet he would not relinquish the privilege to any younger bear, would not think of such a thing.

Plots were raised by pugnacious young red or yellow bears to oust this swarthy despot, but they always faded away on election morn, when the big black bear

eyed the electors during the count of noses. "Unanimous for the Big Black Bear," was invariably the result. As years wore on "the big fellow" became so lazy that when he became awake he would do little more than poke his nose out of the cave. He hated to think of finding "winter over;" it meant long journeying to all the other bear caves in Shade Gap, to inform the various bear families that it was time to "be up and doing." If there was any chance of his making a mistake in favor of a prolonged winter, he was calculated to do it.

This displeased many energetic young bears, who hated to have so much time taken out of their lives by the period of hibernation. But no bear was strong enough to oust the Big Black Bear, so he continued his undisputed sway. He was an exclusive, almost regal, old bear, occupying a cave high up on the mountain side all by himself. He had a black mate, and many generations of black offspring, but these he only mingled with during the outdoor life in spring, summer and autumn.

One winter morning when he felt the signs of awakening consciousness, which betokened that his onerous task was before him, he stretched and flopped himself about the damp stone floor of his cave, loath to get up and venture out into the February air. As he rolled about his cavern he felt something soft and furry. He caught it with one of his huge paws and drew it to him. It was a small and badly frightened ground-hog. The little creature squeaked and squirmed, begging that its

life be spared. The big bear growled threateningly, and shook his huge head and gnashed his teeth, so that he looked as if he was going to annihilate the entire race of ground-hogs for this one's presuming to enter his inner sanctum. But instead of devouring the little animal he put a proposition to him that he would spare his life if he would go outdoors and see if the winter was over.

The ground hog, very grateful, hopped outside. It was dark and foggy, the mountains across the valley could not be seen, water was running off the outer ledges of the cave. He hurried in and gave the news to the giant bear. The bear grunted. He was sorry that winter was over, and told the ground hog that his work was by no means finished. He must visit all the bear caves and pits in Shade Gap on both mountains, and inform the occupants that the winter was at an end. The ground hog, though he was frightened at the prospect of facing so many strange bears, obeyed, and crawling in the caverns, bit at the bears' ears until they awakened, whispering to them their chief's message.

When the bears had all assembled in the ravine at the Gap, they held a council of war. They were angered at the laziness of their leader, whom they had honored so many times. Yet, after long deliberation, they could not select another bear to take his place, so many wanted the honor. So one sagacious yellow bear, next in size to the unpopular black monster, suggested that they depose the big fellow at once and name the

ground hog as their "weather prophet" for life. This was decided on by a growling, grunting majority, many of the black bears in the heat of passion voting with their lighter colored fellows.

The ground hog was found and informed of his new position, which he accepted with a neat little speech.

In the midst of the proceedings the big black bear appeared on the scene, pausing every now and then to scratch his sleep-seared eyes with his soft claws. Quick as a flash the other bears turned on him, and before he could utter a plea for mercy, he was so badly torn and clawed that he soon died. And ever since that time the ground hog has been faithful to his trust, and gives the signal of the continuance or the end of King Frost's reign to all the bears, and to the members of his own little race.



## VII.

## THE WARLOCK.

A STORY FROM THE RAYSTOWN BRANCH.

**D**R. SCHOEPPF, the eminent German army surgeon, who traveled across the Juniata headwaters to Pittsburg in 1783, was a keen observer of men and manners. Though he recounts having met many strange individuals in his pilgrimages among the wilds, none appealed to him more, or left a more lasting memory than the man whom he calls "Herrman Husband," "the Philosopher of the Alleghenies." In the good doctor's book "Travels in the Confederation," he speaks of the "Philosopher" having told him that he had spent much time in the mountains of North Carolina. While that was correct, yet this strange—almost supernatural—being first saw the light of day on the Raystown Branch of the Juniata, though he traveled far from it more than once during his long and eventful life. He was the son of a renegade member of the party of hermits brought to the Wissahickon by Kelpius in 1690, and himself would have made a striking figure in one of George Lippard's romances of early Germantown.

Early in life, having lost both of his parents, he had followed the bison in their migrations along the Alle-

ghenies to the south for a distance of four hundred miles, his earliest training being that of a hunter. In the North Carolina mountains in the Big Smoky Range, at the foot of Bear Wallow Mountain, he had fallen in with an old man of mystical tendencies, who adopted him as a son, and whose surname he assumed. Under his tutelage the latent mysticism which he inherited from his fathers came to the fore; he forsook hunting and aimless wandering; all he cared for from then on was to unravel nature's inmost mysteries where human intellect had hitherto failed so ignominiously. On the death of the old North Carolinian he was again left to his own devices, and after serving a time in the Regulators he felt the call of the beloved Juniata, so he returned to the scenes of his boyhood.

Most of his old friends had moved further on, but that meant least of anything to him. He took up his residence in an abandoned log hut, on a branch of the Raystown, where he pored over the volumes of Eckhart and Paracelsus that the old man in the South had left him, and which he had carried on his back in a pack during his long northward journey. After a winter of investigation and research he felt that he knew more curious facts than any living man in the Province of Pennsylvania. It made him a being apart in his own estimation, so he cultivated a sort of mental aloofness which made him unpopular with white men, but gave him a closer footing with the stoical Indians.

Occasionally small bands of redskins stopped at the log cabin, where the Warlock always interrogated

them as to their acquaintance with any Indians of superior wisdom, such as soothsayers, diviners, medicine men. As the redmen were already in their decadence, such sages were scarce, except in the remoter districts. Coming in contact with the whites was ever the death-knell of their spiritual natures; it was only when alone and uncontaminated that they held converse with infinity.

The strange hermit learned of a wise man, but a very old and feeble one, living on the banks of the Ohio, near the mouth of Yellow Creek, and to that region he resolved to set out for an interchange of ideas with the savage soothsayer. Making his books and papers into a pack, which he carried like a knapsack, he started along the Pittsburg trail for the western country. That was as early as the year 1755, when Indian warfare was rife from the Ohio clear to the Susquehanna and the upper reaches of the Schuylkill. But no Indian ever molested the pale-faced hermit, his purposes in life were too much the same as the redmen's. They respected him for his cultivated mind, the vein of mysticism that was all too apparent in his slim, intellectual countenance.

The hermit was about twenty-three years of age at this time, tall, gaunt, angular, with a decided stoop to his broad shoulders. The pale, ascetic face was bearded, which gave him an air of maturity, which he cultivated, as his associates were mainly middle-aged Indians.

At this period the celebrated Indian queen, the beau-

tiful Alaquippa, was living in regal grandeur at her lodge-house near the mouth of Youghiogheny Creek, in what is now Allegheny County. She belonged to the Lenni-Lenape, and about her "castle" was clustered a small village, mainly made up of her armed retainers and their families. She was a woman of great beauty, of ample proportions, and of about the same age as the "Philosopher of the Alleghenies." She had been married to a noted warrior named Hushasha, who fell in some unnamed battle, but it was said that she had been braver than her husband, that she mourned very little when he was gone. She was a forceful character, an Indian woman with a genius for government and order that was most unusual in her day. It was said that she was interested in occult matters, feeling herself surrounded and guided by the spirits of the dead. It was this trait in her character that made the young hermit desire to become acquainted with her. Accordingly he was brought to her village by an Indian who acted as guide and interpreter.

It was a case of love at first sight, at least as far as the hermit was concerned, and there were many who said that his ardor was fully reciprocated. At any rate they got along famously together, sitting by themselves at the embers of the campfire until far into the night. They were so very congenial, it is related, that with the little they knew of each other's languages they were able to perfectly understand what each was saying.

The young hermit told the queen that he was bound for the Ohio to meet an aged wise man to learn his

secrets before he died, to draw from him, if possible, some of the mysteries of eternity. Then he felt he would have enough data to formulate a philosophy of existence more complete and satisfying than ever before known by man. Alaquippa urged him to return to her camp on his eastward journey that she might be able to help him set out his system, and would love to talk further with him on the lands beyond the stars. The bond of sympathy between the two was so deep that before they parted, just before the red light of dawn dyed the creek water, he took the splendid form of the queen in his arms and kissed her full red lips long and rapturously. He who had never noticed a woman before became suddenly adept in the arts of love. It seemed a mature passion sprung from his subconscious self.

He was loath to leave the handsome queen, but he felt that his destiny compelled him to find the wise man. So, accompanied by his guide, whom he had aroused from his slumbers, he started for the western wilderness. Alaquippa was wretchedly sick with loneliness after he had gone. Though she had met many white men, all they thought about was money and trading; she had never seen a paleface before who had the idealism of the Indian, plus the education of the white race. Coupled with it all, he had a certain magnetism and charm that no savage possessed. She counted the days until he would return, and lost interest in everything else except the thought of again being in his arms.

When the hermit met the ancient wise man by the Ohio he found him a more unusual being than he had

expected. Over a hundred years old, with a sparse white beard, and almost blind, he had spent the greater part of his long life trying to solve the riddle of existence. He had come to many important conclusions, but there were numerous missing links to his chains of reasoning that were made ridiculously simple when the hermit from Raystown branch showed him his pack of volumes of "quaint and curious lore." He said that he could die happy now, having found out all that he was seeking, that he was deeply thankful to have met such a learned white man.

For several days and nights the centenarian and the young recluse worked over their systems of philosophy. They had many speculations in common, chief of which was to create a living human being out of mud, or dead flesh. The aged Indian had the enthusiasm of a Paracelsus on all such serious subjects, in which he was ably seconded by the youthful hermit. Taking what they both knew, and backed up by the authority of dead and gone writers, they felt that they had reached the summit of knowledge, the secret of life, yet now that they understood it, all was so simple that they could not understand why they had not grasped it before.

The old Indian would have liked the white man to remain with him and make some experiments at the fountain-head of life, but the younger man was anxious to return to Queen Alaquippa, his bosom heaving with pride at the thought of displaying his marvelous discoveries to her. But he promised to cross the Alleghenies again the following season, and work out the great



problem with the old man in his open-air laboratory. The sage, who acquired a fresh grip on life since the young enthusiast's coming, was comforted at this promise, and they parted on the very best of terms.

It was hard to tell on the easterly journey whether the young man was more keyed up by his added discoveries or by the thought of soon again seeing Alaquippa. At any rate he felt himself "walking on air" the entire distance. The pack on his back felt like feathers, all was brightness, joy and hope. By forced marches he utilized this superhuman energy and reached the queen's village two days earlier than expected. But it was none too soon to suit the lovesick Alaquippa, who was nervously pacing up and down her private path by the creek side when he arrived. When she saw him she forgot her queenly dignity, running forward and falling into her lover's arms. Many of her retainers on the other side of the run witnessed this outburst of affection, marveling at it, for Alaquippa hated white men as a rule, and since her husband's death had not shown preferences for any Indian. But she was a voluptuous looking young woman, full of curves and gracefulness, and sooner or later would feel the call of a great love. Now, apparently, it had come to her and she was supremely happy.

After the first passionate greetings, the young hermit proceeded to unfold to her the story of his added discoveries from the old man on the Ohio, to which she listened with breathless interest. She was so charmed to have him with her that she forthwith begged him to

give up all idea of going away, but continue his studies in her village; in other words, to make it his permanent home. It did not take him long to accept this alluring invitation, as, compared to his lonely log cabin on Rays-town branch, this spot was Paradise. Here he would unfold the riddle of life, applauded and appreciated by this beautiful Indian queen. Alaquippa asked permission to build him a lodge house to keep his books and paraphernalia, which he granted, and in a few days a house bigger than her own castle had been run up under her personal supervision.

As he felt at home, and desiring to look more like the clean-faced Indians about him, he shaved off his beard, appearing in that condition at the queen's castle one morning. But to his surprise she was not pleased. As a bearded frontiersman he had an individuality, but he made a poor-looking, hatchet-faced "Indian" when deprived of his facial adornment. So he promised the tearful queen to let his beard grow again, and never to shave close again.

It was not long before he began in earnest on his experiments in unraveling the secret of life. He built a forge and a retort, and his cabin looked within like the cell of some old-time sorcerer or alchemist. As his beard grew and rapidly covered the hollows in his pale cheeks, the hermit chaffed Alaquippa by saying that he would soon be ready to produce a man from mud and dead flesh who would be perfect to the smallest detail, being what he was not, a handsome man. The queen protested that she thought him extremely good looking,

that no one she had ever seen, or whom imagination could conjure up, would please her as he had done. But the hermit would only laugh and say that when his homunculus appeared on the scene it would be the end of his reign as favorite and friend.

To that end he worked all day and far into every night. Whenever she cared to visit the laboratory, the Indian queen was welcomed there, but the heat and the noxious fumes caused her to appear there only when there was a strong cool breeze blowing. The composition of the homunculus was to be of a certain kind of clay which was found at the foot of banks at the mouth of the creek, mixed with fluid metals, and the blood and flesh of deer, ruffed grouse and wildcats. During his period of preparation the hermit's only exercise was trips through the forests in search of these materials, which expeditions were certainly strenuous enough for any one. During the last weeks he never left his hut night or day, and requested that no food be sent to him, as he had laid in a stock of provisions for the purpose. Alaquippa was very anxious about him lest he be overcome by fumes or the arduous task, and was therefore relieved every morning when she saw the fresh blue smoke curling from the chimney of the retort.

Finally one night, when she was seated by the creek listening to the roar of the water as it made its final plunge to join the river, the beautiful queen saw the door of the hermit's cabin opening. Out of the door emerged two very tall men. It was almost dark, and she could not make out who they were until they came

very close. One of them was the gaunt, bearded hermit, but with him was another young man who looked strangely like her deceased husband, the warrior Hushasha.

Springing to her feet, and clenching her nails into the palms of her hands to make certain that she was not dreaming, she stood under an old pine, awaiting their approach. When they drew near the hermit's face was wreathed in smiles, but there was a blank, wild look in the face of the youth who so much resembled the dead Hushasha. Standing before her, and comparing them feature by feature, there was no question as to which of the two was the handsomer. The Indian, despite his glassy stare, was more harmoniously formed as to figure and features.

The hermit caught Alaquippa by the hand and placed it in the hand of the stranger, saying: "Here is the young man about whom I have spoken to you so often."

Meanwhile the Indian youth had said nothing, but his wild gaze was limiting itself to a look which was clearly one of admiration for Alaquippa. The hermit chatted with the queen for about half an hour, then signaled to the Indian to accompany him, and led him back to the cabin, where he left him. Then the hermit returned to Alaquippa to receive her deferred congratulations.

He found the queen seated at the foot of the pine, her clothes disheveled, her eyes wild and starey. Her first words were that she had fallen in a dead faint after

he had left, and had only just recovered consciousness. Then, instead of showering encomiums on him for having created life, she demanded of him the reason why he had prepared a man the living image of her dead husband. The Warlock was surprised when he heard this, as secretly he was jealous of the dead man, and of all beings would have been less likely to create an "effigy" resembling him.

When he recovered himself he said that it must have been caused by her thoughts of Hushasha transferring themselves from her brain to his when he was in the heat of composition. He now regretted having made this manikin, and realized that his sin in daring to usurp the works of the Great Spirit would bring upon him dire punishment. He was even tempted to run back to the hut and kill the hateful thing. But he resolved to take what fate brought uncomplainingly, the blood of his mystic ancestors was too pure to make him a coward. But he went to his couch with a heavy heart that night.

The next day when the Indians at the camp saw the stranger they thought that it was Hushasha risen from the dead. Some of them broke camp and disappeared in the forest rather than live in the vicinity of a ghost. When Alaquippa heard the stranger's voice for the first time it was exactly like her dead husband's manner so much that she made the Warlock accompany her to her husband's grave in the buffalo swamp twenty-five miles away to make sure that his bones were still there. Then she questioned the Indian

closely, but he was unfamiliar with any incidents in Hushasha's life. As the days passed she became more accustomed to the attractive stranger, and seemed to prefer his company to that of the hermit. It was as he had feared, he had produced a being fairer than himself, who without trying would win the queen away from him. If the hermit had been able to suddenly adopt the ways of a lover, his creation of mud, quicksilver and dead flesh was even more adept to do so. He seemed to possess arts and charms that the hermit never dreamed about; he liked to have the queen show her preference for him when the Warlock was present.

All this was very humiliating, so one night he arose from his couch which adjoined that where the stranger slept, resolving to slip away forever. His hunting knife was in his belt. He drew it out, poising it over the throat of the sleeping creature which he had made from base materials. He could have annihilated this ill-gotten life and stolen away in triumph. But no, he would leave him to work out his orbitless life as best he could, even to wedding the queen, which now looked inevitable. Putting the knife back in his belt, he crept over the slumbering form, out of the door and was gone into the blackness of the forest night.

Son of the mountains that he was, he had no trouble in moving on in an easterly direction. He traveled steadily over hill and dale, and through river and stream, until he came to the Glades of Laurel Ridge, where he found another abandoned settler's cabin. He had left behind all his books and instruments, want-



ing no more of that kind of scientific research. He had a little money with him, so in due season equipped himself as a hunter, and was happy and contented in this more natural life.

Meanwhile his sudden absence caused no anxiety or concern to the stranger and Queen Alaquippa. They were almost glad that he had gone. The Indian bodyguards suspected that he had been murdered by the mysterious newcomer, but dared make no comment.

It was not many days before the infatuated queen resolved to marry the stranger. She broached the subject to him, and he was willing. The wedding day was set for the following morning. Contrary to custom, the love-crazed woman would have the ceremony performed with pomp and display. Medicine men and priests were sent for; it was to be a memorable occasion. But when Alaquippa arose on her "wedding morn" it was reported that the stranger was nowhere to be found. Had he disappeared in the night like the hermit? The henchmen had looked in his cabin; it was deserted. The queen screamed as if in agony when she heard the news, and ran about like one demented. She rushed into the cabin where she had seen the stranger retire the night before. It was empty save for a big buffalo skin on the floor, and the hermit's abandoned books, phials and pots on a shelf. Looking at the buffalo robe more closely, she saw on it a little drop of quicksilver, a few spots of mud, and what looked to be some scraps of dried meat. She shook

the robe and they flew out in every direction on the floor.

The truth then dawned on her, either through some spell cast by the absent hermit, or because his allotted span of life had expired, the homunculus had resolved to his elements, had evaporated. He had never been much more than "such stuff as dreams are made of," his stay on earth must needs be brief. To weep for him would be like crying for the jack-o'lantern which had often crossed her father's campground when she was a child. It was no use, the dream was past, she had exchanged a living man for a phantom, and must reap the whirlwind. So sadly she wended her way back to her castle, where she bravely informed her henchmen that there would be no wedding, that they must intercept the priests and wisemen and merrymakers; instead, she would journey alone to the big swamp and strew myrtle on Hushasha's grave. It is said that for the rest of her life Alaquippa maintained an even more impenetrable reserve where men were concerned.

Meanwhile the hermit was pursuing the even tenor of his way at the Glades. He prospered as a hunter and trapper and began to clear and farm a few acres of ground. A family of Germans who settled on the east side of the ridge not far from the present village of Mishler had an attractive daughter whom he courted, and whom in a couple of years he married. The union was a happy one, quite a good-sized family of children being born.

But as the years went by scientific research and mys-

ticism again claimed the strange man. But this time it was to prove by his happiness among them the special divinity of mountains. It was on this weighty subject, a sort of geomancy that he was engaged when Dr. Schoepf visited him in 1783. And there were many authorities for such a quest, for had not the Phœnicians, among others, believed that mountains were sacred as being nearer to the gods?

## VIII.

## SHANEY JOHN.

## A TALE FROM SADDLER'S RUN.

“CLEM” HERLACHER, most genial of deer hunters of the Seven Mountains, who knows every foot of ground from the Rag Hollow to the Buffalo Path, is one of the best posted men in Pennsylvania on the legends of the long ago. He has something interesting to tell about every historic character, some fragment which otherwise would be lost to future generations. He probably knows more about the old Indian, Shaney John, and his hunting school on Saddler's Run than any person living.

Saddler's Run is a stream flowing into the Juniata below Huntingdon, and although this hunting school flourished until little more than a century ago, it is a forgotten fact to the vast majority of Pennsylvanians and might just as well never have existed. Yet in its day it exercised an important influence on the young men of the Juniata country.

The historian, Jones, mentions Shaney John as being one of the last three Indians to linger in the Juniata Valley. The other two were Captain Logan and Job Chillaway. The name “Shaney John” is of obscure origin, though by some the first part is said to be of

Dutch origin, a title given to him by certain of the earlier settlers because of his good looks. This is borne out by the fact that he was a very handsome Indian. Others say that his name was in reality Shawnee John. When he first came to the Juniata Valley and took up his residence several miles from the mouth of Saddler's Run, he was described as tall, erect, with clear-cut features and piercing black eyes. As he was a boon companion of Job Chillaway, who settled in the Juniata country about the same time, it is to be inferred that he saw service in the Colonial wars, but under some other name than Shaney John. Perhaps some warrior with a Shawnee cognomen, who performed deeds of valor and self-sacrifice, whose name is a household word to readers of history, was none other than Shaney John. But as far as this story goes it only concerns Shaney John, the hunter and teacher of hunting.

From his earliest boyhood this wily Indian was said to have been skilled with bow and rifle. He was the only Indian who exceeded the white borderers in feats of marksmanship. On one occasion, when on the Kanawha River in West Virginia he engaged in a friendly shooting match with Lewis Wetzel, and outpointed that noted frontiersman. Wetzel, who was of a revengeful nature, never forgave the savage for defeating him, and spoke of it to his dying day.

There was a strain of mysticism to Shaney John that only his most intimate friends knew. He believed in the occult, and in a later day might have been called a witch doctor. It was he who was sent for to kill the

famous white stag, known as the White Ghost, which defied the hunters in White Deer Valley, in Union County, for a dozen years. It was well known to the great Nimrod that such a deer had a compact with the Machtando or devil, consequently could not be killed with a bullet of base metal like lead or iron, or with a stone or slate arrow. Only a silver dart or bullet could lay him low. So the hunter informed the delegation of desperate pioneers who waited on him at his humble cabin that it would take him a month's time to make preparations to slay the unconquered hart. He would set a date to be present, and before dark he would have the White Ghost a dead reality.

After the visitors had departed he started for the North alone, in the direction of the Bald Eagle Mountains. He traveled along Jack's Mountain to what is now Milroy, where he crossed the Seven Mountains, past the Mammoth Spring, now Bellefonte, and thence to the Bald Eagle's Nest, an Indian village and home of the famous chief, Bald Eagle, a short distance east of the present town of Milesburg. He followed the valley to what is now Pine Station, Clinton County, where he ascended the Bald Eagle Mountain, remaining on the summit for several days. As there was a good spring in the Little Valley, directly back of the mountain's crest, he made himself very comfortable in his eyrie.

After completing his work on the mountain he followed the old Indian path along the summits of the Bald Eagle chain to below the present site of Williams-



port, where he crossed over into White Deer Valley. There he reported at the home of one of the leading hunters of the valley, named Simon Crossgrove, who lived at the foot of the White Deer Mountain. As Shaney John's word was as good as his bond, several other hunters had assembled at the cabin, and all hands gave him a royal welcome, which wound up with a wild turkey supper. Crossgrove was a great hunter, and his shanty, decorated with the horns of elk and deer and the hides of wolves and panthers, was a familiar memory to several generations of dwellers in the romantic valley of White Deer. After supper the group of hunters asked the Indian to show them the weapon with which he planned to kill the White Ghost. Shaney John told them that while nothing would please him better, there was a superstition against showing a weapon before using it; when he extracted it from the dead body of the stag would be soon enough.

Early the next morning he sallied forth alone from the Crossgrove cabin, his favorite bow and a single arrow wrapped in a piece of wildcat skin under one arm. When he left the stump-dotted clearing and entered the depths of the forest he paused and laid his precious bundle on a fallen tree trunk. He then took from one of his pockets a single silver arrow point, beautifully chiseled. He had cut it from a pocket of pure silver, the whereabouts of which was known only to the Indians,—but it was somewhere on the summit of the Bald Eagle Mountain near the Lycoming County line. Then he took a small bottle from an-

other pocket, removed the plug and poured some of the greenish liquid contents over the arrow's tip. When it had dried, he reached for his arrow handle and deftly fastened the poisoned point to it. He was now ready to match wits with the White Ghost.

Taking his position behind a pine tree near the stag's favorite crossing at the edge of a cornfield, he resolved to wait until the animal appeared. It was a tedious vigil, for as he expected the famous deer did not emerge from his thicket until past sunset. As the evening shadows fell he suddenly thrust his magnificent antlered head from the brush at the far side of the cornfield. Evidently he scented some danger,—a stag must be quick-witted to escape an army of hunters a dozen years in a narrow valley, for he stopped and gave a snort of defiance. Then he leaped out into the cornfield among the shocks. As he turned himself broadside Shaney John let go the arrow, which sped through the air, its silvery tip shining in the waning light like a flash of lightning. The aim was true, for it caught the stag in the flank, penetrating deeply. The animal turned his head around, giving a nervous start, as he felt the prick of the dart, acting as if an insect had bitten him. Detecting nothing, he stood still, with head erect. It was a sight which Shaney John never forgot. The huge deer, with a rack of horns that had twelve points on each antler, with coat like snow, posed there, unconscious of his onrushing doom. At the end of a couple of minutes the royal head drooped a little, as if he was sleepy. Then the hunter moved out of the forest into

plain sight. The stag noticed him and came forward, as if to do battle, but with unsteady tread. It was a distance of one hundred yards to where the Indian stood, but the deer evidently determined to reach his foe. As he drew near he lowered his formidable head, as big as an elk's, as if to charge, but the splendid crown of antlers "wobbled" and when he was within almost a horn's thrust of Shaney John he dropped over dead against a corn shock.

The Indian left the carcass lay while he walked over to the Crosgrove home to bring his friends to the scene. When he returned to the spot, accompanied by a score of comrades, including several friendly Indians who resided in the neighborhood, it was found that the deer had turned coal black in color. The animal was bled and opened, but the flesh had become rancid. The grand antlers crumbled in the hunter's grasp when he tried to roll the carcass over. All present agreed that the White Ghost was a "*ghspook*" sure enough. The ghost of this deer, coal black, is said to haunt the valley to this day. But Shaney John had landed the prize. His fame as the slayer of the elusive white hart would last as long as there were hunting annals in White Deer Valley. Before leaving the spot, he dug his arrow out of the dead stag's flank, wiped it off on his coat, and presented it to Simon Crosgrove. It remained in the Crosgrove family for several generations, a priceless souvenir.

Next morning he returned homeward along the White Deer range, a proud and happy Indian. But in

all sections of the country he was not so popular as in the White Deer Valley. Some of the more narrow-minded settlers along Jack's Mountain objected to an Indian residing in their neighborhood. They were jealous because he killed so much game, and wanted an excuse to drive him away, as was done with Captain Logan at the Big Spring at Tyrone. To make their dislike plausible they said that the redman caused uneasiness to their women and children, that he was wandering around in the woods at all hours of the day and night, that undoubtedly he would do some harm. Several times his camps on Saddler's Run were purposely pre-empted by white men, and he was forced to move further up stream.

But Shaney John resolved to remain in the Juniata country a few years longer. To attain this end he conceived the idea of starting a "hunting school," where the young sons of the settlers could be taught to hunt "Indian style," or else with rifles or muskets. Being tolerably well versed in the English language, he composed a clever little speech which he recited at each farmhouse where he suspected there was hostility against him. If he could remain in the locality he would teach the boys to be real Indian hunters and kill lots of game, so that they could always have a kindly memory for Shaney John. There was a deserted field or common at the mouth of Saddler's Run where he proposed to set up his targets and begin the term the following week.

The pioneer boys took to his idea with enthusiasm.





NEAR THE SITE OF SHANEY JOHN'S CABIN





They knew that he was the greatest shot in all the valleys tributary to the Juniata; it would be worth while to give an afternoon a week to learn his secrets and arts. So on the date appointed, the wornout field was filled with mountain boys clad in their picturesque suits of buckskin or homespun. All carried weapons of some kind, long rifles of the pre-revolutionary days, or old flint locks, while some had home-made bows and arrows. Shaney John was there, smiling and affable, with a friendly word for every one. The boys were going to win for him his right to remain by his beloved Juniata.

The lessons given were so unique and edifying that they were never to be forgotten. The quaint atmosphere of it all, the amount of knowledge imparted, made every lad an apt pupil. Every pupil had a good word to say of Shaney John when he returned that night to his cabin or blockhouse. The women were interested in what their boys had to say, and quite a few of them then and there revised their previous low opinions of the canny old redman. The hunting school had come to stay; its fame spread into adjacent valleys and pupils came from as far west as Tuckahoe. Shaney John was now a fixture in the Juniata Valley; no one dared oust him now.

As his students progressed in marksmanship or archery he took them on still hunts, and showed them some truly marvelous shots at moving deer, squirrels or birds. He tracked several panthers during the winter, killing them by impaling them with sharp stakes, the real old

Indian fashion. And most wonderful of all, he ran down wolves and deer on the deep snow, following them on snow shoes. If he had been alive to-day he would have been the leader of the Boy Scout movement. Stories connected with his exploits multiplied and spread, making his name like that of a patron saint of outdoor life.

But as he grew older, despite his popularity on the Juniata, he longed for the society of members of his own race. Roving Indians were always welcomed at the birch-bark cabin which he constructed on the edge of his shooting range, at the mouth of Saddler's Creek. But few of them were likeable characters, or inclined to remain long in one locality. The Indian settlements at the forks of the Susquehanna were long since broken up, only a few camps on the West Branch and on Bald Eagle Creek remained. At the Bald Eagle's Nest, at the confluence of Spring Creek with the Bald Eagle, a few Indian families resided, and to be with them Shaney John's heart was set in the sunset of his life. He postponed again and again breaking the news of the abandonment of his hunting school to his pupils; he loved them all, he loved his work.

But at length the desire to be with his kind became so strong that one evening he gathered "his boys," as he called them, about him, and told them of his plans. The young lads were heartbroken, and begged him to reconsider his decision, but when they saw that he was obdurate they said no more, but went their way sadly and silently. That night a dozen of the boys met to-

gether and collected a purse of money which they presented to the old redman next morning. One of them made a nice little address, in which he thanked the Indian for teaching them all so much and hoped that since he insisted on leaving them, he would come back to see them once in a while. The Indian was visibly affected, and promised to return to the Juniata country once a year at least, "while his strength held out."

The next morning he started out on foot across the mountains, carrying on his back his favorite rifles and bows. He was welcomed by the Indian families at the Bald Eagle's Nest, and settled down to live a life of contentment. He had enough money to last him for life,—a few dollars only,—but as he lived by hunting, fishing and trapping, but a mite sufficed. He was greatly missed by the young boys in the Juniata country, and they watched for his visits like the modern lad does for Christmas. When he returned he was given a hearty welcome, which brought gladness to his old heart. It is related that on the occasion of one of his visits he came upon a number of his former pupils, now well-grown young men, holding a shooting match a survival of their Scottish ancestors' Popinjay, on a plain east of Shade Mountain, a few miles from the present town of McAllisterville. The marksmen felt honored to have the great Indian hunter with them and to their surprise, despite his age, he hit the gaudy effigy of a bird, which they used as target, at all distances, as well as the best of them.

As the afternoon progressed, the marksmen were so

engrossed with the contests that they did not notice the form of a four-hundred pound red bear emerging from the forest at the point nearest the mountain. The huge brute was half way across the plain before even the dogs spied him, and to old Shaney John was due the honor of the discovery. The aged Indian whistled and the marksmen looked up, seeing the bear almost in their midst. Instantly a state of panic reigned among them, as they dropped their guns and bows and scampered off to points of safety. Their dogs, which became too scared to bark, ran with them. Not that the sportsmen were afraid of the bear, for almost every one of them had killed such a bear in his time, but the suddenness of the brute's appearance in an open plain, awoke latent instincts of self-preservation.

Of all the bears of Pennsylvania the red bear was the only species known to charge. Sometimes when the two varieties of black bear, the "hog bear" and the "dog bear," have been wounded or their young molested, they attack hunters, but they will take a great deal of provocation before resisting. But the red bear will attack out of pure hatefulness, which he did on this occasion. He had come out of the forest with lowered head, and slow gait, evidently on some errand best understood by himself, but the noise of the panicky sportsmen and their dogs roiled his temper, and he lifted his head, coming on at a trot. Shaney John, whose presence of mind was proverbial, let him advance, so close in fact that some of the marksmen hidden behind rocks were getting ready to shoot, until he was within

a dozen paces of him. Then he raised a small bow which he always carried, and sent a dart at the monster, not to kill but to wound him. As the arrow penetrated back of the right shoulder the Indian turned around and called to the boys, "don't shoot, I am going to have some fun."

By the time he had finished speaking, the bear, limping terribly, was directly in front of him, and raising up on its hind feet. The Indian had dropped his bow, and throwing himself forward seized the bear by the throat with both hands, and before the creature knew where he was at he was sprawling on the turf, with Shaney John on top of him. The old Indian tussled with the big brute for several minutes, during which time he outpointed his adversary. When he felt that he had clearly demonstrated his superiority he calmly reached for his hunting knife and stabbed the bear through the heart. With a groan, the defeated savage expired, while Shaney John danced a jig over his carcass.

At this time the Indian could not have been less than seventy years of age. Those who witnessed this exhibition of nerve and resource concluded that if all Indians were like him they were the greatest race of hunters that the world has ever known. The young men crowded about their old teacher after the exploit, showering him with congratulations. Then the bear was skinned and a fire lighted, and that night, as the moon shone down on the plain, a happy circle could be seen around the ruddy campfire, feasting off the

biggest red bear that Shade Mountain ever harbored.

During his residence at Bald Eagle's Nest, Shaney John devoted more of his time to hunting than he had for a number of years. Most of his expeditions were in the mountains adjacent to his camp, as he had a ready sale for his deer and bear skins from the fur traders who penetrated the valley in goodly numbers. As years advanced he sought to perform those deeds of daring that had brought him fame in his youth. In fact, there was no young "buck" in all the camps at the headwaters of Bald Eagle who could equal his prowess as a deer slayer. His favorite manner of excelling in the chase was to kill his deer "without arrow, powder or ball." The method was to locate the tracks of the animals in the snow, and selecting one, usually a giant stag, follow it on snowshoes. When the snow was deep the deer could not travel very fast, and he was often able to overtake them after a short chase. But not infrequently they sought sanctuary in the deep pools or swift-flowing streams. But nothing could daunt Shaney John. Into the icy water he would plunge, clothes and all, reach the deer by several deft strokes, for he was a powerful swimmer, cut its throat, and drag it to shore.

But the exposure from these midwinter immersions began to tell on him; he was a very old man. Similar exploits in icy waters cut off the life, it is well known, of his white pupil, Joshua Roush, the greatest deer hunter of the Seven Brothers, at the early age of fifty-five years. He had taught Roush his methods while living at the "Nest." Shaney John became stiff and



rheumatic, his big hands were knotted, but he refused to lead a calm existence about the camps. "Why live like a woman?" was his favorite answer to his well-wishers. "Better to die like a man." "Nothing lives long except the earth and the mountains."

There were many in the Bald Eagle Valley who for years remembered his last hunt. It was in January and he had trailed a huge stag across the ridges in the direction of Bald Eagle Valley. It was a raw, treacherous day, and the old hunter was much overheated and overtaxed. He had managed to keep close behind the deer, but could not prevent its running down the mountain in the direction of the creek. All through the chase the Indian was hoping that the deer would get "crusted," but the animal, by keeping on points and ridges, cleverly avoided these pitfalls. Down the side hill he plunged, and through the present town of Milesburg. A party of young Indians and white boys, among the latter "Josh" Roush, who had been spearing fish-otters, were passing along the creek, when right below the meeting of Spring Creek and the Bald Eagle, where there is a deep hole, the frenzied stag, with Shaney John literally at his heels, took sanctuary. Several of the lads raised their guns, but the old hunter shouted, "Please don't shoot," and with these words plunged into the frigid water. By rapid swimming he reached the deer, catching him by the beam of one of the antlers. The animal gave a lunge, and in some way the old hunter's knife was struck from his hand and sank to the bottom. The Indian then determined to

strangle the deer before it reached shore, and wrestled and grappled with it, while the water assumed the foam and activity of a whirlpool. Several times the Indian "went under," but each time coming up he bravely continued the battle. In a contest between man and beast, the persistent man must win, so thought Shaney John, as he fought the stag to a standstill and eventually throttled him. A cheer went up as the old man dragged the dying deer on shore, and borrowing a knife cut its throat.

Then Shaney John had a severe chill, but he managed to reach his camp and light a fire to dry his clothes. By night he was a very sick man, exhibiting symptoms of pneumonia. He sank rapidly during the following day, and by night was in a dying condition. Yet his marvelous constitution kept him alive until the next morning, when he expired. His last words were, "My hunting days are just beginning."

His age was estimated at more than ninety years. He was buried in a hillock near the giant hollow buttonwood tree that long had been the "Nest" of Chief Woapalanne or Bald Eagle, and thus departed a hunter of a type that is no more, and in commenting upon whose deeds of valor it can truly be said, "There were giants in those days."

## IX.

## THE HART'S HORN.

## A LEGEND FROM HARE'S VALLEY.

DOWN in Hare's Valley, on the banks of Hare Creek, a family of Shawnee Indians lingered on for some years after most of their race had been dispossessed from the neighboring regions. Consisting of a mother, two daughters and a son, their peaceable qualities enabled them to remain unmolested until such time as some white man would covet their little clearing and spring. Then they would have to move on,—somewhere,—no one would care where, as long as they made room for the conquering race.

Although it was policy not to show it, the older generation of Indians deeply resented their dislodgment from their home of centuries. They had sweet memories, sentiment, attachment for the familiar scenes, with a keen perception of the beautiful, and as a rule were not a roving, nomad race, as careless historians are wont to depict them. True they went on the warpath, hunted and trapped, and followed the migrations of the bison, but there was always some secluded little valley or creekside that was *home*. There generation after generation lived and died, the bones of their beloved ancestors were on the hill, they were a part of the soil so to

speaking, they hated to move on. By whose authority were they evicted; only that of a parchment signed by men who got their power from a king who lived thousands of miles away, across an ocean. It all was so unjust that it is small wonder that hatred of the white usurpers became a part of their natures.

The Indian woman whose home was in a quiet meadow on Hare Creek was named Mahaque, her husband, a peace-loving redman had been shot down in cold blood by a wandering white trader. No excuse had ever been given, though the case had been presented to the Proprietary Government through Col. George Croghan. It was pigeon-holed and allowed to be forgotten. Small wonder that the old squaw disliked the white race collectively. Her eldest daughter Elahné, was a most beautiful girl. She was paler than most Indians, slender and lithe, a perfect artist's dream. She was unconscious of her beauty, which made it all the more dangerous in her watchful mother's estimation.

Living in the secluded valley, the old squaw hoped that the girl would escape the sight of the white men, who coveted every attractive Indian girl they saw. Generally they did not make good husbands, secretly despising their Indian wives. But Indian suitors were scarce. The best type were always on the warpath, and had no chance to marry and settle down. The worthless drunkards, victims of the white men's vices, who hung around the camps, drinking themselves to death with poisonous adulterated whisky were undesirable as husbands as the white men.

Mahaque selected as her daughter's future husband a middle-aged warrior, a widower named Chemook. He had an ugly scar over one eye, several of his fingers had been bitten off by a white man, he was prematurely toothless. He hated the white men as much as did old Mahaque, and with as good reason. He dabbled in the black art, and in an earlier day would have been called a medicine man. He led a solitary life in a log cabin on the opposite side of the meadow from the home of Mahaque and her family. He had watched Elahné grow up, had secretly admired her, and when she reached a marriageable age he proposed the subject to her delighted mother.

As most Indian marriages were arranged by the parents, the girl might have accepted him as her first chance had she not seen a more attractive looking white man named Alexander McEwing. This young pioneer was a reliable fellow, his greatest desire being to find a home for himself, marry and rear a family. He had not thought of choosing a wife from among the Indians until his eyes rested on the fair Elahné. He had heard of the "Indian meadow," as the flat where old Mahaque lived was called, and had come to the valley to have a look at it. If it suited he would put the government forces to work to oust the Indian family,—though if there was anything in the law of "eminent domain" they were the lawful owners, having lived there for five generations. But when he saw Elahné one morning on her knees stirring the campfire his heart was touched; he would have her along with the meadow.

Surely it was a lovely spot, full of long grass and lined with willows, an orchard at one end of it, a rippling stream forming a semi-circle about it. He could not understand why no other white man had taken it. Knowing a few words of the Shawnee language, he scraped up an acquaintance with Elahné. As he was the best looking man she had seen, far better looking than young warriors with scars and warpaint, she entered eagerly into the conversation. During the talk old Mahaque appeared, but she remained in the background, viewing the apparent flirtation with disfavor.

When he went away, McEwing promised to return and pitch his camp in an unoccupied corner of the meadow. Old Mahaque waited until he was out of sight before she severely admonished her beautiful and trembling daughter. She gave her to understand that she would beat her half to death if she ever spoke to the white wretch again, and previous experience made the girl realize that the old squaw meant what she said.

"You are to marry Chemook, the good Chemook, and if you notice this white man our old friend may change his mind."

In order to have peace and quiet Elahné said that she would have nothing more to do with the paleface, adding that probably he would never come that way again, but secretly hoping that he would keep his word and come. That night old Mahaque took Chemook aside and told him to prepare to be married in a fortnight. The old Indian grinned; it was nice to have such an ardent matchmaker enlisted in his behalf.



Meanwhile McEwing, whose permanent camp was on the Juniata, not far from the mouth of Licking Creek, was making arrangements to move his belongings to Hare's Valley. He engaged a couple of stalwart Indians to assist him in moving, which was to be done overland across the Black Log and Jack's Mountains.

Peace reigned in the secluded little meadow until old Mahaque met the young frontiersman with his bearers arriving as if for a permanent stay. The old squaw scowled at them, and longed to ask him by what right he was moving into their midst, but dearly bought experience taught her to ask no questions of white men. They were predatory; they were murderous, their ways were past finding out. It would now be no use to forbid Elahné from seeing the young fellow; all she could do would be to hurry up her marriage to old Chemook.

This old Indian dropped his long pipe when he saw the new arrival. He scented a rival from afar; he could coerce his way against any young buck, but against a white man—never. He hurried across the meadow, lifting his red cloak like a woman would her skirts as he stepped through the tall lush grass. Quickly confiding his fears to Mahaque, the pair held a council of war. The marriage must take place that very night, no matter how unwilling the bride might be. Mahaque shook her grizzled old head.

"I cannot force her to marry you with your rival a stone's throw away; she might call; he would

come to her rescue and murder us all like dogs."

Then her voice fell, as she put her arm over old Chemook's shoulder and drew him closer. "Can't you cast a spell of some kind over that white devil, change him into an animal or something?"

Chemook's beady eyes gleamed with sudden inspiration. "Of course I can," he gloated, "why didn't I think of that before. By sunset the white rascal will be a hart, and out of reach of harming us."

Then he strode away across the meadow chuckling in fiendish triumph. He entered his cabin, and closing the door tightly sat down to meditation, to conjure up the evil powers of the unseen world. And he was quickly surrounded by wicked hordes, created from his own unclean consciousness. For man can will evil just as well as good.

Meanwhile young McEwing, after paying off his bearers, walked with them a short distance on their homeward journey. After parting with them at a ford he started back to his new camp site. He had not gone more than a few steps when he felt strange sensations, like violent spasms, which agitated him from head to foot. His skull seemed bursting, his entire body itched and he sank down on the grass in utter misery. He seemed to fall asleep just for a minute, during which time he saw Elahné's face and much bright sunshine. When he awoke he looked down and about him. He was no longer a human being, but a stag. Walking to a deep pool in the stream he looked in its mirrored depths. His surmise was correct. He had been transformed

into a huge helmeted stag. He sought to give way to a cry of anger, but it only came from his lips as a raucous snort such as he had often heard from stags when suddenly put up from their brake. The realization of it all was horrifying, so he took to his heels and galloped like a riderless horse up and down the creek bank.

As night set in he began to feel hungry, yet his physical desires were only for twigs and grass. He became thirsty and drank from the pool as if he had been accustomed to it all his life. When he felt sleepy he instinctively retired to a dense laurel thicket and laid down.

At dusk old Chemook emerged from his camp, a malicious twinkle in his little shoe-button eyes. Picking up his cloak like an old woman, he tramped across the meadow to where old Mahaque was seated by her campfire. In an undertone he asked the whereabouts of Elahné, her brother and her sister. Mahaque told him that they had gone for a stroll along the brookside, that they would not be back for an hour.

Then Chemook guffawed out loud: "I've fixed the white boy," he said amid convulsions of laughter. "He's now a big stag, running around in the woods; he'll never trouble us again."

Mahaque leaned over and took him by the hand, which she pressed warmly in token of her appreciation of his powers of sorcery. The old pair talked together until Elahné, her brother and sister returned. The boy and the younger girl seemed in high spirits, but Elahné was silent and hung her head. The boy went on to tell

with a great display of enthusiasm how an enormous hart had stood across their path, and instead of running away had licked Elahné's hand! Chemook and Mahaque exchanged glances. A new peril was imminent. They pretended not to be interested in the narrative, and urged the young people to go to bed.

When they had retired the old woman spoke as follows: "You made a happy stroke when you changed the white man into a deer, but if he is going to hover around our camp all the time Elahné will never come to our way of thinking. I can tell by her manner that already she suspects some connection between her lover and that tame stag."

Chemook thought a moment. Then he replied, saying: "There is one thing left, and that will settle matters forever. I can kill that stag with a silver bullet. If he was in human form I would have to be delivered up as a murderer. But I can kill all the deer I have a mind to."

Mahaque nodded her head approvingly, clapping her big hands. Then Chemook said that he would have to make a journey over to Sinking Creek Valley, where the Indians had a silver mine. He would collect the silver and forge it into a bullet upon his return. So bright and early next morning he started on his long tramp to Sinking Valley. That day Mahaque ordered her family to remain within her sight, she was afraid that the tame deer might harm the young people, deer were always treacherous!

The beautiful Elahné seeing or hearing nothing of

her lover, and noting with concern that his pile of pots and hunting implements lay untouched where the Indian bearers had laid them in the meadow, concluded that the big deer was none other than the missing lover. Her mother's anxiety to keep her away from the animal clinched this impression. Nothing was seen or heard of the stag until sundown, when Elahné, who had gone to the creek to clean some fish, heard the handsome hart breaking through the brush across the brook. It came out in the middle of the stream, where simultaneously it was seen by old Mahaque. For a squaw she was a good shot, so grasping a rifle she aimed and fired at the deer. As the report was heard, Elahné screamed, falling over in a swoon, while the deer stood unhurt in the middle of the rippling current. Leaving her daughter to recover as best she could, the squaw fired at the impertinent stag again and again, but with no effect. Throwing her rifle down with a thud, she muttered: "How foolish of me to try and hit a spook deer."

When Elahné came to her senses the deer was by her side, licking her face. There was a look of recognition in her eyes, so he threw up his fine antlered head and crossed the stream with a single bound. Mahaque's first idea was to beat the girl soundly when she returned to the camp, but on second thought concluded that it would be better to keep her in good humor until Chemook returned. Then the troublesome hart could be put out of harm's way.

Elahné suspected nothing from her elderly suitor's

absence, as he frequently went away for days at a time on elk or deer hunts. When he came back he said that he had had very good luck, game was never more plentiful. He confided to Mahaque that he had secured some silver at the head of Elk Run, and would speedily mould it into a bullet. This he did that night, and waited for the propitious moment. About sundown he strolled over to Mahaque's camp, his rifle nonchalantly laid across his shoulder. Elahné was walking pensively by the brook, secretly hoping that the noble stag would return, yet wondering why her mother allowed her so much liberty after the episode on the night before. She did not notice Chemook, else her suspicions would have been aroused ere it was too late. Yet her heart was sad to the breaking point. Her lover for some reason had become a deer. Would he always retain that shape and be lost to her, or was it only a temporary whim of his to test her love, and not a spell cast by the jealous Chemook. Many and bitter were the sobs she gulped back, as she resolved to meet her tragic situation with Indian fortitude.

While thus walking in sorrow, she heard the cracking of twigs on the opposite bank, in the same spot where the stag had appeared the previous night. Pulling herself together, a happy light came into her dark eyes, a smile on her pale lips. Soon the antlered head of the forest monarch appeared, and with a leap he crossed the creek, and stood at her side attentively. Over by the camp, Chemook had seen the hart come into sight. It would be a difficult shot to make to kill



the deer, yet not hit the girl by its side. If he killed both, it would be "love's labor lost." So he nerved himself for a supreme effort. Whispering prayers to the powers of evil, he sighted and pulled the trigger. There was a loud report, and more smoke and odor of brimstone than was generally the case. The silver bullet sped its course, but a quick move of the stag's head had saved it from penetrating the skull; instead it hit one of the brow tines. Had it been any other kind of a deer it might have knocked him down, and he would have speedily gotten up and decamped, but with this ghost deer it was different. He fell over stone dead. The noise of the gun and the collapse of the deer terrified the frail Elahné so much that she fell over the dead deer unconscious.

Fearing that he had hit the girl, Chemook cleared the space to her side almost as quickly as the deer could have done it. He was relieved to find the girl alive, the deer dead. He had merely struck a brow tine, yet blood was pouring off the nick he had made in it. As he did not want to be troubled by Elahné's lamentations, he left her alone until he could finish with the deer. Taking his hunting axe from his belt, by a swift blow he struck off the top of the skull which held the horns. Then he dragged the carcass a short distance up the creek and sunk it in a deep hole. Returning to the girl he picked up the antlers and hung them on a stab on a young oak tree. Then he threw water in the girl's face and restored her to consciousness. When she recovered, and seeing so much blood around

and the horns on the tree, she realized what had happened. She fell on her knees before Chemook, imploring him to leave her alone, that she would die rather than marry him, and calling him a murderer, a coward and a thief.

The aged Indian strode away, as he realized that she was not herself in such an hysterical outburst. "She will be all right in the morning," said old Mahaque gleefully, as she congratulated Chemook on his clever shot.

But the girl's nervous system had been terribly affected. She lay all night in the tall grass, muttering to herself and moaning. When she did not return by breakfast time Mahaque considered that it was time to end her foolishness, so picking up a club she went after her. She had only taken a few steps when she heard a commotion on the other side of the meadow. Three strange white men were standing over McEwing's abandoned belongings, and talking to Chemook in angry tones. From his gestures she could note that they were accusing him of withholding a knowledge of the young man's whereabouts, and the old savage was pleading ignorance. But the upshot of it was that one of the men, a big, tall, blonde youth, and McEwing's elder brother, by the way, seized Chemook by his cloak, making him a prisoner. Then the party led him across the meadow to Mahaque's camp. They interrogated the squaw, but getting no satisfaction from her, placed her son, who was ignorant of the entire transaction, under arrest. Before they departed Elahné looked up

and saw them, but she felt too dazed to arise and drag herself over to the scene of the inquisition.

As the burly white men went away with their captives, one of them remarked that they would put them in Carlisle jail. That word struck terror to Mahaque, as no Indian who entered there ever came back. Sobbing, she followed the party down the run, protesting that none of them knew where McEwing was, and begging for their release. It was not until one of the frontiersmen, who, losing his temper, pointed his loaded rifle at her, did she turn back.

It appeared that McEwing when he moved into Hare's Valley had told his family that he would be back in a couple of days for some ammunition that he was expecting from Lancaster, and his non-appearance had caused the sallying forth of the search party.

When Mahaque returned to her camp she found Elahné and her sister sitting dejectedly by the burnt-out hearth. They all exchanged glances, it would be best to say no more, all had been losers by the old squaw's avarice. They would have to eke out their lives as best they could in a manless camp, for Chemook and the young buck were gone forever. And there is no record that the two prisoners ever got to Carlisle jail or any other jail. Either they tried to escape en route and were shot down, or else their captors were self-constituted Regulators who escorted them to a quiet nook and executed them. But nothing more was ever heard of old Chemook and Mahaque's son. They vanished as if the earth had swallowed them.

The old squaw's manner changed after this holocaust. She became gentler and more patient. With her two daughters she cooked and fished and wove. Elahné and her sister became proficient as huntresses, keeping the modest larder supplied with game. The white traders and hunters became well acquainted with the three lonely Indian women, and none were base enough to molest them.

Eventually the younger girl married a white man named Cantrill, who squatted on the spot selected by the unlucky youth McEwing, and appropriated the entire meadow. But poor Elahné never married, and most of her beauty was melted away in tears. Out at the brookside she securely nailed the dead hart's antlers to the oak tree, which still dripped blood from the shattered brow tine. It seemed to be her dead lover grieving his heart's blood away for her, so why should she not grieve in return? It seemed a shame to allow this precious blood to run away. So she fashioned a gourd like a cup to receive it, and placed it at the foot of the tree to catch the drip. There the small red drops fell day and night, winter and summer. And yet the gourd placed below never seemed to fill. Every evening, fair or stormy, the bereaved girl would go out and sit before the tree, thinking of how near she had come to tasting true happiness. Yet deep as was her grief, she did not want to die. She wished to remain always in the vicinity of the bleeding hart's horn, which was pouring out its deep essence for her.

For long and weary years she visited the oak tree,

long after old Mahaque had been laid away under the Indian apple trees at the foot of the meadow, and her younger sister had become grandmother to a sturdy race. And when she passed away she was buried under the tree, with the gourd as the sole marker beneath the antlers.

As years went by the thrifty oak aggrandized in girth until it grew over and around the horns, completely imbedding them in its capacious heart. And if the horn bleeds to-day its drip is inward, hidden completely, and for the years, as it is truthfully said that there is nothing so secure and all-resisting as "hearts of oak."

## X.

## NITA-NEE.

## A TRADITION OF A JUNIATA MAIDEN.

ONE of the last Indians to wander through the Juniata Valley, either to revive old memories or merely to hunt and trap, his controlling motive is not certain, was old Jake Faddy. As he was supposed to belong to the Seneca tribe, and spent most of his time on the Coudersport Pike on the border line between Clinton and Potter Counties, it is to be surmised that he never lived permanently on the Juniata, but had hunted there or participated in the bloody wars in the days of his youth. He continued his visits until he reached a very advanced age. Of a younger generation than Shaney John, he was nevertheless well acquainted with that unique old redman, and always spent a couple of weeks with him at his cabin on Saddle's Run.

Old Jake, partly to earn his board and partly to show his superior knowledge, was a gifted story teller. He liked to obtain the chance to spend the night at farmhouses where there were aged people, and his smattering of history would be fully utilized to put the older folks in good humor.

For while the hard-working younger generations



fancied that history was a waste of time, the old people loved it, and fought against the cruel way in which all local tradition and legend was being snuffed out. If it had not been for a few people carrying it over the past generation, all of it would now be lost in the whirlpool of a commercial, materialistic age. And to those few, unknown to fame, and of obscure life and residence, is due the credit of saving for us the wealth of folklore that the noble mountains, the dark forests, the wars and the Indians, instilled in the minds of the first settlers. And there is no old man or woman living in the wilderness who is without a story that is ready to be imparted, and worthy of preservation. But the question remains, how can these old people all be reached before they pass away? It would take an army of collectors, working simultaneously, as the Grim Reaper is hard at work removing these human landmarks with their unrecorded stories.

Out near the heading of Beaver Dam Run, at the foot of Jack's Mountain, stands a very solid-looking stone farmhouse, a relic of pioneer days. Its earliest inhabitants had run counter to the Indians of the neighborhood for the possession of the beavers whose dams and "cabins" were its most noticeable feature clear to the mouth of the stream, and later for the otters who defied the white annihilators a quarter of a century longer. Beaver trapping had made the stream a favorite rendezvous for the red men, and their campgrounds at the springs near the headwaters were pointed out until a comparatively recent date.

But one by one the aborigines dropped away, until Jake Faddy alone upheld the traditions of the race. There were no beavers to quarrel over in his day, consequently his visits were on a more friendly basis. The old North of Ireland family who occupied the stone farmhouse was closely linked with the history of the Juniata Valley, and they felt the thrill of the vivid past whenever the old Indian appeared at the kitchen door. As he was always ready to work and, what was better, a very useful man at gardening and flowers, he was always given his meals and lodging for as long as he cared to remain. But that was not very long, as his restless nature was ever goading him on, and he had "many other friends to see," putting it in his own language. He seemed proud to have it known that he was popular with a good class of white people, and his ruling passion may have been to cultivate these associations. On several occasions he brought some of his sons with him, but they did not seem anxious to live up to their father's standards. And after the old man had passed away none of this younger generation ever came to the Juniata Valley.

The past seemed like the present to Jake Faddy, he was so familiar with it. To him it was as if it happened yesterday, the vast formations and changes and epochs. And the Indian race, especially the eastern Indians, seemed to have played the most important part in those titanic days. It seemed so recent and so real to the old redman that his stories were always interesting. The children also were fond of hearing him talk;

he had a way of never becoming tiresome. Every young person who heard him remembered what he said. There would have been no break in the "apostolic succession" of Pennsylvania legendary lore if all had been seated at Jake Faddy's knee.

Of all his stories, by odds his favorite one, dealt with the Indian maiden, Nita-nee, for whom the fruitful Nittany Valley and the towering Nittany Mountain are named. This Indian girl was born on the banks of the lovely Juniata, not far from the present town of Newton Hamilton, the daughter of a powerful chief. It was in the early days of the world, when the physical aspect of Nature could be changed over night by a fiat from the Gitchie-Manitto or Great Spirit. It was therefore in the age of great and wonderful things, before a rigid world produced beings whose lives followed grooves as tight and permanent as the gullies and ridges.

During the early life of Nita-nee a great war was waged for the possession of the Juniata Valley. The aggressors were Indians from the South, who longed for the scope and fertility of this earthly Paradise. Though Nita-nee's father and his brave cohorts defended their beloved land to the last extremity, they were driven northward into the Seven Mountains and beyond. Though they found themselves in beautiful valleys, filled with bubbling springs and teeming with game, they missed the Blue Juniata, and were never wholly content. The father of Nita-nee, who was named Chun-Eh-Hoe, felt so humiliated that he only

went about after night in his new home. He took up his residence on a broad plain, not far from where State College now stands, and should be the Indian patron of that growing institution, instead of Chief Bald Eagle, who never lived near there and whose good deeds are far outweighed by his crimes.

Chun-Eh-Hoe was an Indian of exact conscience. He did his best in the cruel war, but the southern Indians must have had more sagacious leaders or a better *esprit de corps*. At any rate they conquered. Chun-Eh-Hoe was not an old man at the time of his defeat, but it is related that his raven black locks turned white over night. He was broken in spirit after his downfall and only lived a few years in his new home. His widow, as well as his daughter, Nita-nee, and many other children, were left to mourn him. As Nita-nee was the oldest, she assumed a vicereineship over the tribe until her young brother, Wo-Wi-Na-Pe, should be old enough to rule the councils and go on the war-path.

The defeat on the Juniata, the exile to the northern valleys and the premature death of Chun-Eh-Hoe were to be avenged. Active days were ahead of the tribesmen. Meanwhile if the southern Indians crossed the mountains to still further covet their lands and liberties, who should lead them to battle but Nita-nee. But the Indian vicereine was of a peace-loving disposition. She hoped that the time would never come when she would have to preside over scenes of carnage and slaughter. She wanted to see her late father's tribe become the

most cultured and prosperous in the Indian world, and in that way be revenged on their warlike foes: "Peace hath its victories."

But she was not to be destined to lead a peaceful nation through years of upward growth. In the Juniata Valley the southern Indians had become overpopulated; they sought broader territories, like the Germans of to-day. They had driven the present occupants of the northern valleys out of the Juniata country, they wanted to again drive them further north.

Nita-nee did not want war, but the time came when she could not prevent it. The southern Indians sought to provoke a conflict by making settlements in the Bare Meadows, and in some fertile patches on Tussey Knob and Bald Top, all of which were countenanced in silence. But when they murdered some peaceable farmers and took possession of plantations at the foot of the mountains in the valley of the Karoondinha, then the mildness of Nita-nee's cohorts came to an end. Meanwhile her mother and brother had died, Nita-nee had been elected queen.

Every man and boy volunteered to fight; a huge army was recruited over night. They swept down to the settlements of the southern Indians, butchering every one of them. They pressed onward to the Bare Meadows, and to the slopes of Bald Top and Tussey Knob. There they gave up the population to fire and sword. Crossing the Seven Mountains, they formed a powerful cordon all along the southerly slope of the Long Mountain. Building block houses and stone

fortifications—some of the stonework can be seen to this day—they could not be easily dislodged.

The southern Indians, noticing the flames of the burning plantations, and hearing from the one or two survivors of the completeness of the rout, were slow to start an offensive movement. But as Nita-nee's forces showed no signs of advancing beyond the foot of Long Mountain, they mistook this hesitancy for cowardice, and sent an attacking army. It was completely defeated in the gorge of Laurel Run, above Milroy, and the right of the northern Indians to the Karoondinha and the adjacent valleys was signed, sealed and delivered in blood. The southern Indians were in turn driven out by other tribes; in fact, every half century or so a different race ruled over the Juniata Valley. But in all those years none of the Juniata rulers sought to question the rights of the northern Indians until 1635, when the Lenni-Lenape invaded the country of the Susquehannocks and were decisively beaten on the plains near Rock Springs, in Spruce Creek Valley, at the Battle of the Indian Steps.

As Nita-nee wanted no territorial accessions, she left the garrisons at her southerly forts intact, and retired her main army to its home valleys, where it was disbanded as quickly as it came together. All were glad to be back to peaceful avocations, none of them craved glory in war. And there were no honors given out, no great generals created. All served as private soldiers under the direct supervision of their queen. It was the theory of this Joan of Arc that by eliminating



titles and important posts there would be no military class created, no ulterior motive assisted except patriotism. The soldiers serving anonymously, and for their country's need alone, would be ready to end their military duties as soon as their patriotic task was done.

Nita-nee regarded soldiering as a stern necessity, not as an excuse for pleasure or pillage, or personal advancement. Under her there was no nobility, all were on a common level of dignified citizenship. Every Indian in her realm had a task, not one that he was born to follow, but the one which appealed to him mostly, and therefore the task at which he was most successful. Women also had their work, apart from domestic life in this ideal democracy of ancient days. Suffrage was universal to both sexes over twenty years of age, but as there were no official positions, no public trusts, a political class could not come into existence, and the queen, as long as she was cunning and able, had the unanimous support of her people. She was given a great ovation as she modestly walked along the fighting line after the winning battle of Laurel Run. It made her feel not that she was great, but that the democracy of her father and her ancestors was a living force. In those days of pure democracy the rulers walked: the litters and palanquins were a later development.

After the conflict the gentle Nita-nee, at the head of the soon to be disbanded army, marched across the Seven Brothers, and westerly toward her permanent

encampment, where State College now stands. As her only trophy she carried a bundle of spears, which her brave henchmen had wrenched from the hands of the southern Indians as they charged the forts along Long Mountain. These were not to deck her own lodge house, nor for vain display, but were to be placed on the grave of her father, the lamented Chun-Eh-Hoe, who had been avenged. In her heart she had hoped for victory, almost as much for his sake as for the comfort of her people. She knew how he had grieved himself to death when he was outgeneraled in the previous war.

In those dimly remote days there was no range of mountains where the Nittany chain now raise their noble summits to the sky. All was a plain, a prairie, north clear to the Bald Eagles, which only recently had come into existence. The tradition was that far older than all the other hills were the Seven Mountains. And geological speculation seems to bear this out. At all seasons of the year cruel and chilling winds blew out of the north, hindering the work of agriculture on the broad plains ruled over by Nita-nee. Only the strong and the brave could cope with these killing blasts, so intense and so different from the calming zephyrs of the Juniata. The seasons for this cause were several weeks shorter than across the Seven Mountains; that is, there was a later spring and an earlier fall. But though the work was harder, the soil being equally rich and broader area, the crops averaged fully as large as those further south. So, taken

altogether, the people of Nita-nee could not be said to be an unhappy lot.

As the victorious queen was marching along at the head of her troops, she was frequently almost mobbed by women and children, who rushed out from the settlements and made her all manner of gifts. As it was in the early spring, there were no floral garlands, but instead wreaths and festoons of laurel, of ground pine and ground spruce. There were gifts of precious stones and metals, of rare furs, of beautiful specimens of Indian pottery, basketry and the like. These were graciously acknowledged by Nita-nee, who turned them over to her bodyguards to be carried to her permanent abode on the "Barrens." But it was not a "barrens" in those days, but a rich agricultural region, carefully irrigated from the north, and yielding the most bountiful crops of Indian corn. It was only when abandoned by the frugal redmen and grown up with forests which burned over repeatedly through the carelessness of the white settlers that it acquired that disagreeable name. In those days it was known as the "Hills of Plenty."

As Nita-nee neared the scenes of her happy days she was stopped in the middle of the path by an aged Indian couple. Leaning on staffs in order to present a dignified appearance, it was easily seen that age had bent them nearly double. Their weazened, weather-beaten old faces were pitiful to behold. Toothless, and barely able to speak above a whisper, they addressed the gracious queen.

"We are very old," they began, "the winters of

more than a century have passed over our heads. Our sons and our grandsons were killed fighting bravely under your immortal sire, Chun-Eh-Hoe. We have had to struggle on by ourselves as best we could ever since. We are about to set out a crop of corn, which we need badly. For the past three years the north wind has destroyed our crop every time it appeared; the seeds which we plan to put in the earth this year are the last we've got. Really we should have kept them for food, but we hoped that the future would treat us more generously. We would like a wind-break built along the northern side of our corn patch; we are too feeble to go to the forests and cut and carry the poles. Will not our most kindly queen have some one assist us?"

Nita-nee smiled on the aged couple, then she looked at her army of able-bodied warriors.

Turning to them she said, "Soldiers, will a hundred of you go to the nearest royal forest, which is in the center of this plain, and cut enough cedar poles with brush on them to build a wind-break for these good people?"

Instantly a roar arose, a perfect babel of voices; it was every soldier trying to volunteer for this philanthropic task.

When quiet was restored, a warrior stepped out from the lines saying, "Queen, we are very happy to do this, we who have lived in this valley know full well how all suffer from the uncheckable north winds."

The queen escorted the old couple back to their

humble cottage, and sat with them until her stalwart braves returned with the green-tipped poles. It looked like another Birnam Wood in process of locomotion. The work was so quickly and so carefully done that it seemed almost like a miracle to the wretched old Indians. They fell on their knees, kissing the hem of their queen's garment and thanking her for her beneficence. She could hardly leave them, so profuse were they in their gratitude. In all but a few hours were consumed in granting what to her was a simple favor, and she was safe and sound within her royal lodge house by dark. Before she left she had promised to return when the corn crop was ripe and partake of a corn roast with the venerable couple. The old people hardly dared hope she would come, but those about her knew that her word was as good as her bond. That night bonfires were lighted to celebrate her return, and there was much Indian music and revelry.

Nita-nee was compelled to address the frenzied mob, and in her speech she told them that while they had won a great victory, she hoped it would be the last while she lived; she hated war, but would give her life rather than have her people invaded. All she asked in this world was peace with honor. That expressed the sentiment of her people exactly, and they literally went mad with loyalty and enthusiasm for the balance of the night. Naturally with such an uproar there was no sleep for Nita-nee.

As she lay awake on her couch she thought that far sweeter than victory or earthly fame was the helping

of others, the smoothing of rough pathways for the weak or oppressed. She resolved more than ever to dedicate her life to the benefiting of her subjects. No love affair had come into her life, she would use her great love-nature to put brightness into unhappy souls about her. And she got up the next morning much more refreshed than she could have after a night of sleep surcharged with dreams of victory and glory.

As the summer progressed, and the corn crop in the valleys became ripe, the queen sent an orderly to notify the aged couple that she would come to their home alone the next evening for the promised corn roast. It was a wonderful, calm, cloudless night, with the full moon shedding its effulgent smile over the plain. Unaccompanied, except by her orderly, Nita-nee walked to the modest cabin of the aged couple, a distance of about five miles, for the cottage stood not far from the present village of Linden Hall. Evidently the wind-break had been a success, for, bathed in moonlight, the tasseled heads of the cornstalks appeared above the tops of the cedar hedge. Smoke was issuing from the open hearth back of the hut, which showed that the roast was being prepared. The aged couple were delighted to see her, and the evening passed by, bringing innocent and supreme happiness to all. And thus in broad unselfishness and generosity of thought and deed the great queen's life was spent, making her pathway through her realm radiant with sunshine.

And when she came to die, after a full century of life, she requested that her body be laid to rest in the



royal forest, in the center of the valley whose people she loved and served so well. Her funeral cortege, which included every person in the plains and valleys, a vast assemblage, shook with a common grief. It would be hard to find a successor like her, a pure soul so deeply animated with true godliness.

And it came to pass that on the night when she was buried beneath a modest mound covered with cedar boughs, and the vast funeral party had dispersed, a terrific storm arose, greater than even the oldest person could remember. The blackness of the night was intense, the roar and rumbling heard made every being fear that the end of the world had come. It was a night of intense terror, of horror. But at dawn, the tempest abated, only a gentle breeze remained, a golden sunlight overspread the scene, and great was the wonder thereof! In the center of the vast plain where Nita-nee had been laid away stood a mound-like mountain, a towering, sylvan giant covered with dense groves of cedar and pine. And as it stood there, eternal, it tempered and broke the breezes from the north, promising a new prosperity, a greater tranquility, to the peaceful dwellers in the vale that has since been called John Penn's Valley, after the grandson of William Penn.

A miracle, a sign of approval from the Great Spirit, had happened during the night to forever keep alive the memory of Nita-nee, who had tempered the winds from the cornpatch of the aged, helpless couple years before. And the dwellers in the valleys adjacent to

Mount Nittany awoke to a greater pride in themselves, a high ideal must be observed, since they were the special objects of celestial notice.

And the name of Nita-nee was the favorite cognomen for Indian maidens, and has been borne by many of saintly and useful life ever since, and none of these namesakes were more deserving than the Nita-nee who lived centuries later near the mouth of Penn's Cave.

## XI.

## THE ORIGINAL.

## A TALE OF KITTANNING POINT.

**K**ITTANNING POINT is a spot pre-eminent in Pennsylvania song and story. As a pivotal point in history it will always be remembered; as a scenic glory it is the envy of all the States. And in legendary lore it holds a secure place, for clustered about it are many weird and curious traditions, some of which still linger only in the hearts and minds of the old folks. Those few of the tales which have been written out are read and re-read with breathless interest. Still there are others unrecorded that possess a thrill or charm worthy of competent chroniclers.

History tells us that many Indian paths converged at Kittanning Point, consequently it was a frequent meeting place of the savages in their journeys across the mountains. They often camped near the springs in Kittanning Gap, or on Burgoon's Run, and many are the arrow points and other relics picked up thereabouts by persons of quick wit.

In addition to the Indian paths, the Point was a favorite "crossing" for many kinds of wild animals. While out of the line of the bison, whose main trails were further east and further west, these noble crea-

tures sometimes summered on the high mountains in small bands, coming to and from their fastnesses through the Gap. It was a favorite rallying ground for the elk and deer. They were so plentiful in Revolutionary days that all the hunters had to do was to penetrate the forests a few steps from their camps in order to have venison for dinner. And at that only the hindquarters or the saddles were used. A few elk lingered long in the region, ranging between the Point and Laurel Ridge, where one of the last killed in the State was slain at the Panther's Rock, in Somerset County, about the middle of the last century. Panthers also had a "crossing" over Kittanning Point. It was on one of their "migratory lines" between West Virginia and Central Pennsylvania. They always traveled by the same paths, consequently a hunter with a fair degree of patience would surely be rewarded. This "fixity" of travel was one of the reasons for their practical extinction in our Commonwealth. The wolves were prevalent at the Point until comparatively recent years, principally on account of the abundance of game. When it decreased, they left for more productive regions. Bears were often found about the Point, as the fine chestnut and walnut trees gave them rich "pickings" in the autumn months. In the Gap were several bear dens, which are still pointed out by the old hunters. These bears were all of the black variety. But most interesting of all the wild life, large and small, which ranged over these now desolated hills were the black moose.

This mammoth animal, known in pioneer days by the quaint name of the Original, because it was supposed to be the parent of all the deer families, was particularly partial to the glades and vales about Kittanning Point in the years immediately preceding the Revolution. In fact, its path for migration passed over the Point in a southwesterly direction. In these migrations these huge beasts made a practice of tarrying for several days amid the grand primeval hardwoods which covered the Point.

Despite its size, for it is the largest of all deer, extinct or existing, the Original was very fleet of foot and well able to take care of itself. As far back as tradition goes there is no record that the moose ever bred in Pennsylvania to any considerable extent. They were distinctively a northern animal, though they had been coming to this State for untold ages, as their fossil remains well show. Pennsylvania was about the southerly limit of their migrations.

After Southern New York had been opened to settlement, and the forests between the southern border of the Adirondack Mountains and the Pennsylvania State line cut away, the moose were unable to continue their journeys into the wilds of the Keystone State. The last to enter Pennsylvania came from the Catskill Mountains, crossing the Delaware River at various points north of the Water Gap. When the migrations ceased those moose already in Pennsylvania had to remain there, and they were cruelly butchered by the settlers.

Perhaps on account of their all-time scarcity in our State, the early Indians seldom killed the Original. They looked with veneration on this gigantic brute, viewing it as the dignified progenitor of elk and deer, which formed their staple articles of life. To have a moose browse in the vicinity of an encampment presaged victory in war, to find a moose head or antlers in the forest, good luck in the chase or domestic life. The moose stood for all that was biggest, noblest and best in Indian life, it typified all outdoors, the grand free scope of the wilderness. To single out such a splendid animal for slaughter, while all around were myriads of deer, herds of elk, companies of bears and countless smaller game, seemed to the Indian mind, with its Mosaic sense of justice, almost a sacrilege. Consequently the moose were never killed unless in dire necessity, or in the later days of the Indian race when they were desperate and had lost many of their former ideals.

But it was galling for them to see the white men slay moose without quarter, to see them disregard sporting standards that had been maintained for centuries.

Among the proudest and shrewdest Indians residing in the Juniata Valley was Young Jacob, the youngest son of the knightly defender of Fort Kittanning, Captain Jacobs. Inborn was his mistrust of the white men, whose wanton destruction of forests, game and fish went hand in hand, he felt, with the complete annihilation of his own race. He resented the friendly advances made to the newcomers by the copper-colored



aborigines. He held aloof from all gatherings where the two races apparently fraternized together. He would listen to no compliments, accept no favors from the white men. He never forgave the wrongs of his own family. James Logan, or Tah-gah-jute, was the only other Pennsylvania Indian who held similar views to a marked degree. He often told Young Jacob, as they rested under the shade of the giant white oaks at Logan's Spring, near Reedsville, that the white men wished the entire Indian race under the sod, and would put them there as soon as they could.

"Some of us," he declaimed tragically, "they will kill with bullets, others of us they will kill with a poison called rum, our women and children they will starve to death."

Logan's greatest sorrow was that he could not impress his ideas on the other Indians. They laughed away his fears, drank the white man's bad whisky, bartered and played with him on all occasions, suspecting nothing, fearing nothing. Logan would go on to say that a hundred years in the future, when the proud Indian race remained but as a faint remnant of its former strength and greatness, his words would prove true, but now he was looked upon as such an anarchist that he could not even impress his own brothers, Thachnedoarus, or Captain Logan, and John Petty Shikellemy.

But Young Jacob shared Logan's views to the minutest detail; he was intuitive, and he had proofs of the white man's perfidy. Never could he be influenced

by soft speeches or tawdry gifts. He would be a true redman of the forest, uncorrupted to the last. He had as one of his special missions in life to save the wild animals and birds of the Juniata Valley from extermination. He traveled up and down the three branches, preaching toleration, moderation, conservation among the drink-ridden Indians, who still lingered at their old hunting grounds. He begged them to cherish their old ideals, only to kill such game as was absolutely necessary for food and clothing.

Even if the white men killed right and left, and permitted dead game to rot in the woods, which they called "sport," the Indians should kill moderately, as they did in the past, for was not the wild life a gift from the Great Spirit, and should be carefully tended as such?

But most of his preaching fell on deaf ears. Homeless, drunken savages were out of touch with the high principles of the past; they wanted to kill just as their white corrupters were doing. Young Jacob was like an echo from the past, a past so distant that it hardly seemed possible ever to have existed. And once in a great while Young Jacob argued with white men on the impropriety of wasting wild life.

Sport, as defined by the Indians, meant harmless pleasure, physical exercise, feats of skill, fun, the chase, but never wanton destruction of any gift of the Great Spirit. But the white men could not see it that way, as long as they had guns they liked to practice on living targets, to see how many animals or birds could be

killed in a day or hour, besides game was a nuisance in a rapidly developing country. The game was in the woods to be killed, and if they did not kill it, somebody else would. And they laughed in Young Jacob's face as the price of his pains.

All this served to deepen his hatred for the cruel white men who claimed they were "civilizing" the Juniata Valley, but to his mind desolating it. It grieved Young Jacob to see the Indians yielding to the white men's false titles and moving westward without a protest. He longed to fire their hearts with a sense of their wrongs, and lead them in a bloody war against their foes.

With this in view he traveled up and down the valley, preaching a gospel of resistance. And sometimes he crossed over into the Allegheny headwaters beyond Kittanning Point. Almost every Indian was content to follow the white men's orders and move on, but occasionally he met one who was sober enough to realize the terrible injustice of it all.

But the Indians who felt that way would say, "What you state is true; we are being robbed and murdered; but what can we do when the majority of us are willing to submit?"

It was a hopeless task, the Indians were a doomed race. Still Young Jacob's energy was inexhaustible, he would not admit his teachings fruitless. He continued his missionary work, trusting that some spark from his torch of hate might kindle the unhappy red race to a last defiant stand. He carried on his work

so quietly that none of the white men in authority suspected that he was any more than a surly, disgruntled savage, as befitted the son of a defeated Indian chieftain. And he was glad that they felt that way about him. Otherwise there would be a price on his head, or he would be ordered out of Pennsylvania on pain of death, like was meted out to the resisting Logan. He played his part better than Logan had done, and it gratified his savage heart.

It was on one of his homeward trips from the Allegheny River that he shed the first white blood, which put a price on his head, and made him a skulking exile to the last of his days. He had been visiting the abandoned Indian settlements at Logstown and Kittanning, at the last-named important town viewing the grave of his defeated but not dishonored father, Captain Jacobs. He had followed the Indian trail across the mountains, his ultimate destination being Black Log Valley and Standing Stone.

Near Kittanning Point, on Burgoon's Run, he had built a lean-to of boughs, expecting to be joined there shortly by a couple of Indian spies who had gone down the Allegheny River in a canoe, and were to travel eastward by way of Laurel Ridge.

On the night of his arrival, to his great pleasure, a giant moose ambled out of the forest and began leisurely browsing on the twigs of the moosewood trees which formed an undergrowth of the great hardwood forest. Apart from his delight in watching the monster's antics, as he bent down the trees and nibbled at

the tenderest twigs, much as an elephant would feed, was the feeling that the beast foretold that the propaganda which he was promoting would some day become a reality. The moose saw the Indian, and looked at him with his comical little eyes, but he had perfect confidence that the redman meant him no harm. For several days and nights the mammoth animal made the vicinity of Young Jacob's camp his headquarters. He became so used to the Indian's presence that he kept as close to him as if he had been a big mule.

On the evening of the third day Young Jacob was getting ready to start on his journey, as evidently his Indian friends had been detained or gone by a different route. His chief regret was at leaving the moose, which stood munching at the succulent twigs. He liked to travel by night, it was cooler, and as he knew every foot of the way he could travel further.

While he was adjusting his pack on his back he heard the twigs crack and looked up. Perhaps it was another Original, and he had been camping in a moosic rendezvous! But instead of another moose he saw a solitary white man, clad in a green shirt, buckskin trousers, and moccasins, and carrying a long rifle. It is hard to tell whether the newcomer saw the Indian or the moose first. In any event he raised his firearm and took aim at the unsuspecting animal, which kept on browsing.

When Young Jacob saw the white man's intentions he stepped forward, saying politely, "Brother, don't kill that moose. The woods are full of deer, if

you are hungry, and the moose is a pet of mine."

But the white man only sneered, and pulling the trigger the ball sped with unerring aim, lodging in the big Original's heart. With an awful bellow of pain, mingled with surprise, the animal turned and charged at his white destroyer. The hunter, who reloaded his gun deftly, let the moose get within a few feet of him, when he fired again, but the big brute had been already mortally wounded, and fell without the aid of the second shot.

With a sound like a falling pine the Original crashed to the earth, lying dead among the ferns and hazel bushes, his wide-spreading palmated antlers stretching out on either side like the knives of a reaper. Planting one foot on the dead animal's swarthy proboscis, the white man struck a silly attitude. Young Jacob, supposed savage, looked at him a moment in disgust. Then calmly he asked him what he intended to do with the mammoth carcass in the middle of summer.

The white man stroked his yellow beard a moment and said, with a great show of *insouciance*, "Why, of course, leave it. What else could I do with it?"

That was too much for the fair-minded Indian. The white man had killed the harmless moose for "sport" and now was going to leave it to rot and feed the ravens. He could contain himself no longer, and cursed the paleface roundly for his folly.

"Why," he shouted, "that moose was around my camp for three days and nights, happy and doing no harm, and I thought no more of shooting him than I



would the little singing birds in the trees above. We Indians only kill when we have to; we have sense."

The white man's temper was equally aroused, and he swore at the Indian in turn. "You say you Indians only kill when you have to. You are damn fools. We white men kill when we want to, and intend to kill everything before we get through." With that he raised his rifle threateningly.

But Young Jacob suspecting such a motive, and forgetting that the white man had not reloaded his weapon, pulled his own trigger first, and the paleface fell to the earth, a bullet through his lungs. When the redman saw what he had done he showed no remorse, until on picking up the white hunter's rifle he found it empty. Then he threw down his own gun and went to the dying man's side.

Stooping down he said to him, "White man, I cannot call you brother now. I am sorry for what I have done. I did not remember that your gun was empty."

But the white man, rolling his eyes which were glazing with death and staring at his slayer, cursed the Indian with his dying breath, then closed his eyes in death.

As he passed away Young Jacob, leaning over him, muttered, "Now you know how it feels to be in the moose's place."

The die was cast. Young Jacob had now been added to the list of Indian murderers. It would be a waste of time to bury the dead man, the wolves would dig him out. The crime would be discovered sooner

or later. So, without deigning to rifle the corpse's pockets or touch his gun and powder horn, he left him lying in the now profound darkness, within a dozen feet of the dead moose.

It was there that the two Indians, arriving from Laurel Ridge found the body the next morning. Though they suspected some such episode as what had actually happened, knowing Young Jacob's nature so well, they seized upon it as a good excuse to curry favor with the white men. So they went through the dead man's effects, finding documents which identified him as Jacob Gleeson, an adventurer and land prospector from Pennsbury on the Susquehanna. From the look of things he had been shot down by an Indian, Young Jacob, in cold blood.

They made haste to report the crime when they arrived at Standing Stone.

The virtuous Proprietary Government, on the alert to avenge a white man's death, but sometimes singularly apathetic when an Indian was slain, no matter what the circumstances, set its wheels in motion to apprehend the savage murderer. A reward was offered, and the news spread to the four corners of the wilderness.

Young Jacob sensed this situation perfectly, and made himself a fugitive. When the pursuit became too hot he allied himself with the Tories and was one of the real leaders of that treacherous band. The contempt which the settlers once had for him changed to fear. Many were the white men ambushed and cruelly slain by his direction. His youth, his dash, and his

close relationship to the old chiefs gave him the sobriquet of "the king's son." He seemed to be the active agent for all the devilish conduct of Indians and white renegades. The government was most anxious to apprehend him to atone for Gleeson's "murder," and to remove the ringleader of so many bloody deeds. It had not been forgotten how Young Jacob's father and his warriors had been rounded up at Kittanning by a force of three hundred intrepid men sent after them from Fort Shirley, under the command of the famous Colonel John Armstrong, for whom Armstrong County was named, and to whom the city of Philadelphia presented a silver medal for his great victory.

It was in the month of September, in the year 1756, when the attacking force surprised the Indian band at three o'clock in the morning. They had been guided to the town through the darkness by the whooping of the Indians, who were holding a war-dance. Young Jacob had urged them to save their energies for a better purpose, but to no avail. And it was he, with clearer senses than the rest, at dawn first noticed the attacking party crossing the cornfield which bordered the settlement.

Rousing the sleepy-eyed defenders, he posted them at the loopholes in Captain Jacobs's redoubt. A shot from Young Jacob's rifle wounded Colonel Armstrong in the shoulder, and he fell in a heap. Directing the forces from where he lay, he ordered that the Indians' huts be set on fire, as the redmen refused quarter. The redmen mocked their efforts to fire the buildings, but

some of the soldiers with reckless bravery were able to start the blaze going at one corner of Captain Jacobs's house.

During a lull in the firing the old chieftain, his squaw and Young Jacob, "the king's son," attempted to escape from the burning building through a window nearest the river. Captain Jacobs, in assisting his squaw through the window, was shot in the head and he fell back dead amid the smoke. The squaw plunged bravely into the water, but was shot dead. Young Jacob, not wishing to die a coward's death, sprang through the window and reached the opposite shore of the river before he fell wounded, pierced by half a dozen balls. The first reports had it that he was killed.

A party of Indians who arrived on the far shore after the battle was in progress, at the risk of their lives rescued the courageous young warrior and carried him back into the forest. There in a dismal glade, in a haunt of night herons, he was nursed back to health, as befitted "the king's son."

But after years of plotting Young Jacob was shot to death ignobly with Weston and his Tories, when they were surprised at Kittanning in 1778. And thus ended the earthly career of one of the most remarkable Indians of the Juniata, an unreconcilable to the last, fighting for the ancient ideals, for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

And when the report was sent broadcast that Young Jacob was among the fallen, the slaughter of the Tories

at Kittanning was accounted doubly a victory. But when James Logan, or Tah-Gah-Jute, heard the news out in Ohio he grieved silently and long, thinking of the old days at his favorite resting place, under the giant oaks by the boiling spring, in old Pennsylvania, where he had spent so many hours in conference with the dead warrior. And his grief was deep, because he knew that the Indian race had lost its sincerest champion; that the hoped-for renaissance would never be.

## XII.

## LOST CREEK VALLEY.

## THE STORY OF A JUNIATA TRIBUTARY.

THE historian Jones mentions Lost Creek Valley as one of the most beautiful regions in the Juniata country, and explains how it obtained the name. It appeared that some Indian traders visited the valley in 1740, finding it inhabited by Indians, and were able to make some satisfactory deals with them. In 1741 they returned to the Juniata Valley, but were unable to find the valley of Lost Creek. It was not until the following summer that they found it again. By that time the Indian inhabitants had disappeared and were never afterward heard of. With this outline the details of the finding and losing of Lost Creek Valley, and the vanishing of its inhabitants, a strange old legend, were listened to with breathless interest when told by one of the aged inhabitants of the locality. This story had come down through four or five generations from the old Indian, John Hutson, who figured so frequently in the early annals of Juniata County, and who was one of the guides who led the traders back into the valley in 1742.

Hutson's name will live in Pennsylvania history for the part he played in the celebrated Grey case, which



involved the carrying away to the North of a beautiful white child named Jenny Grey, and the later substitution by her mother of a "black Dutch" orphan, in order to claim a valuable estate located about six miles from Mifflin. The case was in the courts for fifty years, and was finally decided against the false claimant. Meanwhile, according to Hutson, the real Jenny Grey was married to a prominent man, one of Sir William Johnson's neighbors in Northern New York State, and became the mother of a large family.

It was said that Hutson was a Tuscarora. At any rate he seemed friendliest with that tribe. From the date of the first settlements at Harris' Ferry, later Harrisburg, that important trading post became the headquarters for adventurers, soldiers of fortune and traders of all stripes and shades. First settled by John Harris in 1726, it was possessed of a considerable population in 1740, in which latter year Paxton Church, three miles east of the trading post, was erected.

The adventurers and traders on their way to the unsettled regions and the big game country usually rested for a few days at "The Ferry," listening to the tales of those recently back to civilization, outfitting themselves and securing directions. Harris' trading house had connected with it a long avenue of sheds, which sometimes were filled to the roofs with hides and furs, mostly obtained by him in trading with the Indians. In many respects it corresponded to the town of Nairobi in British East Africa, a favorite outpost for settlers and big game hunters before going into the wilderness.

If only records or descriptions of that early life had been kept, it would have been a wondrous groundwork for romance. As it is, we have only the severe Puritanical account from the pen of the ascetic David Brainerd to guide us in forming a mental picture of Harris' post.

But at all times the "Ferry" was thronged with a picturesque and motley crew. From government agents and military officers, big game hunters and trappers, down to half-breed camp-followers and sharpers, the floating population exhibited all the gradations of human society. It was virtually a "port of missing men," as persons long since disappeared from their early environments could be met with about the old stockade. Romantic were the tales that they could tell, these insatiable ne'er-do-wells, who were ever on the watch for a fresh chance for excitement and gain. Some of the most degraded looking were men of education, graduates of colleges in Germany or Ireland, black sheep, being dyed a deeper color amid the lawlessness of the frontier. And there were some not really bad, but weak characters, sunk by drink into existences of shady nature. Murder, pillage, oppression, swindling, had been the crimes of many, all unrecorded in the untraveled life of the forests.

Of varied antecedents was a party of four young men who started on an exploring and bartering trip from the Harris trading house in 1740. The leader of the party, James McHale, was a recent graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. His companion, Jacob

Jondro, had attended the University at Bonn in Germany, while attached to their party were two Pennsylvania Frenchmen from Conoy Creek, near Lancaster, Phillip and Isaac La Bolt. Both McHale and Jondro came of respectable parentage, but had wasted their inheritances and were much addicted to drink and carousing. The La Bolt brothers had hunted and pioneered along the Juniata for several years, were friendly with the Indians, and understood the practical side of camping and trading.

McHale and Jondro had become acquainted at Lancaster, where they decided to pool their small remaining capital and spend a year trading with the Indians, eventually locating in some fertile valley where game was plentiful. Before leaving Harris' stockade, where they secured their outfit, they had met the Indian, John Hutson, who was anxious to accompany them, but his offer was refused, as it would have meant dividing the spoils of the expedition into five parts instead of four.

The La Bolts, who were expert canoe builders, constructed two stout boats, and with one of them as pilot for each craft, started away one fine spring morning for the wilds of the Juniata country. Their aim was to follow the stream, trading with the Indians on the way, until they passed all existing settlements or signs of settlements. Then they would hide their canoes in the woods and follow some unexplored creek to its headwaters, there to meet with plenty of game and perhaps good homestead sites.

But as they paddled along they found that most of the redmen whose camps lined the banks had earlier in the season sold their furs to the traders, and many of the hides which packed John Harris' sheds had come from that region. But the idea of hunting, of finding suitable homesteads, was uppermost in their minds, so they pushed on up stream. Every night they tied up near an Indian encampment, as they liked to mingle with the picturesque redskins, and learn many things from them concerning the new country.

One night they moored near a cabin occupied by a solitary old Indian named O-To-Wa, who proved to be one of John Hutson's friends. This old savage was very communicative, and painted a brilliant picture of the rich valleys which lay beyond. A small stream emptied into the river near this encampment, about which the pioneers thought little until old O-To-Wa told them that it issued from one of the most beautiful valleys in the province, a vale teeming with rich land and game, as yet unvisited by white men and still inhabited by a few peaceful Indians.

McHale suggested that such a narrow, unimportant looking stream could hardly drain a very large valley, but the Indian told him that the creek had several mouths, and pointed a few hundred yards up the river to where it had another outlet. Between these mouths was jungle and brake, and the old oaks and birches hung over the estuaries, practically hiding them from view. The old Indian told the young men that they would be making no mistake to explore the hidden

valley, so they decided to take his advice and abandon their up-stream expedition for the present.

The lower reaches of the creek, just beyond the foot of the mountains, seemed to run through an impenetrable morass, filled with water birds of all kinds, and with a tropical touch added to it by the presence of large flocks of Carolina paroquets, white herons and innumerable insects. But a country difficult of access was what the young men were seeking, they longed to be off the beaten path, to hew a way for themselves, a home for themselves in the heart of the wilds. But after they reached the gorge between the mountains, where the creek fell with a deafening roar over three waterfalls, the scene became very different. The narrow gap, grown thick with giant hemlocks and pines whose tops were reaching out to the sun, was as dark as night for the most part of the day. Fallen trees lay across the stream, covered with mosses, the oft-used bridges of the panthers, wolves and lynxes. Peeping through the thickets of tall rhododendrons, many otter slides could be noticed on the hillsides, and in whose deep rock fissures were the lairs of bears and wolves. Up on the steep slopes of the forested mountains ravens croaked and jays screamed. It was like the gateway to some hunters' paradise, so thought the young explorers as they clambered up slippery logs and over sharp rocks, through the wild gorge.

When they reached the top of the highest of the three waterfalls they obtained their first glimpse of the sun,—the beavers had dammed the stream almost the

width of the valley and cut off most of the smaller timber. Looking beyond the beaver pond with its "cabins," so reminiscent of the ancient huts of the lake dwellers, the pioneers could see that the valley widened appreciably, and there were gaps in the endless growth of tall white pines, which might be clearings or settlements. From the long lines of the high mountains on either side of the valley, which faded into the landscape at the far southwest end, they decided that the valley must be at least ten miles in length. At some points it seemed to be several miles in width. There was something about this secluded valley that appealed to all four adventurers. It had been well worth coming to, and McHale showed so much delight that Jondro suggested that they elect him "king."

"I would like to rule over this valley if I could find a queen," said the young Irishman jokingly.

After taking in the splendid scene for some minutes the party, headed by McHale, went on their way, soon falling into an Indian path, which came into the valley from the most easterly mountain, showing that the redskins had easier access to the region by avoiding the rocky creek. From the looks of the path it was frequently used, so the explorers had high hopes of reaching an Indian settlement for the night.

Despite this evidence of human inhabitants, the prevalence of game indicated a virgin wilderness. In a mile the tracks of a hundred deer were counted crossing the path, as well as the spoor of bears, wolves, foxes and other beasts. Jondro had his rifle primed to



kill the first thing he saw, but his companions urged him not to shoot, as they did not want to make a bad "first impression" on the Indians.

When a flock of fifty wild turkeys marched across the trail not a dozen paces in front of the impetuous German, he could restrain himself no longer and shot the head off the biggest gobbler. He picked up the dead bird, as the others flew away, but it was so heavy that after carrying it a few feet he dropped it into the brush.

"We'll come back after it if we need it," he said as he resumed his way. It was fortunate that none of the Indians heard this remark, as they hated nothing worse than the wastefulness of the white men.

It was mid-afternoon when the party reached the Indian campground. It covered about ten acres, although there were only about half a dozen huts in it. Most of the big pines had been girdled and were dead, and there were signs that part of the ground had been recently planted with Indian corn. Hanging on trees, and from poles and ropes, were hundreds of bear hides, red and black, black, cross and grey fox hides, beaver, fisher and otter skins, while many deer and wolf hides, of less commercial value, lay about on the turf. The skulls of bison, here and there, added to the picturesqueness of the scene. The fires on the stone hearths were completely out, evidently the Indians had gone away the day before. They must have lived in a country where there was no molestation of any kind to leave such a valuable stock of furs entirely unpro-

tected. Jondro, half jokingly, suggested that the party load up with the best skins and strike for the Juniata.

"No," said McHale, "if I am to be king here I don't want to begin my reign by robbing my subjects."

The Indian camp was situated in an elbow of the creek, a beautiful land, the bottom well drained and with rich soil. It was an ideal spot to stop, so the pioneers decided to make themselves at home until the Indians returned. They were tolerably certain of a friendly welcome, especially since they would say that they were friends of old O-To-Wa. So the newcomers took possession of the hearths, building on them cheery fires, as the night settled in very cold. Isaac La Bolt found the hindquarters of an elk in one of the pools, and this made a very acceptable supper. After the meal, when all were ready to retire for the night, a pack of wolves surrounded the camp, drawn thither by the human voices and the smell of the cooking. The fierce animals kept up their howling all night, although the young men discharged several volleys from their rifles into the darkness.

In the morning when the La Bolt brothers were cooking a breakfast of wild pigeon eggs, the Indian families who resided at the secluded village appeared on the scene, single file. Their coming was so silently accomplished that no one was aware of their presence until they stood within a few feet of the campfire.

Unaffected by the dissimulation of the white men, their faces were wreathed with smiles and trustfulness

as they greeted the four young strangers. Isaac La Bolt, whose long association with the Conestogas, Conoys and Shawnees made him an adept in handling the savages, responded in a graceful manner, and presented the old chief, who seemed to be the leader of the party, with a string of glass beads. The chief handed his pipe to La Bolt, and the friendship was declared cemented.

The white men explained to the Indians that they had come into the valley on a peaceful mission, to trade and barter with the inhabitants. They would be willing to discuss terms for the sale of the entire stock of furs which hung about the encampment. As Isaac La Bolt, who did most of the talking, conferred with the chief, McHale was looking around at the faces of the Indians. They were a copper-colored lot, with sloping foreheads, wide mouths and shoe-button eyes, all but one. This was a girl about seventeen years, quite tall for her age, slim and very white. But for the texture of her blackish hair, and her general atmosphere, she might have passed for a very good looking white girl. La Bolt, who was a quick trader, had almost bought the entire winter's catch of furs, the price to be two rifles and a certain number of rounds of ammunition, before McHale was aware of what was going on. He was blind to everything except the slim pale girl's charms. He had been looking at her so hard that she dropped her head, but he felt that she was not unfriendly to him, as she cast sidelong glances at him from under her long dark lashes.

During a lull in the negotiations the young Irishman put his arm around La Bolt and asked him if he noticed the white girl, and if he had any idea who she might be. The trader shook his head, but said that he would soon find out. After he had spoken McHale was sorry for expressing a confidence to a man of La Bolt's type, the fellow might also admire the white girl.

But at noon, when the Indians as hosts entertained the white men at a venison dinner, McHale was introduced to the girl as Mary Melanie, step-daughter of Ki-Ni-Ka, the chief of the band, and niece of the great Chief Toganogan, well known along the Susquehanna. During the meal he further learned that she had been born along the "big river" near Pennsbury Manor, her father, now dead, having been a white man named Benjamin McMorris. As the day wore on the young Celt became well acquainted with the fair half-breed, and as she could speak a few words of French, as well as English, they grew to know each other as well as other shy and rather silent young persons do in this modern civilized life. For we all like fully as much those with whom we exchange few words as those who entertain us with their conversational gifts,—for liking comes from inward harmony.

By the end of a week the young men knew the valley thoroughly. Each had chosen the corner where he would like to live, and blazed a few trees, not enough to disturb the Indians, to mark his selected boundaries. They could be happy and prosperous in that valley, it was easy of access over the ridges, hunt-

ing and trapping would be good for years, agriculturally it was a "gold mine."

McHale and Mary Melanie were drawn to each other by a mysterious bond, and while the canny Irishman confided in no one, his three companions decided that he had gotten a start on them and chosen a life companion for the new home. The young men held many councils together. They decided that it would be best for them to buy the stock of furs and carry it across the mountains and load it on a flat and take it to Harris' Ferry. The two La Bolt brothers who had a farm on Conoy Creek, would travel east with the furs and put their place in order with a view to selling it. McHale and Jondro would continue their canoe trip to the headings of the Juniata to explore the country, and find, if possible, a location that would suit them better. They would return in the autumn and report at the La Bolt home. If nothing suited better all four would go in the early spring to the hidden valley and take up homesteads. In any event the La Bolts would go there, as they had younger brothers growing up who would take care of their aged parents.

Ki-Ni-Ka and some of his stalwart retainers acted as bearers for the pioneers with their superb lot of furs. It was a steep climb to the top of the ridge, then over a tableland, thence down grade all the rest of the way to the Juniata. It would not be worth while to go back after the cheap bark canoes left at old O-To-Wa's camp, so a compact flat boat was constructed, with a tent made of buffalo hides on the deck, and on

this the two young La Bolts, with their load of hides, floated with the current to John Harris' trading house.

McHale and Jondro, in canoes built by the Indians, paddled westward, eventually penetrating as far as French Run, near the head of the Raystown Branch. At French Run they fell in with a large party of French surveyors and prospectors, with whom they explored and hunted until late in the autumn.

McHale was well pleased with the country on the Raystown Branch, especially the Broad Top plateau, and would have selected a home site there instead of in the hidden valley had it not been for his memories of the rare Mary Melanie, better known as "Toganogan's niece." The young Irishman was secretly very lonely for her, and had to be on the move constantly to keep from grieving. If there had been any "firewater" in the Frenchmen's camp he might have returned to his old habits, but there was none and he felt himself improving physically under the strenuous existence he was leading, and his hopes of love and happiness for the future.

But with the prospects of cold weather he started for the east, accompanied by his friend Jondro. The Frenchmen had not liked the young High German very much, as he was proud and boastful, and several times it was only McHale's tact that saved him from altercations with them.

When the two young men beached their canoe at Harris' Ferry the first person to greet them was the old Indian, John Hutson. He hastened to tell them that



the La Bolt's flatload of furs was considered the finest shipment received at the trading house that season. Though it was the last to arrive it brought the biggest price. Dozens of trappers had tried to coax the location of the hunting ground from the brothers, but they refused to divulge it.

This pleased the young men, who did not tarry long at the trading house. They were anxious to reach the La Bolt home and hear the good news first hand. When they came to Conoy Creek they found the La Bolts ensconced in their comfortable home, which they had now arranged to sell to their four younger brothers on easy payments. They confirmed everything that Hutson had said, and were delighted to know that McHale and Jondro would accompany them back to the hidden valley in the early spring. The brothers gave an honest accounting of the sale of furs, and with the proceeds of it, and with other money, McHale and his friend spent the winter very comfortably in Philadelphia.

McHale could hardly wait to resume his journey back to the Juniata, never did a winter pass more slowly. The young Irishman managed to do a little teaching to help pass the time, but he was mentally distressed. The night before starting again for the wilds he confided to Jondro that he had proposed marriage to the half-breed girl, had been accepted, and would marry her as soon as they were reunited in the hidden valley. There was a dealer in rings and precious stones, a Portuguese Jew, one of the first in the Quaker province, living in the house where the young men

boarded, and from him McHale invested practically his last cent in a handsome gold ring set with small diamonds. It was to be the token of his unselfish love for Mary Melanie.

The young men, filled with high hopes, traveled by wagon to Lancaster, where they cut across country on foot to Conoy Creek to the La Bolt home. They found two Indian boys in the Market Square at Lancaster who acted as bearers for their goods. The La Bolts were ready, and had constructed a large pirogue, nicely balanced, which carried the four youths and their goods up the river. Of course they stopped at John Harris', where they were the envy of all,—four young men bound for a rich hunting country, the location of which no one knew aught but themselves. John Hutson tried hard to be taken along. He begged and pleaded and even ran out to his knees' depth in the river when they started away. But they did not want to add to their party. They suspected that all Hutson wanted was to know where they were going, and sell the information to others.

When they headed their boat into the Juniata it seemed as if their journey was almost at an end. They decided that it would be a little quicker to go in by old O-To-Wa's camp, so kept on the watch for the familiar landmarks. But though they went as far as they were sure it must be, not a sign could they find, or no trace of O-To-Wa. They could not describe the place intelligently to other Indians whom they met, but they learned that old O-To-Wa had gone across

country to Shamokin late in the fall, and rumor had it that he had died while on a mission to the north for Shikellemus.

So they went down the stream to where the trail had brought them out, where Ki-Ni-Ka and his henchmen had built their boats. With some little trouble they found that mooring, but the trails back into the mountains had been pretty well broken up by the windfalls and storms of the winter. They followed one, then another, penetrating into many beautiful and fertile valleys, but the valley of "Lost Creek" they could not find. So they returned to their boat and went back to the mouth of the Juniata. Up the West Branch they went in search of Toganogan and O-To-Wa. Toganogan was well known, but was said to be in the north. The retainers at his camp near McKee's Half Falls knew of his having a niece Mary Melanie, but could not tell the location of the valley in which she lived.

"Go to Shamokin and see O-To-Wa," was the general advice. At Shamokin they were received in audience by Shikellemus, the mighty vicegerent of the Iroquois Confederation. This grand old Indian and true friend of the white men gave them a royal welcome, but imparted the sad news that O-To-Wa had fallen over a precipice, while walking in his sleep, somewhere on the North Branch, a few months before.

Thachnectoarus, better known as Captain Logan, Shikellemus' eldest son, politely offered to escort the white men across the hills to the Juniata, and resume

the hunt, or if they would wait until October Toganogan would be back from his embassy to the Onondaga and could give them the desired directions.

As affording the least delay they accepted Captain Logan's invitation and started southward, coming out at the Juniata at the mouth of Delaware Creek. Though it was not far from the spot they were looking for, the combined talent were unable to find it, so after presenting a rifle to Captain Logan as a token of appreciation they built a new canoe, with the intention of going to Harris' Ferry to enlist John Hutson's aid.

At the last minute the La Bolt boys decided not to return east, but instead went back with Logan to Shamokin. It is said that they finally settled permanently on Crane's Run, in Pfoutz' Valley. When McHale and Jondro reached Harris' place, John Hutson was not there. He had gone down the river on a flat boat, presumably to Maryland; no one knew when he would return.

It was now Jake Jondro's turn to desert. He met a party of Germans bound for the headwaters of the Swatara. They were filled with bright prospects, and one of them had a pretty daughter, so he left McHale without much ceremony to fight out his destiny alone. There was nothing to do but wait for Hutson to come back. After a month and no signs of him, McHale's cash running low, compelled him to take work as a farmhand, and to help clear some land in the Conewago Hills. There he worked until the spring of the following year, 1742, when he heard that John Hutson was

back at "the Ferry." Throwing up his irksome situation, and with his little store of money and the gold and jeweled ring, he set out for the famous trading house.

He found the Indian, who, despite past rebuffs, was glad to go with him, as he said he knew exactly where old O-To-Wa used to camp, also the trail across the high ridges. And McHale also learned that Jondro had been back the week before. He did not like the Blue Mountain country, and was setting out with one companion, also a German, for the Juniata. Perhaps he, too, was seeking the "lost" valley.

Hutson had become possessor of a good canoe, so the start was promptly made. At the mouth of the Juniata, on Haldeman's Island, they overtook Jondro and his friend, who were encamped there. Past differences were forgotten, and the two parties joined forces. It was not long before the sloping open beach where the boats had been built was discovered, and Hutson soon had the party on the right trail for Lost Creek Valley. It seemed a very simple place to reach—when one knew how.

It was in the last moments of the golden hour, on a beautiful day in early June, when the sun was getting ready to sink behind the western mountains that the party got their first view of the elusive vale. Never did its charm show off to better advantage, the lavender colored peaks, the pine-capped slopes, the open meadows, the dark forest corners, the distant roar of the hidden waterfalls. Forest warblers were singing sweetly in the tall hemlocks. James McHale's whole

nature was aglow with joy and expectation. With rapid stride he led the party down the familiar trail which would come out into the clearing where the Indian encampment was located.

When they got within easy distance of it they were surprised to find the surroundings strangely still. Breaking into a run, McHale rushed out of the forest into the opening. The Indians were gone again. But this time it looked as if they had been absent for a long while. The thatched roofs of the cabins had fallen in, there was grass between the stones of the open hearths, there were no hides nailed on trees or stretched by pegs over the grass. Everything savored of abandonment and ruin. The mildewed buffalo skulls seemed emblems of the desolation. The Indians had gone surely enough, but where to? Would it be hopeless to try and track them further in the wilderness?

McHale bit his lips and leaned against a dead pine to steady himself. Lost Creek Valley was doubly lost to him without the pale, wan figure that he loved, and who was the very spirit of the savage place. There was nothing to do but to settle down for the night in the lonely spot, the valley from which the soul had fled. Jondro killed a brace of wild turkeys, and a toothsome supper was prepared, but McHale had no taste for it.

After dark the wolves surrounded the camp, howling just as they had the first night he had been there two years before. If he only knew their language they might tell him where the copper-visaged campers had



gone. But he could make nothing sensible out of their dismal howls and baying.

In the morning, with his comrades, a thorough exploration of the valley was made, which included a trip down the gorge of the waterfalls, clear to old O-To-Wa's abandoned camp. And the search was continued every day for a week, many adjacent valleys being visited. But not a sign or clew of any of the missing Indians was found.

Then Jondro and the other German determined to leave again; it was a lonesome valley after all. John Hutson felt that it would be to his best interests to depart with them. But as for James McHale, he who had discovered Lost Creek Valley, and found love, came out boldly, declaring that he would remain, he could find a living there, and maybe love would come back again.

## XIII.

## THE OLD TREE.

## THE TALE OF A VANISHED LANDMARK.

CLOSE by the bank of the "Blue Juniata," facing the dark glen back of the picturesque borough of McVeytown, there stood for centuries, and until the flood of 1889 uprooted it and swept it away, a giant linden tree, a conspicuous landmark for generations of red men and white. During its latter years most of its top branches were gone, in fact little else remained except the main trunk with its tremendous girth, and hollow at that, to brave the storms. When the great flood swept down the valley, carrying everything before it, it seemed as if it sounded the tocsin of the new order of things. The grave, the quaint, the picturesque, the old-fashioned, all had to make way for the prosaic, matter-of-fact, dollar-mad world, which the coming twentieth century would usher in. The stack, the forge, the foundry, the dynamo, the sand-rock quarry, the power house would render unsightly the pleasant nooks and peaceful valleys where the Indians once trod and which a hardier race of white men fought against aborigines and nature to possess. The great flood facilitated the vandalism which followed in its wake, the forces of discouraged nature

swept out quickly what man with his axes, picks, gunpowder, and steam shovels had started to do laboriously.

And with the old log cabins, shady groves, giant trees, old fords, ferries, beaver dams, and reed-grown pools, went the legends, the folklore, the ghosts that lingered about these survivals of a simpler and happier day. And no one can be truly happy who does not live in an atmosphere of the past, whether it be mental or actual. The mechanical world may pile up bank accounts mountain high for the few, but it brings monotony, dreariness, empty pleasures, short life for the many. Oh, the joy of actually having seen the Juniata before the great flood, yet it only appears in the writer's eye of faith!

Toward the last days of the giant linden tree, in the year preceding the deluge, various propositions to cut it down were discussed. "It took up room in the field," "It gave no shade," "It was a rotten old shell," were a few of the wise reasons advanced for its elimination. But the spirit of procrastination that is the bane of many Pennsylvania farmers saved the tree until it might disappear with its generation! The fact that a very curious old legend of the early days of the Juniata Valley clustered about it had no weight with those having influence over the life of the tree. The old stories were "played out," so the shrewd young materialists held, better get rid of all the landmarks connected with them, there was not time for such trash.

If the truth must be told, the last fifteen years of

the nineteenth century worked hardest on the old tales than any other period. It was an ugly period anyway, a period devoid of taste, as is evidenced by the hideous post offices, city halls, hotels and business blocks erected throughout Central Pennsylvania during those years. Their bareness and coldness typifies the material selfish aims of the builders, and the writer always hurries by them with a shudder and feels uncomfortable whenever he has to enter their inhospitable doors.

It appeared that for a number of years an aged Indian, called Old Israel, because of his Hebraic features, ranged through the Juniata Valley. He was probably the same savage who killed Joseph Campbell, the Indian trader, at the foot of the Tuscarora Valley, near Parnall's Knob, in 1744, but escaped punishment for political reasons. So with the lapse of years the bitterness felt toward him by the white race passed away, as he became welcome at many a farmhouse along the Juniata.

Like most of the wandering Indians, he was a noted story teller. It was an age when books were few, and farming folks had little time for reading, and to supply this want in their busy life, travelers, who put up for the night, were expected after supper to tell to the assembled household of their adventures on land and on sea, or of events in the stirring past. In this way the remnant of Indians became a class of professional story tellers, in a sense like the Celtic bards who cheered the long evenings in the Scottish farmsteads of the ancestors of the Juniata Valley's solid pioneers.

An Indian who had nothing to relate, who sat before the fire like a wooden image, would have to be a sterling workman or he would be apt to be turned away on his next visit.

As near as can be learned there were at one time nearly a hundred of these wandering Indian story tellers moving up and down the Juniata and other valleys. Their numbers gradually dwindled until they were all gone, and their places were taken, but not as well, by veterans of the Napoleonic wars, sons of old Indian fighters, drummer boys from the Revolution, great hunters, tinkers, traders, and peddlers.

Old Israel used to say that when he was a boy it was a part of an Indian's education to receive the oral history of his race from the old people. It was as necessary as the art of hunting, fishing, fighting. It was considered the highest attribute in education, of more importance even than the arts of war.

These old traditions were told in such an interesting manner that no young Indian ever forgot them. They knew the history of their people better than many of the white settlers, who after one generation forgot everything except that their people had been Ulster Scots or Germans, sometimes even getting their nationality mixed, but at best could not name the places in Ireland or the Palatinate where they originated, or the date when they arrived in Pennsylvania. It remained for those of their descendants who amassed fortunes in Pittsburg or Philadelphia to suddenly learn it all to

the smallest branches, and grow from it an emblazoned "family tree."

Old Israel's favorite story related to the thrilling days when the Southern Indians, tiring of the confinement and struggling of their narrow valleys along the Maryland line, decided on the invasion of the peaceful and beautiful valley of the Juniata. The original Indians residing there were so happy and contented that they were utterly unprepared for war. As many of them were vegetarians, subsisting on dried fruits and nuts during the winter months, the manufacture of arrows and spears was becoming a lost art. Where there were no hunters there were no warriors. That was an old Indian maxim. But agriculture and fruit raising appealed more to these gentle Juniata Indians, they increased more in numbers and wealth by the arts of peace than by the arts of war. They never molested any of their neighbors to the north or south, did not expect to be molested in return. They were making rapid strides in art and music, their bards and story tellers possessed an oral literature as complete as many a white nation would be proud of to-day. Their king, Chun-Eh-Hoe, encouraged all that was best, and he and his family were greatly beloved.

After many generations of such peaceful development, it would have been folly to talk of "preparedness." Soldiers were a disliked class, no one wanted to think of a time when his ancestors fought, they were as undesirable ancestors as undertakers are to-day.

But during this blissful period a war-cloud was gath-



ering among the Southern Mountains. It gathered in size and velocity until it swept into the happy vale of the Juniata.

One day when Chun-Eh-Hoe, surrounded by his devoted wife and family, were seated by the river bank in the beautiful garden spot now occupied by the Pennsylvania Railroad creosoting plant at Mount Union, that rare spot where Rev. Cyrus Jeffries dreamed of erecting a replica of the gardens of Versailles, listening to a famous bard recite a lengthy poem depicting the future greatness of his race, a band of citizens, dusty, wan and care-worn, bowed low and asked to be heard in immediate audience.

As Chun-Eh-Hoe's court was democratic, the bard was motioned to desist for a few moments while the delegation of citizens expressed themselves. They hesitated to break the awful news to spoil the good king's peaceful rapture, but at length one Indian spoke as follows: "Sire," he began, "you are happy, you are good, you do not deserve to hear this, but it must be told. This morning a large company of Southern Indians, armed with spears and poisoned darts, came across the Blue Ridge through the gap a little to the southwest of Matawanna, and began murdering your peaceable subjects, sparing not even the women and children. No one was able to defend his home, the attacking force has already occupied several hundred acres on the southern bank of the Juniata. What shall we do to check their further advance?"

Chun-Eh-Hoe raised his hands in horror, his queen

fell in a faint, the children wept with consternation.

"There is only one thing to do," he answered at length, "send messengers to every point in my domain informing my subjects of the invasion, and asking all men and boys to arm themselves with stakes and tomahawks, and advance from north, east and west on the cruel invaders."

The citizens then withdrew to the edge of the king's camp, where they conferred with their ruler's master of ceremonies. From him they secured a hundred fleet youths, who sped in every direction to spread the dreadful news.

Before sundown the male inhabitants of every encampment had armed themselves as best they could, some bore axes, tomahawks, celts, clubs, sharpened stakes, canoe paddles, every article of domestic use was brought into play as a weapon of war, and were on their way to the plains of Matawanna. When they came in sight of the fertile flat which lies between the Juniata and the foot of the Blue Ridge they could note that it was in hostile hands. Stockades were being run up, and smoke curled from the ruins of most of the cabins that had lately stood in this charming area.

Chun-Eh-Hoe, as gallant a figure no doubt as King Albert of Belgium, marshaled his volunteers for a night attack. The Juniata Indians knew every foot of ground, and thus figured an advantage over the strangers. Almost before the invaders knew that the Juniata forces had arrived they were attacked from the east and west, the Juniata line closing in on them

and driving them back into the pass in the mountains. It was there that their superior weapons stood them in good stead, for they held a strong position until day-break, when the attacking party withdrew.

The Juniata Valley was now free of its foes, but the dead which littered the plain were nearly all the subjects of Chun-Eh-Hoe. The king determined if possible to keep the Southern Indians in the gap, so he marshaled his forces in solid lines across the paths which led from the wild, deep glen.

As the morning advanced and no signs of attack were made, Chun-Eh-Hoe commenced breathing easily. He had just seated himself for dinner when a messenger ran up to tell him that a much larger attacking force of Southern Indians was crossing the Black Log Mountains, and threatening the royal encampment near Mount Union.

Chun-Eh-Hoe turned pale, and dropping his morsel of wild turkey breast, called some of his stoutest followers, and started with them in the direction of the royal campgrounds. When he got there he found that the enemy was in possession of all the lands on the south bank of the river, where they had massacred all the women and children. He was able to prevent the foes from crossing the Juniata, but could not dislodge them from the rich flats in Hill Valley and on Aughwick Creek.

In the morning he learned to his sorrow that his forces at Matawanna had been cut in two, and the Southern Indians were again in possession of the flats

south of the river. At noon he heard of another huge attacking force that had crossed the Blue Ridge opposite the present city of Lewistown, and sweeping across the river was in full possession of the fertile plain as far north as the present site of Yeagertown.

Chun-Eh-Hoe's realm was menaced by three attacks, how could his poorly armed, untrained, pastoral subjects hold out against such hordes. But victory sometimes is hard won, and long deferred. The forces of Chun-Eh-Hoe, dominated by pure patriotism and love of their king, managed to hold possession of the Juniata Valley for more than a year.

But gradually the superior numbers of their foes were closing in on them, until all, including the women and children, were forced to make a last stand on the west bank of the Juniata, in and about that remarkable peninsula known as the "big elbow," near where Newton Hamilton now stands. There they were attacked by forces from the east, west and south and driven up Beaver Dam Run into Jack's mountain. Reduced in numbers, starving, and with the prospect of a long and severe winter there was no other course to pursue.

Chun-Eh-Hoe and his family were in the thick of the retreat, and sanguinary was the climb of Jack's Mountain with the attacking party always close at their heels.

On the summit a final stand was made, the Juniata Indians hurling rocks down on their pursuers, but they were again repulsed with great loss. The women carrying infants were compelled to run pell-mell down the

steep slope in the direction of the present town of Belleville. There another brave stand was made, but again the followers of Chun-Eh-Hoe had to break ranks and run in every direction in the cover of the autumnal forests to save their lives. It was a terrible defeat, a complete rout, and never again was the gallant king able to rally his people around him until they met in the broad valley at the headwaters of the Karoondinha, at what is now known as Penn's Cave.

Under the sheltering arched roof of the cave the fugitive monarch rested with his family and servants. Warm breaths, like from some cherishing mother, issued from the cavern's depths, bringing back life and almost hope. Scouts were sent out to find the stragglers who had survived the journey across the Seven Mountains, and they were congregated in the meadows about the cave, which far into the days of Indian antiquity had always been a region of good luck for the redmen.

But the spirit of the "original people" was unbroken. They had been driven from a beautiful valley, yet they had come into possession of a number of beautiful valleys, theirs was to be a broader destiny. And as the breaths of warm air issued from the giant cave they felt that they were still the favored of the Gitchie-Manitto.

Though outwardly calm and self-possessed, Chun-Eh-Hoe was sad at heart. Terrible melancholy, that awful sickness of the soul, rested heavily on him, he could see nothing except the memory of his defeat and rout. He busied himself apportioning homesteads and

hunting grounds in the new territory. Thanks to the prevalence of game, there would be no starvation that winter. He looked after the spiritual welfare of the refugees, cheering the bereaved and sickly, though he had lost a kingdom and was bravest of all at heart. He worked with noble fortitude, sublime unselfishness, a true king. Never once did he utter a word of complaint, except when, to his family, he berated his own military ignorance, the unpreparedness of his nation.

"If we had been a race of hunters this never would have happened. Now I propose to encourage the royal sport of the chase, and the conservation of wild life."

Yet his soul was dying within him of humiliation, of chagrin, of sorrow for his dead followers. Over-conscientiousness was his greatest fault, and in this case a fatal one.

Vastly different was the attitude of O-Wan-Sa-Duta, king of the Southern Indians, at his camp at Matawanna. Though he had conceived the expedition into the Juniata Valley, he assumed no personal leadership of his forces. Clever generals arranged the details of the campaign, fought the battles and gave him the glory. He always kept himself at a safe distance in the rear of the belligerents, where, at an unfavorable sign, he could retire into his southern fortresses. He took no chances. If the invasion failed, and it couldn't as he had been preparing for it for ten years, he would still have his domain in the South with a smaller population to support. He was a wily, cruel savage, with love only for himself. Rumor had



it that he had killed several successive wives, he neglected his children, and was civil only to flatterers. Yet this was the king whom destiny was to lead into the Juniata Valley. Surely there must be some mistake in the lines of fate!

O-Wan-Sa-Duta was feeling in excellent spirits over the continued successes of his armies. There had been a demand from the victorious troops after every skirmish that he appear on the battlefield and receive the homage due his greatness, but he preferred the safe seclusion of his camp at Matawanna. He had given orders, however, that when Chun-Eh-Hoe and his followers had been finally driven beyond Jack's Mountain, and cut to pieces, that a swift runner should bring him the tidings. Then he might consent to review the victorious troops as they came back into the Juniata Valley through McVeytown Gap, but that question would be settled after he had received and digested the news.

After the rout, the generals selected the son of one of the commanders, a youth of sixteen, named Wa-Kan-Nah, noted for his fleetness of foot, to carry the glad tidings to the august monarch. The lad was overcome with joy at this signal honor, but managed to get started promptly on his ten-mile run across the steep mountains. Without a pause or a misstep he ran at breakneck speed, outdistancing the swiftest birds. Within his mind was the fixed idea to bring the glorious tidings to the monarch in less time than any one else could have done it. He would do in an hour or less

what would take most runners one hundred minutes to accomplish. His brain aflame with pride and love for his king, he plunged on, his black hair streaming in the wind, clearing rocks and rivulets, bounding up the steep slopes of the mountains like a deer.

In an incredibly short space of time, a minute or two less than an hour, he was at the bank of the Juniata, on the opposite shore of which was his king's headquarters. Dripping with perspiration, his heart thumping against his breast, his eyes popping from his head, he sprang into the icy current. Swimming with desperate strokes he was soon on the east bank, and another bound or two brought him in front of O-Wan-Sa-Duta's cabin. There he was halted by a sentry, who struck him across the chest with a pike, knocking his breath away. When he recovered, he demanded the cause of such unseemly conduct. The sentry told him gruffly that the king was asleep; he wanted no disturbances outside of his apartment.

Wa-Kan-Nah, taken aback, informed him that he had brought news of a complete victory over Chun-Eh-Hoe, it must be conveyed to the king at once.

The sentry shook his head. "My orders are to let his majesty sleep. They cannot be disobeyed."

So the exhausted and disappointed messenger prepared to wait his king's pleasure, his slim body swept by the bitter east wind from the river. His head became dizzy, he felt chilly, and an unsteadiness came into his long thin legs. An old man, a soothsayer, from one of the southern valleys, who had been waiting two

days for an audience with the king, noted the boy's symptoms of exhaustion and handed him his staff, a long linden pole, to lean upon.

Wa-Kan-Nah rested his tired form on it, and his weight bore it into the freezing ground. His head became dizzier, his frame rocked, and he swung around like a top, and in a few minutes he lay at the foot of his staff, stone dead.

At dark, when the king awakened from his twenty-four hour doze, his servants informed him of the great victory, of the cutting to pieces of the forces of Chun-Eh-Hoe, and how within an hour after the foe had fled, the news was at his royal camp.

Then one of the lackeys added, "And the dispatch runner, a youth named Wa-Kan-Nah, son of one of your commanders, dropped dead."

The king rolled over on his couch and muttered, "Dropped dead, eh? He must have been a weakling. Throw his cursed corpse into the river."

Then he turned his back on his servants and began snoring. The attendants withdrew and did as their master ordered, pitching the lifeless form of the brave messenger into the cold torrent, swept with the autumn winds. But they forgot to remove the long staff, the pole of linden, on which he had leaned so heavily, that it penetrated the cold earth. And it was destined to take root, and next spring, when O-Wan-Sa-Duta had moved his royal lodge house to the meadows at Mount Union, it blossomed forth into pale green foliage. Stronger and bolder it grew, until it became an arboreal

giant of vast height and girth, watching the dynasties of kings rise and fall, the centuries pass as days, braving all storms, except the driving flood of 1889, which eventually carried it away.

## XIV.

## THE GIRL AND THE PANTHER.

A STORY FROM TERRACE MOUNTAIN.

VISITORS to Juniata College, *alma mater* of Governors and patriots, after wandering over its superb upland campus far above the blue waters of the Juniata and the city of Huntingdon, have noticed lying off to the southeast the giant outlines of the Terrace Mountain. This isolated ridge commands respect by its appalling size, rising defiantly against the horizon, a titan in a family of mountain monarchs. Once seen, the impression persists through the years, its image is as clear cut as the pyramids of Egypt.

When the first settlers penetrated the Juniata country they were deeply awed by Terrace Mountain, not only by its size and grandeur, but by numbers of fierce beasts which it harbored in its trackless forest covers. There were seemingly all kinds, a Noah's ark of diversity, all the way from the moose, the bison, the panther or Pennsylvania lion, the grey wolf, the bay lynx, down to the flying squirrel and the chipmunk.

Of these the most characteristically American was *Felis Cougar*, that huge cat-like animal called by the first settlers the panther or "painter." The American prototype of the lion, it has all the ferocity and nobility

of the African and Asiatic king of beasts. In size it is little inferior to the biggest African lions, panthers having been killed in Pennsylvania which measured over eleven feet "from tip to tip." In bravery it will rank second to none, always defending its young to the last extremity, and charging its hunters when wounded. But there is practically no authentic record of a Pennsylvania lion or panther having attacked a human being without first being provoked. Its infernal night-time roar, though set in higher key than the thundering of the lion of the Atlas so vividly described by the Spahi, Jules Gèrard, is none the less impressive, the grandest voice of nature in the Pennsylvania wilderness. In destructiveness its misdeeds were *nil* compared with its good works. It preyed on weak or sickly deer or elk, weeded out the old and infirm animals, thereby preventing the spread of pestilences and keeping the deer family at all times *virile* and active.

When the panthers were destroyed the deer deteriorated just as the buffaloes, elands, and antelopes in Portuguese East Africa succumbed to the rinderpest after the destruction of the lions. In sagacity it ranked far above all other American animals except the wolf; it possessed an uncanny intelligence. As a picturesque feature of Pennsylvania mountain life it created a host of romances, it was a pre-eminent source of mystery and wonderment. In point of prevalence in the early settler days it was almost as numerous as the wolf, with which it sometimes fought for the supremacy of the forests. Bill Perry killed a panther in Centre County



in 1870, the head of which was scarred from frequent battles. Trapped and hunted at all seasons of the year, the Pennsylvania lion maintained a brave fight for existence, and though now classed by some with the extinct animals of the State, there are at least a hundred reputable mountaineers who will tell of having heard or seen panthers within our borders during the past five years. The last to be killed were a nest of cubs taken by "Clem" Herlacher in Treaster Valley, Mifflin County, in the spring of 1893.

There were two races of panthers in the State: those which maintained a fixed abode in some ravine or valley, and those which wandered from county to county, or from West Virginia to Northern Pennsylvania. Those having a fixed abode were quickest exterminated—as a general thing—but there were panthers on Rock Run longer than in any other part of the State, except in Treaster Valley. John McGowan, a track-walker, saw a panther sunning itself on a flat rock near the mouth of Rock Run in 1910. Panthers in considerable numbers lingered longest on Rock Run, and in the entire Beech Creek region for that matter. Though probably not extinct in this State, they have not bred here since Herlacher broke up the last "nests" in Treaster Valley in 1892 and 1893. Usually four cubs were born early in April, but sometimes there were as many as six at a birth; the rutting season in Pennsylvania occurred at Christmas time.

There was a great diversity in appearance among the lions of Pennsylvania; some were very dark, others

almost red, but the prevailing color was a slatey gray, with orange or fulvus tinges about the ears, throat and belly. The males outnumbered the females by about five to one. The tails were thick and long, with a tuft of hair almost as profuse as on the tip of an African lion's tail. On very rare occasions panthers with manes were taken; one of the last of such was killed in the Bald Eagle Mountains by the celebrated frontiersman, Peter Pentz, in 1797.

Many and curious were the legends clustered about these savage beasts, especially in the Great Terrace country where they were so numerous that the first settlers thought it nothing remarkable to kill eight to ten in a winter. These rough frontiersmen were enjoying the same wholesale slaughter miscalled "sport" which wealthy young Americans can now only find by traveling to British East Africa. What an argument for conservation!

Jake Faddy, the old Indian story teller, was spending a night at a farmhouse on Little Trough Creek when one of the last panthers killed on the Terrace Mountain was brought in. It was a half-grown animal, about five feet long, but its capture in a bear trap created no end of excitement, making heroes out of its two youthful slayers, the McConnel boys. The grandfather of the young Nimrods, old Joseph McConnel, had many stirring panther stories to relate that evening, but it remained for the Indian guest, Jake Faddy, to unfold the most remarkable anecdote.

When old McConnel was a young man he had

hunted panthers every winter for the bounties. It was wonderful sport, even when the county became so flooded with bounty applications that it stopped payment for a time, and the fur dealers ceased buying the hides, they had so many. Panther hides were shipped by the bale to Germany, which now strangely enough is the principal market for the pelts of African lions. One year McConnel killed so many panthers that he covered the four sides of his father's barn with the hides. As there was no market for them, they hung there until they were blown down by the winds. It was no uncommon thing in those days to hear four or five panthers roaring on the Terrace Mountain in a single night. First one to the south would begin, then a second a mile away would take it up, passing the wierd call on to a fourth a mile further on, or a fifth, until the whole mountain would reverberate with the savage love notes. When the cry would be heard up on the mountain back of the farmhouse McConnel would get his dogs and start a chase which would last until daylight. Sometimes the panther would corner the dogs in a hole in the rocks, and leave them bleeding and dying before the hunter could reach the spot. A light tracking snow was the best time to hunt the brutes, when they could be followed to their caves on ledges, or under overhanging rocks, and shot before they hurt the dogs. But many of them got into bear or wolf traps, which were scattered all over the mountains. That was an inglorious end for Pennsylvania's king of beasts, as the hunters usually beat the snarling monsters to death with the

butts of their rifles. Sometimes the traps were not visited regularly and the victims succumbed to starvation or exposure.

When the veteran hunter had finished, old Jake Faddy began his narrative. He told of hunting panthers in Indian days. Then the exciting sport was carried on with long oaken or hickory stakes, sharpened at the ends like spears. The panther not being associated with any clan name and being an enemy of the wolf, was hunted more persistently than other animals. Its hide was used for many purposes, ceremonial and domestic. The "great medicine" was always kept in a pouch made from it. Its meat was relished even above the flesh of the bison. Its blood gave courage to warriors, when drunk fresh. Its claws hung around the neck by a cord were amulets of good luck. Its teeth were much prized as decorations for the person. Shoes fashioned from its paws made young Indians grow tall and strong. Its tongue was the favorite tid-bit for banquets of the chiefs. A decoction made from its eyes prolonged life. Its bones made excellent cutlery. The tuft of its tail made a warrior's war plume. None of it was wasted, all of it was much desired. Despite the fact that it was systematically hunted, there was no intention to exterminate it; the Indians were too sensible for that. It had too many valuable attributes for such a short-sighted procedure.

The hunting was generally done in the fall and early winter, when the animals were fattest and the hides in prime condition. Once in a while reports were brought

to the camps of panthers attacking human beings, especially children. Many braves were followed at night over hill and dale, with the tawny monsters uttering their mournful cries, but always keeping at a respectful distance in the rear.

There was one episode of a young girl named Sextua, which happened shortly after the arrival of the Shawnees from Florida in the Juniata Valley. The newcomers did not know the country very well, and many of them, becoming separated from their cohorts, fell into the hands of the local Indians and were massacred. Many of the journeys which ended so disastrously were caused by curiosity to see the wonderful scenery, "the masterwork of the *Great Wolf*," they called it. They were especially charmed with the Terrace Mountain, spending days wandering over its wall-like precipices. They were silenced, mystified by the grandeur of this long solitary highland.

It was probably much as the gifted David Emmert expressed it, that "it is no reflection upon the imaginative or moral qualities of the ancients that they personified the mountains and made them the eternal dwelling places of the gods."

If the home of the Gitchie-Manitto was possible of discovery it seemed to the awe-struck Shawnees that it must be on the Terrace Mountain, for there were surroundings of magnitude and impressiveness in keeping with their conception of the Great Spirit.

Sextua was a maiden of charming appearance, of uncommon intellectual gifts. She felt the beauty and

mystery of the mountains, yet beyond that she seemed to grasp at the hidden meanings, the relation between the material and spiritual. Therefore she took the deepest pleasure in wandering over the wild crests and gorges back of the Shawnee settlement, which was located at the foot of the eastern slope of Terrace Mountain. While her father, the good Tahwahke, her brothers and her sweetheart, the brave Kussowe, were busily engaged building the lodge houses and cabins, clearing ground, and replenishing the larder, she indulged in walks over the mighty mountains that commanded the country for miles in every direction. As contemplation alone would not justify her lengthy rambles, she gathered many rare medicinal herbs and roots.

As the summer shaded into autumn she had collected a goodly store for the winter's use, and became well acquainted with the forest by-paths. Often did she encounter game in the mountain fastness—the moose, the elk, the deer, wild turkeys, heath cocks, grouse, quail and wild pigeons were to her like old acquaintances—they hardly stirred themselves at her approach. They were such beautiful and trustful creatures, it seemed a shame that so many of them were being slaughtered for the winter's supply of her tribe. But then she also saw some of the fiercer animals, the fisher, the grey fox, the wolf, the black bear and once she saw a huge yellow panther. When she saw these creatures the old primal instinct rose up in her, she wished for a spear or javelin. But as none of these animals molested





THE GREAT TERRACE



her, she gradually viewed things from their standpoint, that they had as much right to live as the more inoffensive animals and birds.

When she returned from her strolls she would no longer go to the edge of the camp where the women and children stood admiring the results of the day's hunt, gaping at the long line of carcasses of elk, deer and buffalo, the huge piles of dead pigeons, heathcocks and turkeys. It sickened her now, since she had learned to love these things alive. Such impressions made her a vegetarian. As long as life could be sustained on vegetables, nuts and fruit, it was a heartless being who demanded the lives of animals and birds for food. She no longer praised her lover's prowess as a hunter, but urged him to excel in decoration or story telling, in any of the higher forms of existence. She was apart from her race, and all because she had penetrated nature's reserve and heard its side of the story. Often her mother and other squaws would caution her about her long walks, the danger of getting lost or being devoured by savage beasts.

But Sextua never listened very attentively; these, she thought, were "old wives' tales," unworthy of belief by one who really knew the forest and its denizens. As she always came back safely, aglow with health and happiness, bearing strings of rare medicinal roots and herbs, she gradually laughed down all fear of the wilderness.

On one occasion, it was in the late summer, when a leaf or two of yellow was apparent on the hardwoods,

when the crickets chirping in the dry grass gave intimation of a change in season, when the mountains shone out preternaturally clear in the mornings, and the nights were still and very cool, that Sextua sallied forth to explore still more distant heights and valleys. With buoyant step she traversed the Terrace Mountain, climbing down with agility, and reaching the Raystown Branch before the noon hour set in. Then she followed the creek in a southerly direction until she came upon a trail which led up the Broad Top Mountain.

That mighty mountain was such an extensive region that there were still many points on it which she had never visited. So she started to climb it, marveling at the beauty of its forests and vistas, the plentitude of its plant life, the glory of its autumn flowers. When she attained the expansive summit she wandered about, enthralled by what she saw. In the open spaces, under the hardwood trees pastured vast herds of bison, countless troops of deer and elk that were migrating in great sweeping masses toward the south; in the jungles and ravines bands of moose stood quiescent in the darkest recesses. The cooing of myriads of wild pigeons was like a great soft hymn of nature; wild turkeys were dusting themselves in the buffalo paths, heath-cocks were "booming," ruffled grouse "drumming."

Nature's sounds and ways were uppermost. Man, with his forest fires, his bloody "sport," his "civilization," had made no entering wedge. Sextua lingered

in this wild tableland until the sun declined and shone red through the vistas in the trees. The katydids' chorus that night was at hand before she realized that she was far from the sheltering camp of the Shawnees. With quickened pace she started for the northern edge of the big mountain, but it seemed as if she would never reach it.

On and on she went, the night becoming darker and colder, but she was still on the broad plateau. Every time she saw a declivity or hollow where a water course had run in the spring she followed it, penetrating deeper and deeper into the trackless wilderness. She had a good sense of direction, she had never been lost before, yet this time she was pitting her skill against a vast region and many miles from her destination. Several times she slipped on rocks, or tripped over trailing vines, and her sensitive nature was frightened by sudden glimpses of fox-fire on rotting stabs or logs. Off in the forest she could hear a myriad of nature's sounds, the wild cat tonguing the rabbit, wolves quarreling, the trumpeting of moose, the hooting of owls, the sad songs of kildeers, the sighing of the night wind among the tall white pines. If she had realized that the best thing to do would have been to sit down until morning, all would have been well. But instead she temporarily forgot her excellence as a woodswoman and plunged on ahead to get out at any cost.

Every moment the forest seemed vaster, blacker, more impenetrable. The roar of the wind became more violent, as if a storm was imminent. Tears came

to Sextua's eyes. It was terrible to be alone in such a place; if only she had some one to lean upon, to lead her out into the light. Like a blind person, with hands extended, she struggled on, bumping her feet and shins, scratching her fair face with briars. At length she came into a thicket of brambles that was so dense she could go no further. She stopped, folding her arms, thoroughly discouraged. It was then that she felt something brush against her skirts, something soft and living. Straining her eyes she beheld the form of an enormous panther standing beside her in the attitude of a domestic cat, with head raised as if to have its fur stroked!

Before she had time to scream with alarm the creature spoke to her in purring, reassuring tones, and in her own, the Shawnee, tongue!

"Sextua," it said, calling her by name, "I feel very sorry for you out here in this jungle at night. I have followed you since early morning, as I always do when you go for your walks, but I feared to distress you by placing myself in evidence. I mean no harm. I have never molested a human being, nor ever seen one I liked until my eyes first rested on you. If you will allow, I will conduct you in safety by the easiest route to your father's camp, will have you there by daybreak, for I know all the forest byways."

The big cat's voice and manner were so reassuring that the girl gladly accepted his proffered services as guide out of the wilderness. And no mistakes were made. Deftly brushing aside the briars with sweeps



of his long, powerful tail, he soon had his beautiful charge on a smooth path which led along the brow of the great mountain.

"This is a path carved out by the panthers," was his next attempt at conversation, begun only when he was sure that they were out of all bramble patches and the girl's calmness restored.

"It leads along the side of the ridge until it gets over the waters of Trough Creek, when it descends into the valley. It is the smoothest and quickest route off the mountain, except the buffalo path, which is worn too deep in some places for a lady's comfort."

Sextua thanked the big feline for his thoughtfulness, making him sure of his ground. Evidently he wanted to be friends, but feared to frighten her before she could see the fine sides to his nature.

"You did not know that I followed you every time you went walking in the mountains. I moved so quietly that you could not hear me, yet many times I was at your side, and generally at your heels. I kept you from all harm. I longed for a chance to make myself known, but I knew how most Indians feel toward the race of panthers: the men hate and kill us, the women fear and run away from us. But now I could do you a favor, and you can see that I mean no harm. This is the proudest moment of my life to be with you, to be escorting you back to your encampment."

The girl could hardly believe her senses. Was the panther really speaking, or was it some Indian ventrilo-

quist cleverly concealed in the brush who was throwing his voice in that direction? Feeling that she must return the brute's compliments, she said that she appreciated his goodness, and once safely restored to her tribe she would use all her influence to abate the cruel sport of panther hunting. She especially abhorred hunting panthers with the sharp stakes, she said; it inflicted such a painful death on the animals.

By this time they had come to the part of the path where it began winding its way off Broad Top. The girl was now sensibly relieved, as it would not be long now until she was in a familiar country. All the while her savage escort entertained her with *naïve* remarks, more or less of a complimentary nature. Clearly he was smitten with her; she would be glad to get away from him as she could not very well retort in kind. Besides, her lover, Kussowe, had won fame as a slayer of panthers; his specialty was overtaking them in the forest,—he was a swift runner,—and impaling them through the heart with his sharp stakes. She could not love a slayer of panthers and be loved by a probable victim at the same time. Soon the foot of the mountain was reached, and Great Trough Creek crossed on a stony ford. After they were across the stream the worst of the journey was over. The panther, noting this, became still more personal in his talk.

“What I admired so much about you,” he said, “is your ability to amuse yourself alone. In the solitude of the forest you seemed to be as happy as if in the midst of a populous camp. Often have I felt sorry

for you in your loneliness, because I thought that you would be happier if you had somebody with you to enjoy your knowledge of plants, your appreciation of beauty."

Sextua did not answer him, she was so wrapped up in the thought that her trip was almost over, her perils at an end.

At length she could contain herself no longer. "See, over there on the other side of the valley, that camp-fire, it is the Shawnee settlement; we will soon be to it. I am so happy!"

The gray dawn was beginning to penetrate the openings in the forest, and the huge panther could see his fair companion, and watched her expression closely.

"I will be so happy to see the one I love best," she rambled on.

The panther could hardly suppress a growl as he asked her dryly, "I suppose by the one you love best you refer to your father?"

Sextua, quite unconsciously, replied, "Yes, I do love him, but I love best of all my sweetheart, Kus-sowe; I do believe he is the only person I really truly love."

That was too much for the love-crazed panther; he was a wild beast again; he could control his feelings no longer. Jealousy, added to pent-up emotion, made him a demon. His yellow eyes flashed, his jaws snapped. Springing at the beautiful girl he bore her to the earth, where she gasped out her life, literally dying of fright.

Too late the panther saw what he had done, and remorse overtook him. But the harm was done, the beautiful spirit had fled. Skulking away like the wild beast that he was, he soon lost himself in the forest labyrinths; all his way up the steep mountain moaning and sobbing like a child. During the morning a searching party headed by Kussowe found the dead girl, with only a scratch on one cheek. It might have been caused by a wild beast, yet surely it did not kill her, so reasoned the bereaved lover.

## XV.

## THE STANDING STONE.

## A LEGEND OF THE ANCIENT ONEIDAS.

ALL the historical traditions of the Oneidas laid stress on their southern origin. Certainly they had come from as far South as the valley of the Juniata, if not further. They were probably one of the many southern tribes which held possession of the Juniata country for a time. Where they originally came from is shrouded in mystery, if we exclude the premise that the Juniata Valley had been their permanent, old-time home. It is the antiquity of environment that appeals to every thinking man or woman. Those who travel to European countries think it is the "change of scene," but it is not, it is the desire to associate oneself with places where man has dwelt and struggled for centuries. As proof, give the average traveler a chance to decide between a trip to Spain or California. Unless he is a native Californian, and knows its history and people, he will choose Spain—every time.

When all know the antiquity of the Pennsylvania mountains better they will feel a deeper love for their home environment, and not seek to link themselves with some established proof of man's presence elsewhere.

It is not the visual beauty of the mountain or the ruined castle that we love, but the spiritual conception which is the history of the traditions of the human beings who peopled them. And more valuable than the stacks and stone crushers as upbuilders of character will be the ancient lore of the Juniata, if it be collected and tabulated before it is too late.

As far as can be learned there were three distinct Standing Stones concerned in the history of the Oneidas and their followers. The first one, the gift of the Gitchie-Manitto, was as old as man himself. The second one, described by John Harris, the younger, as he saw it in 1754, was fourteen feet high and six feet square, and stood on the right bank of Stone Creek near its mouth.

Soon after Harris saw it the Tuscarora Indians, who were related to the Oneidas, and came to the Standing Stone about 1712, removed the stone with them to Canada. The third stone, a part of which, rescued from the wall of a bake oven, is now in the library of Juniata College at Standing Stone Town or Huntingdon, was erected probably as a surveyor's corner on the same spot where the earlier stones had stood.

On the third stone was carved the names of many white men, surveyors, prospectors, politicians, with dates varying from 1768 to 1770. Before it was broken up to build a bake oven it was moved to near where the old court house in Huntingdon formerly stood. Much has been written concerning the two later stones, various have been the hypotheses advanced



to account for them. Certain it is that the first two stones were used by the Indians to inscribe their glorious history, the records of their battles and triumphs. The second stone had an antiquity not to be sneered at, having braved the elements for at least a century or from the time when the true Oneidas departed for the North.

The Tuscaroras attempted to imitate their glories, their veneration of a Standing Stone, their battles to defend it, but they were only pale shadows of the ancient people. The Indian burying ground, on the high land near where the old Presbyterian Church stood, at Huntingdon, was very extensive when found by the first settlers. But it gave no idea of the vast number of interments in it, or of its venerable age. It is stated by those who heard it from the aged Indian story tellers that the main body of the Oneidas departed for what is now New York State about the beginning of the seventeenth century, few lingered on until after the Tuscaroras arrived.

Jones in his "History of the Juniata Valley" quotes Dr. B. S. Barton, an authority, as stating that Oneida meant "Standing Stone." A similar definition is given in the "Handbook of American Indians," published by the United States Government. With so much diversity of opinion as usually exists regarding Indian words, it is probably correct.

When the Oneidas were in their glory at Standing Stone, theirs was an Indian metropolis. It is stated that between three and four thousand redmen resided

in and about the giant settlement. The buildings were of a permanent type of construction, with streets and alleys terminating in a basilica or public meeting place, in the center of which stood the sacred Standing Stone. There on New Year's Day, with great display and ceremony the high priests performed the rite of chiseling the tribe's achievements for the past twelve-month on the stone. Sacrifices were offered up, there was fasting, prayer, dancing and song, to commemorate the valorous deeds of the Oneidas.

The tradition was that the Great Spirit gave the stone to his favorite people with the understanding that they perform some great deed each year, worthy of recording. It was to be carved on the stone annually on the anniversary of its gift from the Gitchie-Manitto. The appearance of some of the buildings in Standing Stone Town of the Oneidas is worthy of description. The great settlement was surrounded by two rows of palisades eighteen feet high; in the ramparts were two gates, one facing the west, over which were erected three images of men carved out of wood, and draped with the scalps of their enemies. On the east side was another gateway similarly adorned. The western gate was three feet wide, the eastern gate two feet. Within the central palisade were several hundred lodge houses of imposing dimensions. These houses were built of logs, covered with the bark of trees. Every lodge house was provided with open fireplaces, some having as many as a dozen in them. There were large store houses where thousands of bushels of Indian corn were

kept. The façades of some of the larger houses, which were often two hundred feet in length, were paneled, and on these panels painted pictures of all sorts of animals and birds. The streets were teeming with life, hunters, trades-people, warriors, housewives, children, all attending to their respective tasks. But no Indian could leave or enter the "castle," as the town was called, without giving the password to the gatekeepers.

The position of gatekeeper was a very honorable one, and was hereditary. On the high ground, where the graveyard was situated, in shady corners of which the ghost-flower grew, all was neatness and precision. The graves were in the shape of mounds, surrounded with small palisades nicely closed up, and painted red, white and black. There were gateways to the graves of the chiefs, on the top of the gates were effigies of large birds, and on the fences were painted all manner of grotesque animals, birds and snakes.

This description of the Oneida Castle at Standing Stone in its hey-day is reminiscent of Arent Van Curler's account of his visit to some of the castles of the same tribe many years later (1634) in Northern New York. The Oneidas, always a superior people, are the only tribe of Indians who successfully adopted the white man's civilization in New York. Their farms are described as veritable garden spots.

But like many cities and races that have a "golden age," a period of decadence fell upon the splendid Oneidas along the Juniata. It was a case of too many blessings. Everybody was prosperous, no

one had to worry about making a living. The bounteous Giver of All had showered plenty on his Oneidas. The cleared fields yielded rich crops of corn, melons, and potatoes, the orchards were laden with apples, plums, persimmons, and the peach, which had been brought from the South. The nut trees were full to overbearing, berries and edible roots were found everywhere. The forests teemed with game, the river with clams, mussels and fish. The seasons were not unkind, there were no blizzards or tornadoes, life was easy, supine.

If the Oneidas had been grateful for all these blessings, fate might have worked kinder for them. But they were far from it, the more they got, the more they wanted. The less they had to work, the less they wanted work. In plain language they wanted to sit under the trees and be fed. They imagined that the universe was created for them, and it wasn't doing all it could for their happiness. They begrudged any time spent in the service of the Power of Nature as expressed in the Gitchie-Manitto. Many of them regarded religious exercises as "foolery" and wondered what they had to be "thankful" for at services of thanksgiving. They looked upon the New Year ceremonies as tiresome, the inscribing of the achievements of the year as superfluous. They were great; they knew it; the Great Spirit, if he existed, must also know it. They were sunk to the lowest depths of spiritual degradation inasmuch as they questioned all things, accepting none.

The leading intellectuals of the castle held numerous secret conclaves with a view of abandoning the New Year ceremonies, so many of the tribesmen were opposed to it. After all, it was only an archaic old pageant; a gay dance with lively music would best usher in the New Year twelve-month. But it took time to overcome a long-established custom, with the memories of centuries clustered about it, and little more than talk came of these meetings of the innovators. Yet each year fewer attended the mystic rites, while on the other hand a society of mummers who held a mock pageant outside the palisades the same day, with wild orgies and rowdy conduct, was becoming yearly more popular, and drew twice the crowds.

A wooden pole painted to imitate the Standing Stone was set up in a cornfield, around which the young bucks and maidens danced. On it were carved all kinds of clownish jests at the sacred language of the real stone. But the Indians liked to laugh, life was sad, it was so easy to live, so hard to die. In secret all had a grudge against the Great Spirit as being the author of death; they felt that there was no other life, consequently hated to let go of the one in hand.

All this time the Great Spirit endured the falling away from grace with extreme patience. In return for agnosticism, neglect, contempt, he handed forth bountiful crops, great catches of fish, mammoth kills of game, equable seasons, freedom from pestilences, long life. Good for evil was bestowed to all, but none were wise enough to take heed.

One evening, shortly before the New Year, an easy-going traveler brought the news to the castle that the bison had arrived in Aughwick Valley. It was late for their fall migration, but it had been a mild autumn, and they lingered longer than usual on their southerly journey. As the grand bison hunt, which usually took place in the latter part of October, "persimmon time," was an annual event of the first magnitude with the Oneidas, as with most of the other tribes in Pennsylvania, there was a skirmishing among the braves to put their spears, lances, and bows in order, to sharpen their celts and skinners. Even the august high priests began to take notice, and talked hunting instead of Standing Stone. The senior priest was detected sharpening his skinning knife, when he should have been preparing his sacred hammer and chisel. If another messenger had not brought news that some members of a tribe from the Susquehanna Valley were already at work slaughtering the bison, the exodus to Aughwick Valley might not have been so general. This was the final straw, every Oneida able to stand the journey broke for the eastern gates with unwonted alacrity, bowling the gatekeepers aside with coarse jests or imprecations. Some were able to procure canoes and barges for the journey, while others rode on hurriedly constructed dog-rafts, or raced along the banks. It was a frenzied, reckless crowd that followed the course of the Juniata that night!

The next day was the first day of the New Year, when the ceremonies at the Standing Stone were al-



ways held. The morning dawned clear and cool, without a cloud in the sky, but not a male Oneida except the tiny boys and palsied old men remained in the castle. Many women came out of their houses, assembling in little groups, expressing surprise that the time-honored ceremony was not taking place. But as the day wore on, more of them discussed the prospects of the buffalo hunt than the discarded religious exercises.

Night fell, and the New Year had been ushered in without the pageant, which after all no one missed. A few of the very old feeble Indian braves, too decrepit to leave their cabins, bemoaned the changed order, but they were not worth listening to, so the young folks argued.

At the hunting ground the Oneidas had arrived soon enough to put the marauders from the Susquehanna to rout before they had killed many bison. Before they began the big slaughter, they killed many of the intruding Indians and burned their bodies in a heap. Then they began the butchery, killing the buffaloes right and left. This slaughter continued until they had put an end to all the mature bulls and cows and a goodly proportion of calves. The rest were let go to carry on the race for the next years' hunt. Then came the carnival of skinning, of drying the hides, of curing the meat. It went on while the creek ran red with the drainage from the gory work.

Weeks passed before the last Oneida was back at the castle and took up the thread of the old existence.

The ceremonies at the Standing Stone were forgotten, life went on for a time as if there had never been such a sacred rite. But there soon set in a marked moral deterioration, life without religions could not be otherwise than unmoral. Justice, truth, honor, became misnomers. Disease and degeneracy were everywhere apparent. Pleasure and indolence became the only gods. Many manly pastimes fell into disrepute, even the chase was considered too great an effort.

It was on the first anniversary of the abandonment of the sacred exercises at the Standing Stone that a terrible pestilence broke out among the Oneidas. It was a vile skin disorder like a leprosy, and no medicine man in the tribe was able to cope with it. The Indians, old and young, "died like flies," yet no one thought to seek divine interference. So great was the power of caste and clannishness that none of the redmen cared to bury the dead. The putrifying corpses lay about in the basilica and alleys, or were piled against the stockades. Vast flocks of buzzards, ravens and other noxious birds feasted off the remains, the air resounding, especially in the night time with their weird cries.

Among the handful of Indians who managed to escape the plague was one very young brave, of no particular elevation of birth, named Wahoorah. Born in an obscure corner of the Juniata country, he somehow or other held firmly to the old ideals and religious practices of his race. He was able to witness the failure of medicine and black art in curing the awful scourge, he saw the danger of the quick extermination

of his people, he reasoned out but one cure, a return to the *ancient landmarks*. Yet his counsels were brushed aside, even by dying men. The course of the tribe was forward, through different channels, the past was dead, the Standing Stone superfluous, all held. But Wahooah felt that he had a mission, he must save his race at any cost.

Gathering together a fragment of the tribe, mostly aged men, old women, young women and children, he persuaded them to arrange for the removal of the stone to a new locality to the north. Though he held no official position in the tribe, and was lacking in influential friends, there was no one who interposed any objection to his proposal to carry the stone away.

On the second anniversary of the abandonment of the ancient rites he appeared before the stone, accompanied by his devoted little band. Somewhere he had found the hammer and chisel which the priests of old had used to carve the records of the tribe on the sacred stone. Watched only by his followers, he boldly proceeded to cut the following records on the shaft. First he carved, "Year of the abandonment of the sacred rites. Result: Pestilence, Deterioration, Sorrow." "First anniversary of the abandonment of rites. Death rate growing steadily higher." "Second anniversary, Wahooah and his followers remove stone to the north."

So absorbed were the tribesmen in their own petty concerns that no one except his followers took the trouble to read the new carvings, which were in hiero-

glyphic form, the Oneidas having no written language. After the signs had been placed on the stone, Wahoorah signaled to the most agile of his disciples to pry the stone loose from its foundations. Crowbars and picks were used with a will, with the result that the huge shaft was soon swaying in its gravelly foundations. Wahoorah held the stone in place while his followers got ready to drop it into a net basket in which it was to be dragged overland to the north. While so engaged he failed to notice the approach of the titular chief of the Oneidas, young He-Hu-Ti-Dan. Aroused from a sick bed by the noise in the market place, he had dragged his corruption-covered body to the scene of Wahoorah's activities. With a voice cracked and broken, in a high falsetto key, he ordered the saintly Indian to let the sacred stone alone. His queer voice shrieking from the silence so suddenly caused Wahoorah to turn his head. As he did so his hands slipped and the Standing Stone, loose at its foundations, fell to the earth with a crash and was shattered into a hundred pieces.

This was too much for He-Hu-Ti-Dan. Raising his staff, he sought to smite Wahoorah and send him reeling among the wreckage. But the young warrior dodged the blow, and the chieftain plunged forward, falling in a heap in his long gown like a bag of old bones. There he lay until Wahoorah turned him over on his back, finding him dead. Kicking him out of the way as he would a mass of filth, Wahoorah ordered his followers to gather together the pieces of the sacred

stone and place them in the net. Then he told his band that he was ready to start to the north, to a new land; that all who wished to leave behind the enervation and sinfulness of the castle and help carve out a new destiny could do so.

Every member of his party old and young elected to go with him, and toward the mysterious north they wended their way that day at sundown. They had barely disappeared into the blackness of the forest when a band of hardy Tuscaroras from the South entered the castle gates. They had heard of the plight of their relatives, had come to their assistance, bearing supplies and accompanied by wise men and medicine men. They were shocked to find the Standing Stone gone and the town depopulated except for a few sick men. From a dying savage they learned the story of the ravages of the pestilence, of Wahoorah's fruitless efforts to effect a renaissance, of his tragedy and departure. Despite valiant efforts, the proud castle of the Oneidas became a city of the dead in a few days. The medicines and spells of the Tuscaroras availed not, for every Oneida passed away.

The Tuscaroras decided not to remain in the fair valley of the Juniata. They feared they might become afflicted with the foul malady. Thus the site of Standing Stone Town remained untenanted save for the temporary camps of wandering hunters for two centuries. At length a permanent settlement of Tuscaroras was made on the spot, and one of the first acts of these settlers was to hew out a new Standing Stone, to con-

tain their sacred records. With reverent hands it was erected on the site of the ancient stone, and for years it recorded the worthy annals of a noble race. As if to atone for the remissness of their relatives, the Tuscaroras tended this stone most tenderly. And in so doing they won for themselves prosperity and happiness. And they might have remained indefinitely at their beautiful home had it not been for the news of the arrival of a white-skinned race of people in their neighborhood. With this news came a vision to their wisest man, old Pa-Tek-Kwa, that they must remove the stone and migrate to the north. In this vision was portrayed the greatness of the remnant of the Oneidas who had long before followed Wahoorah out of the Juniata country; this destiny would follow the Tuscaroras on their northerly pilgrimage. Abundance would be theirs in the North.

So carefully, fully as carefully as they set it up, the chiefs and wise men took down the Standing Stone, and followed it to the North. In order not to arouse too much curiosity from the white men the stone was taken down at night, and the northerly journey commenced, unlighted even by rays of the moon.

A few days afterward when a party of white surveyors reached the site of the town they were surprised to find it deserted, and strangest of all to find the stone, which they had marked as a "corner" in their notebooks, chief among the missing. But they pitched their camps where the ancient relic had stood, and among themselves resolved to erect another stone in its



place as a permanent "corner." One of their number, Andrew Clugage, was able to hew out of the stiff flint a "stone" which seemed the counterpart of its predecessors. And when it was being put in place some wandering Indians appeared on the scene, Indians of venerable mien, who had retentive memories, and they retailed the history of past Standing Stones. And they made the prophecy that as long as a stone stood on the spot and was treated with respect, prosperity and happiness would fall to the lot of all who dwelt near at hand. For was not the first stone the gift of the Gitchie-Manitto himself?

And for some reason there always has been a stone on view at Huntingdon, the Standing Stone Town of romance and history. There is one now in a small public park near the center of the town. Nature has truly lavished all her gifts upon those who have lived near it, prosperity, happiness, contentment, and power have all been dealt out with a bountiful hand, and the old story stretching back into the vistas of dim antiquity has not been forgotten. The historian, the poet, the orator, as well as the humble narrator of legends have all faithfully striven to keep its memory green.

## XVI.

## WARRIOR'S RIDGE.

## THE STORY OF TWO MOUNTAIN RANGES.

MANY have been the explanations advanced for the name "Warrior's Ridge," that bold, crenelated range which bisects the "Blue Juniata" below Petersburg. All of the reasons adduced are more or less true, for it was the home of a warrior race for generations; its whole formation suggests the camp; the famed "Pulpit Rocks" are like the battlements of some ancient fortress. But the Indian with whom the mountain range was most intimately connected in the early settler days was Iron Elk, or He-Ha-Ka-Maza, a Shawnee of matchless courage, rare audacity, and deepest cunning. It was he who announced one afternoon, while standing on the highest point of the ridge, that no white settlers or traders should dare penetrate further west; Warrior's Ridge would be the barrier between the two races.

For several years he managed to make good his threat, and many were the scalps he accumulated while so doing. His reputation for bravery becoming spread about by the savage gossips, it was not long before he was followed by a band of bloodthirsty young Indians, who emulated not only his deeds, but his very gestures

and tone of voice. He practiced his cruel acts so stealthfully, and in so many divergent localities along the barrier ridge that the crimes were not attributed to one band by the authorities at Philadelphia and Harris' Ferry. A trader could not be murdered one night near McConnellstown and a family butchered a few hours later at the head of Shaver's Creek by the same band; it was a physical impossibility, declared those in control. But nevertheless it was Iron Elk and his cohorts who committed each and every foul deed, running like wolves through the night along paths only known to themselves, which connected the entire range by a network of communication. Many a murder attributed to other bands of Indians was in reality the work of Iron Elk or his followers; history has slighted this notorious redskin as an arch-murderer. How long he would have continued his wicked course, or the awful total of scalps he might have collected, is a matter of conjecture, had not a strange thing happened to him.

Hardened wretch that he was, foe of the white race that he professed to be, he fell in love with a settler's daughter. This pioneer, whose name was Jasper Troxel, had migrated from the Blue Mountain country, from the banks of the Ontelaunee, to try his fortunes on a triangular plot of ground which lay between Muddy Run and Laurel Run, near their confluence, in what is now Huntingdon County. He was not afraid of Indians, and as proof of his courage had brought his wife and ten children—nine of them were

girls—as his companions in the wilderness. He was able to make his clearing, build his house and plant his first crop of buckwheat before he saw his first redskin—and that one came on a friendly errand, at least so he thought.

One evening in the first part of September, after a busy day's work, the pioneer sat with his family on the doorstep, resting and reflecting over the day's labors. Such was their feeling of security that the rifles and muskets were left inside of the house. It was a quiet evening, warm for that time of the year, and the sun lingered on the white trunks of the girdled yellow pines in the valley seemingly longer than usual. The thoughts of the entire family were far from Indians, consequently great was their surprise to see a tall redskin, attired in a scarlet cloak and a red cap, emerge from the forest on the eastern side of the tiny clearing. As if trying to prove the innocence of his intentions, he carried no gun, his long arms waved idly at his sides from under the vivid-hued cloak. He advanced toward the frontier family seated on their doorstep, a smile playing about his wide, thin-lipped mouth. Though the younger children had never beheld an Indian before, for some unaccountable reason they were not afraid, but open-eyed watched his approach.

Jasper Troxel could not understand the reason for the redman's visit, and would have been more amazed had he known that the stranger was none other than the murderous Iron Elk. Yet less than twelve hours before this same Indian had approached the little clear-

ing with murder in his heart. With primed rifle he had neared the edge of the farm intent on shooting down the hardy pioneer as he toiled in his field. But he had paused before making his desire a reality upon seeing the settler's eldest daughter, pretty little Carrie Troxel. The sight of this girl of eighteen had changed him in an instant from a would-be murderer to an ardent lover, determined to win by fair means rather than foul.

He had dismissed his henchmen, retired to his favorite cave for meditation, and then sallied forth in the late afternoon to make the acquaintance of the Troxel family after the manner of a gentleman. In order to explain his presence he said that he had several knives which needed sharpening, and that he understood there was a good grindstone at the farmhouse. He gave his name, He-Ha-Ka-Maza, which conveyed nothing to the settlers, whereas all would have shuddered had he announced himself as Iron Elk. He spoke Dutch like a native, and soon was able to ingratiate himself into the confidences of the family. Tall, lithe, with keen grey eyes that were larger than those of most Indians and possessed of a winning smile, there was nothing about him that suggested the marauder or murderer.

He sat with the family until dark, artfully managing to direct most of his conversation to the pretty daughter Carrie, who was self-possessed and much older in manner than many of her age. Then he left, after promising to return the next day with his knives. He

made such an excellent impression that the almost inevitable family council of war was not held after his departure; nothing sinister was suspected of him; he was declared to be a "friendly Indian," and an uncommonly attractive one.

The afternoon following, true to his promise, the strange Indian returned with his packet of knives. Carrie was so little afraid of him that he contrived to have her turn the grindstone, for in a family where there were so many girls, all were used to various kinds of work. And as he polished off the blades of his knives, knives that had reeked in human blood, he all the while smiled down at the pretty little pioneer girl with her big blue eyes, her fine aquiline nose, her plump face framed with wavy ash-brown hair, her graceful and winsome figure. Unconsciously the girl felt an attraction for the big savage, such as she had never known for any man before. In fact in her isolated life she had previously only known one man whom she cared to meet a second time. This man was Jimmy MacGiffert, a young Scotch-Irish boy with grey eyes and a shock of stiff red hair, who lived at the foot of the mountains east of McAlevy's Fort, and who occasionally visited the Troxel clearing. But he was a shy lad, had never made decided advances, or showed that he preferred her to her sisters; he was merely a passing admirer, she thought. But the Indian in fluent Pennsylvania Dutch complimented her, a thing that had never been done to her before, as in the stern life on the frontier no time was wasted in any household



on "soft speeches." She had heard herself called pretty for the first time in her life, and it sounded good to her empty soul. Intensely grateful was she to the Indian for making her feel that she was of some consequence, that apart from her ability to perform her share of the family tasks, some one cared for her. She liked the redman immensely by the time the last knife was sharpened. And with the sharpening of that last knife Iron Elk felt that he had ground away all traces of his sanguinary past. He might have murdered all the Troxels except Carrie, and carried her off into the forest; it would have been easy, yet somehow the sight of her had aroused emotions so different that he scarcely recognized his old self. After promising to return with some beaver and otter hides as payment for the favor accorded, the big Indian took his leave, regretted by all the family, who at supper unanimously resolved hereafter not to believe all the bad they heard of the savages.

The next evening at sundown Iron Elk was back again with a big pack of hides, which he threw down on the doorstep unconcernedly, and chatted with all the family until dark, when he took his departure. After that he visited the Troxel family every few days. He became on easy footing with them all, was allowed to talk freely with Carrie, and even to take little walks with her to the spring, which was in the forest just beyond the edge of the clearing.

On one occasion Jimmy MacGiffert stopped at the Troxel home for dinner. Shy as he was, he had al-

ways tried to talk with Carrie, but on this day she seemed more distant than ever. Before he left he tried to recall to her an incident when she had met him at the spring, one day the year before, and had punched the first syllable of his last name "Mac" with a sharp stick in a big paw-paw leaf, and had thrown it in the spring to float about like a little boat—the craft that bore his happiness. But she seemed to forget about this early act of sentiment and he went away heavy hearted. Yet after he was gone, her love nature awakened by Iron Elk, Carrie felt secretly elated that she possessed a second lover. She now knew that men cared for her, which made life well worth living.

Gradually the Indian lover became more personal in his conversation. He was unfolding the story of his love until he might come to the page which revealed his hope to have her all his own. One evening when she had accompanied him as far as the spring, where she was to get a bucket of water, the redman gently enfolded her in his arms, and with a voice choked with emotion told her the whole story in more or less coherent Shawnee and Dutch. Carrie leaned her frownselled tawny head against his capacious breast, affirming his love, yet fearful of the consequences. She was anxious to marry him, yet dreaded to break the news to her parents, who always regarded the Indian as a "family friend." As a possible son-in-law he might not be so acceptable. She was so slow in answering that Iron Elk divined her reticence.

"Come with me now, to-night, then there will be no explanations to make, no time lost."

In answer Carrie pressed her soft face close against his breast. In another instant they were wending their way together along the path which led in the direction of the eastern mountains.

When, half an hour later, Carrie's absence was commented upon, Jasper Troxel was equally decisive. Bringing forth his brace of bear dogs, he strapped them together, and holding them on leash, proceeded to follow them into the wilderness. His only son, a boy of ten years of age, bearing a torch of rich pine, followed the procession.

As he parted from his wife at the spring he muttered, "It was a foolish thing to let that Indian have the run of this place, but mark my word, I'll have Carrie back or Iron Elk's scalp on my belt by morning."

He presented a formidable appearance as, carrying his rifle in his left hand and with the dogs dragging him by the leash in the right, he disappeared into the gloom. All night long he followed the trail, sometimes seemingly coming very close to the runaways. At such times his hopes ran very high. In the morning he arrived at the Juniata—it was much swollen by the fall rains—near where the city of Lewistown now stands. There the dogs lost the scent at an old Indian landing. It was clear to the distracted father that the girl had boarded or been placed in a canoe, and taken away. There was nothing left but to turn homewards, a sadly disillusioned man.

While wandering along disconsolately whom should he meet but Carrie's silent admirer, Jimmy MacGiffert. Of course the heartsick pioneer unfolded his story to him. Did the girl go willingly or unwillingly? MacGiffert, his anger and jealousy aroused, was instantly sympathetic. Leaning his rifle against a tree, he announced that he was ready to hunt down the villainous Indian, and rescue the girl. As a hint for his speedy departure, Jasper Troxel told of how suddenly the girl had vanished.

"I am ready to go now," said MacGiffert, shouldering his rifle again. "I was starting for the East on a moose hunt, but I much prefer trailing a low-blooded redskin."

As the young man knew the ways and the haunts of the Indians, and was animated by malice and unrequited love, he was just the person to start on the man hunt.

"She will come back as my wife," said the youth with a grim smile. "I don't think you would object to me as son-in-law."

"Not in the least. You are just the man for her," replied Troxel. "I did not want the girl to marry for a year or two, until I got my plantation cleared, but since she seems determined to marry some one, she could not choose a better man than you."

Jasper Troxel had had many hard knocks in his day; he knew how to accept fate unflinchingly. He returned to his home without complaint and took up his daily tasks as if nothing had happened. His wife was

of the same heroic mould; she accepted matters without question. The children were too busy to discuss their sister's adventure.

After MacGiffert said good-bye to Troxel and his boy, he ruminated further a while before starting on his hunt. He figured out that if the Indian had taken the girl eastward in his canoe, he would probably continue the journey until they reached one of the Indian paths which led toward the Mahantango, Berries, Peter's or the Kittochtinny Mountains.

The young man went to the old landing at the mouth of Jack's Creek, where he found a fairly good canoe hidden in a tangle of red birches and willows. A few repairs made it seaworthy, and in it he started on his pilgrimage. He eagerly scanned the shores for Indians who might be induced to give him information, but not seeing any he continued his way until he reached the mouth of Crane's Run, near the present borough of Millerstown. There he debarked, as he knew that the Indian path to Broad Mountain led from there eastward through Pfoutz's Valley. But as he found no canoes beached or no Indians to question, he launched his boat again and held his course until he came to the mouth of the Juniata. At Duncan's and at Halde-man's islands he met several Indians, but they declared that no boats had come ashore there for several weeks.

Taking the chance that Iron Elk and his misguided companion had passed into the Susquehanna after nightfall, MacGiffert embarked once more, floating along until he reached the mouth of Stony Creek. At

that spot there was a considerable Indian encampment, a mixed lot of redskins, Shawnees, Conestogas, Pequots, as well as some half-breeds. The Indians had been drinking, and were in a communicative mood. The young pioneer asked them if a canoe containing an Indian and a white girl had been seen in that vicinity, and if so did they think that the girl was a captive or accompanied him willingly. The Indians laughed when questioned. Yes, they had seen such a pair, the Indian was none other than He-Ha-Ka-Maza or Iron Elk, the terrible slayer of white men. The white girl was fair, very pretty, and seemed happy to be with the hideous painted savage. The couple had hidden their canoe in the bushes, and started along the path which led up Stony Creek. Out in the Blue Mountains were ample fastnesses; it was an ideal country in which to elude pursuers.

MacGiffert on hearing this unpleasant information did not hesitate long about what to do next. Unaccompanied, he boldly struck out along the path taken by the elopers. But it was like hunting for a "shilling in a labyrinth"—the forests were vast, the mountains high, the gloom impenetrable, the paths half hidden and tortuous. Occasionally the young man met redskins who directed him to the haunts most favored by their race. But he never came across any in all the weary weeks and months he searched who had seen the Indian and his love. But MacGiffert did not come from a race of quitters; he would find the girl and kill Iron Elk if it took ten years.



Autumn blended into winter, and the snow blocked up the deep ravines and canyons of the Blue Mountains. Living as best he could by hunting and trapping, and stopping now and then with friendly Indians, or occupying his improvised hut in McGilligan's Rocks, the dreary winter passed, and at length spring intervened. But even with the advent of blue sky, warm breezes, pussy-willows, spice bushes, and Blue Mountain violets, the songs of birds, came no tidings of the lost Carrie Troxel. It was not until the bright, breezy month of June that the quest gave signs of ending.

One day at noon, weary and well nigh disheartened, MacGiffert was resting by the side of Windsor Brook, a beautiful rushing stream which flows fresh and turbulent, as cold as ice, from the very heart of the Pinnacle, with its thousand caves, and the highest peak of the Kittöchtinny range for many miles around. As he sat there watching the speckled trout jumping, the dancing of yellow butterflies, the leisurely flight of the "red hackles" and the "water crickets" skipping over the bubbling surface, he noticed a broad pawpaw leaf swirling along with the current. Instantly old memories were revived, and almost before he realized it, he was reaching out and grasping at it as it swept along. Seizing the dripping and icy leaf, he laid it in the palm of his hand. There he saw something which made him wild with surprise and emotion. Pricked on the flat surface of the leaf, as if with a sharpened stick was the word "Mac," Carrie Troxel's

old pet name for him. Quick as a flash he read a meaning from it. The girl, if not a captive, was unhappy and had launched the leaf on the chance that he might find it. Or she might have heard through some of his Indian friends that he was hunting for her. He knew that the stream extended up the gorge but a mile or two further—Carrie, whom he loved, was near him, and he would rescue her before the sun went down.

Priming his rifle, and adjusting his long knife, he began his march up the bank of the brook. It was a wild jungle of rhododendrons, fallen trees, vines and briars; it was hard to proceed quietly, but at length he came to a small opening near where the torrent gushed out from the vast mountain's mighty heart. In the far corner, in the dense shade lay the long lean form of the hated Iron Elk, fast asleep. MacGiffert's decision was instantly made. Raising his rifle butt foremost he charged the prostrate savage. Bringing down the heavy butt with a thud on the redman's skull, he sent him from dreamland into unconsciousness. Hastily looking around lest Carrie intercept him, he resolved to quickly finish his cruel design.

Dragging the senseless body, the arms and legs of which he securely tied, to the creekside, he leaped in the torrent, and using his ramrod as a crowbar he began digging a deep pit. Goaded to superhuman energy by hate and rage, he soon had the hole as deep as the height of a human body. Then he picked up the wobbling form of the Indian and

stood it up to its neck in the pit. Close around it he packed the stones and gravel, until the Indian was wedged solidly into the bed of the stream.

Then, perhaps it was the cool force of the water that facilitated it, the huge Indian recovered consciousness. Looking around him he beheld his foe; he realized his fate, and his helplessness, and he shrieked piteously for mercy.

But MacGiffert only laughed until his sides shook as he watched the horrid wretch's antics. The Indian's cries brought Carrie to the scene; she had been gathering berries in the woods, but she exhibited no compassion when she saw her whilom lover's fate. Running to where MacGiffert stood, she threw her arms about his waist.

"Oh, I am so happy to see you," she cried, "I knew that the paw-paw leaf would reach you and bring you to me. I felt that you were looking for me. I went away with the Indian willingly, but he was so mean and so cruel that I would have wished myself dead had I not always cherished the thought of meeting you again."

The Indian meanwhile kept yelling until his voice cracked, his facial struggles being terrible to behold, but he was trapped in the bed of the brook, to remain there until death released his wicked spirit. Calmly the couple turned their backs on the captive and commenced a journey which would bring them back to the Juniata country, there to marry and "live happy ever afterwards."

And to this day, near where the Windsor Brook bursts from the heart of the lofty Pinnacle, Iron Elk's body still stands deep imbedded in the torrent's bed. Moss, green, shaggy moss, has taken the place of the raven locks, green, slimy mould covers the forehead and the eyes, but the skull is still intact, the once proud face, mingled with the pebbles and ooze, is easily discernible. And there he must rest, paying the eternal penalty for his selfish passion, while far away in the Juniata country the descendants of Carrie Troxel and Jim MacGiffert are happy and prosperous, typifying the old saying that "All's well that ends well."

## XVII.

## WARRIOR'S MARK.

## A LOVE STORY FROM INDIAN DAYS.

LIKE Warrior's Ridge, the name "Warrior's Mark" has had many meanings ascribed to it. Geographically speaking, it is a flat piece of table land, well drained and fruitful, an ideal gathering place for savages in the olden days. The historian, Jones, states that the name originated from the fact of certain oak trees in the vicinity having crescents or half moons cut upon them with hatchets, so deep that traces remained until recent years. The significance of them was known to the Indians alone; but it is evident that they were of importance, for, during the Revolutionary War, every time a band of Indians came into the valley, one or more fresh "warrior marks" were put upon the trees. The Indian path leading from Kittanning, through the valley of the Karoondinha, to the Susquehanna ran across this table land, and up to the breaking out of the Revolution a good-sized Indian village occupied the site.

Captain Logan, that noted redman for whom Logan Run in Huntingdon County and Logan Valley in Blair County are named, and one of the last Indians to leave the Juniata Valley, when asked concerning

the true meaning of the "warrior marks" evaded the general question, but stated that he knew of some marks made by an Indian lover at the time of the great war between the Susquehannocks and Lenni Lenape about 1635, which led to serious troubles, at least for that particular redskin.

It appeared that for several years before the unsuccessful invasion of the Spruce Creek Valley by the Lenni Lenape, a well-defined system of scouting and spying was carried on by the Indians living north of the Tussey Mountains. The invasion was looked for during several years before it actually took place, consequently the Susquehannocks were enabled to understand the exact strength of their foes and crush them at the Battle of the Indian Steps near the famous Rock Springs not far from the present village of Baileyville, in Centre County. This battle, the greatest in the history of the Indians of Pennsylvania, left the various tribes in the position they were found by William Penn.

Captain Logan could describe the battle to the smallest detail, and it is a pity that he did not fall in with some historian during his lifetime, who could have transferred it to manuscript form. As it is, after passing orally through several generations, it has lost much of its directness and historical accuracy. But it is perpetuated in stirring verse by Central Pennsylvania's bard, John H. Chatham.

Among the spies employed by the Northern Indians was a certain young brave named Keneshaw. He



came from that picturesque region now known as Brush Valley, not far from Penn's Cave. He was a handsome, vigorous fellow, keen and alert, and his reports on the status of the presumed foemen was much prized even by the mighty war-lord of the Susquehannocks, Pipsisseway. He was said to be so cunning that no one in the hostile territory was aware of his repeated visits, which was considered remarkable, even in a forested country.

But he had his vulnerable point, for he was only human, and like most men it was his heart that led him to indiscretion. For one morning in crossing the table land of the warrior's marks he saw a beautiful Indian maiden. It was a bright day in February, the month of flying clouds, and he was homeward bound after securing some particularly valuable information as to the fighting strength of the Lenni Lenape. The air was invigorating, yet in the windwalls where the sun shone down there was a comforting warmth to the atmosphere. Keneshaw was feeling keenly alive and happy, the ideal mood in which to be when overtaken by the god of love. His alert senses told him that some one was coming toward him on the path, so he adroitly stepped behind a giant beech to wait until the danger passed. To his surprise it was not a proud young brave, or a suspicious old chief, but a very beautiful young maid.

Overcome by an impulse he could not resist, the hardened spy and wily diplomat stepped out from behind the tree and confronted the girl in the path. He

had a winning smile, and he knew the Indian world and its ways, for it was a world strangely like ours, and the result produced was the same.

Alletah, the Lenni Lenape maid, smiled in return and felt no fear. The handsome couple became speedily well acquainted, so much so that the scout was not afraid to tell the girl all about himself. Between lovers there is always self-revelation, even when the confession is perilous.

But Alletah, her affections struck into flame by the suddenness of the meeting, was to be trusted, besides she had no personal grudge against the redmen of the north. But she frankly admitted the danger of ever being seen with this strange youth. It would mean death at the stake for her and an even more terrible end for Keneshaw if he was caught. And as their great love had been born under the spreading branches of the giant beech, its dry leaves palpitating in the February breeze, they would meet there, and there alone. It was a secluded spot, and could be approached by night, and gradually their plans for the future could be worked out under it.

The plan would be that when Keneshaw came into that region on his next spying trip he would carve a half moon very close to the roots of the tree, and Alletah when she found it would steal from her parents' lodge house at midnight and meet her lover at the sacred spot. She would manage to pass the tree every day, but if she should happen to miss it by bad weather or absence with her parents on hunting or fish-

ing trips, Keneshaw would await her at the tree for several consecutive nights, until she appeared. Then, when they parted, they would carve away the half moon, so there could be no errors until the next time. The horned moon or Astarte was an Indian symbol of love or passion, therefore the most appropriate of warrior's marks!

When they parted Keneshaw threw his great arms about the beautiful Alletah and held her face so that he could look down into it, and carry away a lasting image, a likeness burned into his heart of hearts. And Alletah was a very beautiful maiden. She was not very tall, but was of plump and shapely build, and with, oh, such an exquisite face. By far the best feature of all was the eyes, the color of fairy stones, a peculiar changeable hue. By the campfire's ruddy glow they shone blue, but by daylight, under the flying clouds of February, they were brown, with lights of red and agate. By night her hair was golden, yet by day it seemed black, as befitting one of her race. But the waxy pallor of her face, the parchment pink of her thin lips was always the same. Her nose long and straight showed her descent from a line of warriors who were not afraid of death.

After many embraces, coupled with vows and protestations, Keneshaw turned from his new-found love and hurried on his way. He longed to look back, but it meant disaster to every Indian who refused to accept "good-bye"—God be with you until we meet again—as final. But the impression made was a deep one,

especially as Keneshaw had never been in love before. Much as he adored his work as scout, he loved the fair Alletah more. And he managed to revisit the valleys about Warrior's Run more frequently than other parts of the territory of the Southern Indians, so that he could be near to where she resided. But the meeting of the lovers was always at the same place, under the giant beech on the table land. From February until September the romance continued unabated every moon. The last time that the pair were together they were particularly happy in each other's company. A definite hope for a speedy union was at hand.

The Lenni Lenape had decided to cross the Indian Steps and invade the country of the Susquehannocks, and in the confusion of a bloody war, Alletah would slip across the mountains and become the wife of her warrior lover. Then he would establish her in some secluded valley in the north until peace was restored and her family would forget that she ever lived. As this might sound heartless to modern readers, it would be well to state that there were no reconciliations among the Lenni Lenape, a daughter who married a foe was dead to them for all time.

It was a beautiful cloudless afternoon when the lovers parted. There was already a lavender tint to the leaves of the ancient beech. Among the dry grass a few belated stalks of boneset, ironweed and Joe Pye weed bloomed triumphantly. The tops of the golden rods were grey, faded blonde beauties. The blue birds twittered as they flew about in companies, pre-



THE DISTANT RIDGE





paring for their migration. As Nature is loveliest at time of change, so it is said, seems a woman more beautiful at parting. Keneshaw was loath to go, and he clasped and unclasped his arms about the fair Alletah, as if filled with some presentiment that it would be for the last time. Why is it that cruel fate is made easier for us by such portends, and happier are those who are sensible enough to heed them. Yet his last words to Alletah were that he would be back the next moon. He did not look back as he hurried away.

When he reached the headquarters of his king on the banks of the West Branch of the Susquehanna, at the royal village of Tschimingy, he was made acquainted with a strange looking being, a pale-faced man, a native of France called Stephen Brule, who had in 1615 been the first white man to visit Pennsylvania. At that time he had come to induce the Susquehannocks to join the Hurons of Canada in making war on the Five Nations, which then occupied the "lake region" in central New York State. On this later occasion he had come on a friendly visit, but the mighty Pipsisseway had arranged that his favorite scout Keneshaw, upon his return from the South, should act as his escort through Northern Pennsylvania and New York, and see him safely into friendly territory in Canada. For no Indian living knew the forest paths like Keneshaw, and he was only a young man, so it must be inferred that the secrets of the forests were his special talent, his born aptitude.

It would be a long journey, however, and his smile

left his lips, when the orders were given to him. Many moons must pass before he would again cross the Tussey Mountains to his love. But he loved his king, and it was a signal honor to be selected as guide to the white-faced stranger. Stephen Brule was popular with the Susquehannocks. He was a man of genial nature and prepossessing appearance. He is described as being of medium height, with reddish brown hair, a full beard, large blue eyes, and an aquiline nose; he was the true type of the adventurer or argonaut.

The next morning saw Keneshaw and Brule embarking on the West Branch in a canoe to begin their journey to the north by way of the North Fork of Sinnemahoning. A large assemblage was on the shores to wave "good-bye." Pipsisseway himself helped to launch the canoe in the sparkling waters. There were many who envied Keneshaw, and he wished they could read his heart and be satisfied with their lot.

As soon as the boat was out of sight up the river the king decreed the appointment of a new scout to temporarily visit the southern valleys. Some of the old warriors advised a young brave named Ko-She-Se-Glo, and he was accordingly selected for the post. Two months elapsed before he reached the vicinity of the giant beech tree. All this time Alletah had been on the alert watching for her lover's return, consequently she was quick to intercept the stranger wearing the headgear of the Susquehannocks, whom she noticed one morning leaning against the old tree.

Ko-She-Se-Glo was not handsome. He was the possessor of evil thoughts, which, according to the Indians, accounted for his ugliness. But he admired the opposite sex with all the ardor of an Adonis. Alletah approached him boldly, and asked him if he was acquainted with Keneshaw, a member of the same tribe. The new scout looked at the fair girl closely with his beady little black eyes, and thought that he understood the situation. He divined that the girl loved his predecessor, and would not favor any other Indian unless she felt that her lover had abandoned her. To have a love affair *sub rosa* with such a beautiful girl while attending to his official duties in the neighborhood was worth a lie at least. So when she asked him again about Keneshaw, he burst out into a coarse laugh.

"Keneshaw," he bellowed, "you know Keneshaw? Why he must have had a girl in every valley. But now he's married to a lovely wife, and will never come into these parts again."

Alletah's pale face flushed, and she bit her parchment-like lips to redness. It was hard to believe that she had been deceived, made a cat's-paw of, but it must be *true* since her lover had ceased coming. She questioned the stranger further on the subject. Keneshaw had been married some months, he said, but the bride had only lately heard of his love affairs when he was on his various trips and had induced him to take a post nearer home.

Deceived, deserted, loved by a married man, these

were terrible things for Alletah to hear. Her savage blood turned her love to hate. She resolved then and there to have revenge somehow, yet she did not encourage the stranger, as she knew him to be an Indian with evil thoughts. She parted from the visitor civilly, thanking him for his information, but after that she managed never to meet him again. All through the long winter she pined in her parents' lodge house. She could not eat, her sleep was broken by frightful dreams, she became as thin as a copperhead, as irritable as a lynx.

One day in April when the sun was shining with rare warmth through the bare trees she went for a stroll on the tableland. She felt so ill that she was seriously considering throwing herself over a precipice and ending it all; her walk would lead her in the direction of the gorge of Warrior's Run. As she passed the aged beech tree, which had been the scene of so many happy hours, she instinctively glanced at the huge smooth roots. To her amazement she saw a freshly cut half moon on one of them. Her heart began to beat against her breast so fast that she feared that the thumping would throw her to the ground. Her face flushed, her head became dizzy. She would meet Keneshaw that night as if nothing had happened, but alas that fair mood was fleeting. In another instant pride mastered her soul; revenge must be hers.

Turning on her heel, she quickly made for her father's lodge house. Going up to the old warrior, who was sitting on a red bear's hide, smoking and

nodding in the sun, she fell on her knees, and tearfully announced that she had a confession to make. Her health had been poor because her conscience troubled her for her misdeeds. She had met and loved a spy from the Susquehannocks, had given him much information concerning her people. She repented of this wickedness, she gave herself up to die at the stake. At midnight coming the scout could be caught at a certain giant beech tree on the table land.

The old father, loving his tribe first, his family relations afterward, shed no tears on hearing this awful recital of perfidy. When she finished he reached for a war club which lay nearby and smote her over the forehead, knocking her senseless. There he left her while he strode along the village street to the abode of his chief. He quickly told him of the awful news.

The chief was, of course, indignant. He sent his bodyguard to bring Alletah to his presence. When she recovered consciousness she admitted the truth, and then she was ordered bound and gagged and the guards threw her like a sack of meal into an abandoned cabin. At midnight Keneshaw was surrounded at the trysting place, overpowered, gagged and carried into the presence of the chief who decreed that the spy and his traitor sweetheart should die together at the stake at daybreak. A huge pyre was built in the open space in front of the chieftain's castle. In the center of it a hard oak pole or stake was imbedded in the earth.

Just as the first red glare of the new day appeared above the Warrior's Ridge, the two renegade lovers

were strapped back to back to the stake. Before the torch was applied by the chief the gags were removed, and he demanded of the victims if they had anything to say. Alletah, paler and more beautiful than ever, was the first to speak.

With a clear and composed voice she said, "My king, I do not claim any honor for my repentance and confession. I did it because I learned that my fellow-sufferer, who was once my lover, is married and had been deceiving me. Revenge prompted me to confess. I die a disgrace to my family and my tribe."

A great silence fell over the crowd at these words, which became more intense when Keneshaw began to speak.

"Great king," he said, "I am guilty of spying and have no excuses to make, but I swear I am not married. It is a false accusation. I die full of love for the fair girl who, tied to my back, will share my fate."

At these words, Alletah uttered a piercing scream, and her head fell down on her breast. She had swooned away.

But the details of the lovers' private lives mattered nothing to the angry multitude. As spies and traitors they must die, and they demanded that the torch be applied forthwith. The king first cut out Keneshaw's tongue with his scalping knife, and then applied the torch to the fagots. The cruel flames leaped up about the helpless victims. Keneshaw met his death in full consciousness, but Alletah never recovered her senses, therefore her end must have been a painless one. But



both had given up their lives through a misunderstanding, through another's foul envy and jealousy. The searching flames soon swept everything bare, and then the crowd dispersed, feeling that they had witnessed the extinction of two human fiends.

Out in the Tussey Mountains, near the crystal spring, where Globe Run heads, where the old folks say the Indians used to camp, is a circular spot of ground where no grass or trees will grow. Barren in a plenteous land, it strikes terror to even an unfeeling heart. And that desert spot, the old folks say, is where Keneshaw and Alletah were burned at the stake nearly three hundred years ago. Perhaps fate leaves that spot desolate as a warning to other lovers, perhaps so that their memories may linger yet a while, a sort of Indian Abelard and Heloise. But as to the details the reader will have to supply himself, for the only person who could furnish the missing links was Captain Logan, who now sleeps at the mouth of Chickaclamoose.

## XVIII.

## WILD DUCKS.

## A REMINISCENCE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

OLD LAPPOWINZO, the chief of the Lenni Lenape, after his disastrous business dealings with the whites in Northampton County in 1737, was naturally anxious to withdraw to a more secluded locality, and first wended his way to a wooded island on the Susquehanna, a few miles below the present town of Selin's Grove. There he felt he would not receive the reproaches of his tribesmen, who regarded his complaisance to the notorious "walking purchase" as either the act of a madman or a criminal. By it he had agreed to cede to the white men lands extending from Neshaminy Creek "as far as a man could walk in a day and a half."

When the survey was made a road was built inland, and a trained runner did the rest. But as the chief stuck to his words, it is no wonder that James Logan, of the Proprietary Government, spoke of him as "an honest old Indian."

On the cozy isle in the "big river" he hoped to have peace, and as if to typify his rank, he built his cabin beneath a giant white oak, on the dead crest of which swung a bald eagle's nest. Many generations of eagles

occupied this imposing eyrie before Lappowinzo's coming and after him; in fact, the last of these eagles was shot by a Selin's Grove resident less than a dozen years ago. It had lost its mate in 1867. Shortly after that Lappowinzo's oak shared the ignominious fate of so many other historic trees, and was cut down for firewood.

But the Indians at Shamokin (now Sunbury) and at Toganogan's Town, near McKee's Half Falls, heard of the presence of the old recluse, and came to see him in their canoes and taunted him until life became unbearable. Though he loved the blowy little island where the eagles circled above him when the sky was grey and stormy and the waters high, he could not stand ridicule. So one dark night, accompanied by a faithful nephew, he started up stream in a canoe. They proceeded along the West Branch to the Bald Eagle, thence up Spring Creek to the site of the town of Bellefonte. After spending a few weeks with old Chief O-Ko-Cho, at the Mammoth Spring, a trip inland was made, with the result that a pretty site for a permanent abode at the foot of Nittany Mountain was selected. There Lappowinzo seemed content with all the world. It was a veritable hunter's paradise, teeming with bison, elk, deer and several kinds of bears. The climate was mild, the sharp winds so noticeable on the Susquehanna being tempered by the giant mountain which rose precipitously at the rear of his modest shanty. The scenery was the finest he had ever looked at. He never hoped for more in the world to come.

But in this sylvan elysium he was not to be left undisturbed. The Indians from the Seven Mountains soon came trooping over to see the chief who had sold his people's birthright for the white man's glittering speech. They ridiculed the aged warrior in every conceivable way, they were killing him by inches. So again, on a dark night, accompanied by his faithful nephew, he started away, this time for the beautiful valley of the Juniata. There he felt he would be at peace and could spend the balance of his allotted time on earth free from abuse and contumely. He selected a quiet nook, under a spreading buttonwood tree, on what is now the Jenkins' farm, near the present town of Newton Hamilton. For a time he was very happy there. He was left alone for at least a year, which was the calmest year he knew after his pitiful blunder in the East. He passed his time carving out very sharp hickory darts or arrows, which he used with unerring aim at the wild ducks which were present at all times of the year in the lovely river. He often invited settlers or adventurers to stop at his cabin while he "harpooned" them a string of ducks. Without moving from his favorite seat, a wooden bench nailed to some projecting roots of the tree, he would bring down a score of birds in as many minutes. If they fell in the river he would wade or swim after them, if the weather was mild, but in the fall or spring he would quickly launch his paper-birch canoe and retrieve them.

But in the course of time the Juniata Indians learned his identity, and they ceased to take him seriously.

They taunted and abused him, they maligned him to the white visitors. There seemed no peace on earth for the grand old chief. Like the Wandering Jew, he must ever be on the move. Sometimes he tried to reason with his tormentors. Every one made mistakes, he said. He had, previous to agreeing to the walking purchase, heard no ill of the Proprietary Government, he thought he was dealing with men of honor, like himself. If trickery had been practiced the onus fell on the whites, not himself. He asked to be let alone in his old days. If he had made a blunder he was sorry; he would not wittingly have sacrificed his people's territory. But the savages, angered by many wrongs at the white men's hands, were anxious to have a scapegoat, and this old defenseless chief suited the purpose admirably. There was nothing left to do but to move again.

Stronger than the desire to be left alone was the love of home, of old scenes, old memories. If he must be abused, why not at home instead of in a strange locality. Sorrowfully he confided to his nephew that he would like to return to his old headquarters in Northampton County. It was galling to pride to go back there, but it was home. The young man tried to dissuade the aged warrior, but it was useless. Back he would go to the old torments. He could endure them best amid scenes he loved, and from people whom he understood.

Lappowinzo was philosopher enough to know that there is actual retribution for every misstep made,

whether intentional or unintentional—all must pay the price. There is no escaping from it; it is a scales which never fails to balance, that no one can cheat who lives. And worst of all, bad judgment is as heavily penalized as bad intentions—to err is to suffer.

On one of his last evenings under the old sycamore Lappowinzo went over all this with a young English surveyor, who listened attentively to the chieftain's tale of sorrow. After he had unburdened himself, he seemed to feel much better. The wrinkles in the old face smoothed out, a new fire came into the amber-colored eyes. It was as if he had temporarily emerged from torment into a land of peace. He began to smile and chuckle to himself. Then he started to tell of his hunting exploits in his youth, when the Wind Gap was the favorite path of the black moose, or original, on their migrations between New York and Pennsylvania. In the fall he would lay in wait for these sylvan kings, slaying as many as six in a day, each one pierced through the heart by his unswerving arrows. Some of the mammoth bulls weighed a ton, and fed the entire encampment for a week, as no part was wasted, not like the white hunters who after reserving a choice saddle always left the rest to rot or feed the wolves. Then he told of battles with fierce panthers at their favorite haunt, the headwaters of the Lehigh, how he had climbed to their ledges, resolving to dislodge them or die, and had invariably sent the cougar families sprawling into the valleys below. He told of battles with other tribes of Indians, of massacres and scalping



bees, of how his warriors would lay down their lives for him in the old days. Then his soul, mellowed by the flood of memories and a sympathetic audience, he turned to the supernatural, to legendary lore, to that strange realm between the known and the unknown where every Indian is at his best.

Seeing a flock of wild ducks—Mallards—fly above the river, he carelessly picked up his bow and arrow, which had been lying at his feet, and brought down the leader, a fine drake, with the dart clear through his heart. It fell near the surveyor's feet, and he expressed the greatest admiration for the old chief's matchless skill. Lappowinzo smiled and related how he had once impaled three ducks in the air with a single arrow. It was a feat never equaled before or since to his knowledge. The gun he said was a fine weapon, but it was only for lazy men, a real lover of sport would scorn it and hold to his bow and darts. Any man, he claimed, could learn to use a gun, it required only average sight and intelligence. The bow and arrow belonged to picked men, the elect of the hunter's fraternity. It was a sign of the Indians' decadence when they abandoned their old weapon for the new.

Just then a kingfisher or Halcyon darted across the river, rattling loudly as only a kingfisher can. The old Indian said that he would shoot it on the wing through the eye. In seeming leisurely fashion he extricated his dart from the duck's heart, took aim, and before the Halcyon had time to alight on the dead black birch on the opposite bank to which it was head-

ing, it fell, pierced through the eye. It was a difficult shot, as the bird was flying directly across the water, with its back to the archer.

Seeing another Mallard flying near the tree, he declared that he would impale it to the trunk, but not having another arrow handy that remarkable feat was left undone. The old chief smiled again, remarking that as long as he could not show his guest an impaled Mallard, he would tell him the old legend of how and why the first wild ducks were created on the Juniata. The wild duck was not old in creation, was one of the last living things brought into existence, and curiously enough one of the most useful of all forms of life. The afternoon was becoming chilly, so the old Indian threw some more wood on the fire, sending up a warm, cheery blaze. Settling himself back on his bench, and seemingly gazing up at the topmost branches of the old tree, he began his story.

It seemed that in the old days, when the world was new and the Indians enjoyed the full confidence of their Maker, the Gitchie-Manitto was in the habit of visiting the earth for the purpose of noting the progress of his people, and of ascertaining their wants. Those were happy days, before humanity, gloating with fancied security and power sought to cast aside the Supreme Mind which was first cause of all. In those early days the sun always shone on this beautiful world. It was only when mankind went astray that the clouds and storms typified the grief of the Gitchie-Manitto. Of all the regions created, the valley of the

Juniata was accounted the loveliest. It was therefore the favored spot of the Gitchie-Manitto when visiting the earth. The residents of the valley were the chosen people, as coming into closest contact with the beneficent influence of their Maker. They were a happy race, these early dwellers along the Juniata; they wanted for nothing, yet their wants were few. The beautiful river, with its pure limpid water, was their delight, rippling and dancing in the sunlight by their doors, reflecting the rays of the setting sun at evening, the rays of moon and stars by night. It never looked twice alike; it was called the Happy River, as it was never roily or angry; winds and rains affected it little. In the winter when it froze over, it resembled a wondrous sheet of rock crystal, or a beautiful maiden asleep. The most elegant and shapely trees grew by its banks, stately elms, willows, and birches, hemlocks with branches that kissed the waves, tall dark pines, like silent guardians, massive oaks that harbored the singing birds. All the wildflowers grew by its shores, starting in the early spring with modest white blossoms, windflowers, then a little later would come clusters of pink, swamp pink, then red, cardinal flower, then blue, pickerel weed, then purple, iron weed, and lastly in late September the banks would be lined by the rich clusters of the swamp sunflowers. The glory of the spring was only exceeded by the rich tints of autumn, the scarlets of the oaks, the vermilion of the tupelos, the lavender of the beeches, the yellow of the birches, the brown of the elms, the grey of willows.

It was all so exquisitely hued that the souls of the simple dwellers along the lovely river were uplifted and made to feel the completeness of Nature's religion when it is worshipped voluntarily every day. There seemed to be nothing lacking in this rare bower, creation had said its last word. But as in art, there is no end to creation; it is an endless reaching out, and endless beautifying of the beautiful. Art and Nature never tire as they can never accept a fixed standard, all is change, advance, joy. Death, unending and still is what all recoil from, as against the eternal progression of Nature with its endless chain of possibilities.

When the Gitchie-Manitto visited the Juniata Valley on one occasion, he paused to enjoy the transparent beauty of the ever-flowing water. The river flowed over a gravelly bed, filled with smooth pebbles of every color, which added greatly to the translucency. Among the pebbles were mussels, oysters and clams here and there eddying about with the current, in other places half buried in the shining gravel. Their shells were not as bright and attractive looking as many of the shells of the sea; they could hardly be said to add to the beauty of the marine picture. Somehow or other these shells should be improved upon for the pleasure of the good people who would look upon them every day. The fish which swam hither and thither were all beautifully colored, some reflected on their scales a golden hue, others silver, others were mottled with every color of the rainbow. These shells should at

least be as beautiful as the fish. Then the river bottom would resemble a bed of jewels.

Just at that minute a beautiful bird, a golden robin, the sun shining on his many colors, flew over the river, reflecting a glorious image on the calm flowing water. Instantly the ideas of the Gitchie-Manitto changed, the shells should no longer languish half buried among the pebbles of the river's bed, they too should be birds, birds of water as well as air, that could swim as well as fly, that could live under the water as well as on it and above it. They would add to the harmonies of lake, pool or stream, could furnish sustenance as well to human beings in need of food. They would be of bright colors, reflecting the sun's rays, adding beauty and light to the world. But some shells should remain, they were useful, but not so plentiful as they once had been.

And as the Gitchie-Manitto brooded over the beautiful and limpid Juniata every shell in the pebbly bed seemed to be motile and expanding. Little patches of froth and bubbles seemed to obscure them from view. They presented the same appearance as water birds working at the bottom of a stream in search for food. This continued for some minutes; it was a pretty scene, these masses of foam rising in every direction as far as the eye could follow the river. What would it lead to, none but the Gitchie-Manitto himself could know.

Suddenly there was a still greater commotion, a mighty splash was heard, it was as if the bottom of

the river was suddenly shooting upward; there was a merry sound, a *squawking*, *quacking* sound, as thousands of *wings* appeared at the water's surface, then gaily colored heads and backs; they emerged everywhere, a vast flock of *wild ducks*. What a noise they made as for a moment they floated on the river before trying their powers in the still freer world of the air.

The water was now perfectly calm again, and on it swam as many ducks as there had been mussels and clams and oysters in it but a short time before. Then came another flapping of wings, and the conquest of the air began—and straight upward they flew in their happiness as if to pierce the very blue dome above and never come back again. But after forming a cloud which almost darkened the sun, they descended again and floated serenely on the beautiful river. Then one of their number, as if impelled by the old instinct, dived to the bottom of the stream, and all the others followed. For a moment only the tails were apparent on the surface, looking very like little hilly islets, then they disappeared altogether, perhaps they had resumed their old-time form as mussel shells, and it had been just a temporary mirage or illusion. But soon came the splashing, the reappearance of myriads of wings, then brightly colored heads and backs, and soon again the river swam full of the wild ducks.

The next move of the merry company was to explore the reedy banks, to seek out, under overhanging trees and roots, dark hiding places or nests. There was a scurrying in all directions until it seemed as if the



flocks had completely vanished again. But after awhile all were satisfied and they floated out into view again.

Needless to say, the Gitchie-Manitto was pleased with his work. He had made life and happiness and beauty, all for the benefit of his world, his world of the Juniata. After he had watched the duck colony until the rays of the setting sun shot out from between the tall pines on the summits of Jack's Mountain, he wafted himself away to other regions and other works.

When a new day dawned the people who lived by the Juniata saw the beautiful water fowl, and marveled at the absence of the mussels from the river bed; some wiser than the rest figured out what had happened, they had been blessed again. And those early Indians always loved the wild ducks. They never killed them wantonly, as the later red men did after coming in contact with the rapacious whites. When doubts as to the meaning of things filled their minds, and their hearts were sad, all they had to do was to recall the genesis of the ducks to feel that the Gitchie-Manitto was not really so very far away. Though they had often sorely tried him, and departed far from his plans and hopes, they felt he would forgive them, and make them over as he had done with the dull, formless mussel shells. The wild duck was an emblem of hope, of better things, of a brighter day to come.

And when old Lappowinzo had finished his narrative there were tears in the eyes of the young English surveyor. He resolved if in the future he had a fam-

ily to recount the story to them, the story with its message of trust and cheer, and also as proof of the innate gentleness of the old Indian chief, who driven from post to pillar, was typical of a changing order of things.

## XIX.

## A STORY OF BLACK JACK.

## THE NARRATIVE OF A BURIED TREASURE.

THE recent discovery of a box of gold money, mostly Spanish pieces, which had been buried on an island in the Susquehanna near Selin's Grove, recalls the ancient tradition of the cause of Black Jack's coming to the wilds of Central Pennsylvania. This remarkable character, called variously "The Black Rifle," "The Black Hunter" and "The Wild Hunter of the Juniata," whose name will endure as long as Jack's Mountains stand, was none other than plain Jacob Schwartz, of Front Street, Philadelphia. The son of a Spanish sailor and a German lodging house keeper's daughter, he seemed hardly destined for the bold life of a borderer. But the story of the buried treasure sent him to the frontier, where he fell in love and married, and for self-protection alone became a relentless foe of the redmen. His swarthy complexion gave rise to many conjectures. Some declared that he was a halfbreed Indian, but his hatred of the red race does not bear this out. Several historians have hinted at Negro blood being the cause of his darkness, but there was nothing Negroid in his features or manner, and his descendants, who are among the most re-

spected persons in the State, are the best refutation.

The one great disappointment of his life was when General Braddock refused his services in 1755, and he proclaimed to the end of his days he would have saved the general's life and prevented the awful massacre, if he could have acted as scout of the party. It is said that because of his dark complexion and heavy black hair, Braddock suspected that he possessed Jewish blood. These were the "unsurmountable reasons" why he would not make a desirable "brother officer." But that is only another evidence of the ex-Cold Streamer's shallowness. A closer scrutiny of the "Wild Hunter's" face would have revealed little affinity with the Semitic race. His eyes were grey, and his mouth, at that time unconcealed by the beard which he later wore, was small and tight-lipped. There was no undue prominence to the cheek bones, the nostrils of his high nose were those of a European rather than of an Oriental.

When Black Jack's services were rejected, his band of frontiersmen were also told that "they were not wanted." The rest of the party accepted their fate good-naturedly, but the Wild Hunter, suspecting the true reason, never forgave or forgot. After Tom Fausett's confession that he was the slayer of General Braddock there can be no truth to the intimation spread by some of Black Jack's ignoble foes that he was concerned in the cowardly deed. Though he suffered much from the trickery and cruelty of the red men, and on several occasions from the treachery of the whites,

Black Jack's life was at all times chivalrous and valorous. As one of the most picturesque figures in the history of the Juniata Valley, he deserves more attention paid to his memory, and were it not for the historian Jones, who wrote him down correctly, he might still be confused with the Indian trader, "Jack" Armstrong, who was murdered in the Narrows in 1744.

But to go back to the Wild Hunter's beginnings, his father whose visits to Philadelphia were infrequent at best, finally ceased to come at all, his last appearance being when the son was only four years of age. Whether he was lost at sea, captured by pirates, or followed the traditional sailor's prerogative of finding a girl in another port is uncertain, at any rate he was no longer a part of Black Jack's history. The mother, later marrying a man of her own race called Schwartz, gave the little boy his stepfather's name, and there was nobody to object. But during his visits, the Spanish sailor had frequently told his wife of an adventure he had taken part in several years antedating his first meeting with her.

Some one in authority at Madrid had devised a scheme to map out an inland waterway between the Atlantic seaboard and New Spain. The route was to be up the Susquehanna, thence through the Great Lakes, or by some utopian canal to the Spanish possessions in the West. As the ownership of the vast central territory was not fully decided in 1709, much less Pennsylvania west of Chester County, the ultimate in-

tentions of Spain can be judged according to one's point of view. Probably disguised as harmless traders the party, which was elaborately outfitted, sailed up the Susquehanna to a point near the present town of Duncannon, where they transferred their equipment into bateaux and canoes. With Indian guides they started up the river, everything running smoothly until they camped for a night on a tiny island a dozen miles below the Shawnee metropolis of Shamokin. Though the guides were all Shawnees, and the intentions of the Spaniards of the most friendly nature, a night attack, headed by the chief from Shamokin, was sprung on the innocent campers. All the Spaniards and their Indian guides were killed or left for dead. The canoe, which contained a chest of gold coins, supposedly to be given to some high officials in the Southwest, had been hidden in a dense willow thicket. It was overlooked by the marauders, who carried away all else, even stripping the corpses of their clothing. The father of Black Jack, his name has been lost in the maelstrom of history, was scalped and thrown on a pile with the other victims. He suffered unspeakable agonies until lapsing into merciful unconsciousness. When he recovered his senses, he was shivering with the cold, a fit subject for river fever or ague, but there was nothing to wear, so he had to accustom himself to conditions. Dragging himself to the water's edge, he drank copiously, which rather steadied his nervous system. Then he thought of the hidden canoe with its chest of gold. Limping to the



spot, he was surprised to find it untouched. And he was made happy by the sight of a small red blanket, enough to make a cloak, resting under the oaken chest. He quickly threw it around him, and pushed the canoe into the current. A paddle was in the boat, so he felt that he could soon steer himself out of the hostile country.

He had not gone far, however, when the canoe sprung a leak and water began gushing in. He was able to make shore on another island, where he worked for the balance of the day repairing the craft. But it had been weakened by the heavy weight of the chest, as well as of several brawny red men, and was unfit for a long journey. But the thought of abandoning the treasure, such as few men could earn in a lifetime was abhorrent to him. He pushed off a second time, but was barely able to beach on another islet, to avoid being completely swamped. There was a choice of two things, either to remain on the island and build a new boat, or to temporarily abandon the treasure. He could not build a new boat, as he had not even a pocket-knife. Indians were moving all over the river in canoes, sooner or later he would be caught and murdered if he tarried. There was nothing left to do but to abandon the chest. The canoe would carry his weigh, he felt certain of that. He broke off the top of the chest with a heavy stone, and took several handfuls of gold pieces. Then he replaced the lid, and buried the chest on dry ground in the center of the island. He put the money he had taken in the bottom

of the canoe and re-embarked. But the canoe started to leak again. He saw Indians in the distance. It was a perilous position. After considerable effort he managed to reach shore; it took all his skill to do so, as the river was high and the current strong. It was a cold night, though in the month of May, but he took off his cloak and fashioned it into a sack to carry his money. He was now very hungry, not having eaten for forty-eight hours, his scalped head stung and smarted like a fiery cauldron, his teeth chattered, his very ribs shook with cold. Yet he meant to save the money at any cost.

There was an Indian path along the west bank of the river, and that he followed in the direction of Duncannon. All night long he walked, and all the next day. He was so crazed with hunger that he resolved to surrender himself at the first Indian camp he met, to exchange his life and his bag of gold for a square meal. Toward nightfall he saw an Indian in a canoe in mid-river. Stepping out on a rock near the shore, he called to him lustily. The river was wide at that point, it was opposite the mouth of Armstrong's Creek, but at length the redman heard the outcry. Heading his canoe toward the stranger, he paddled to him with great rapidity. The redskin, who belonged to the Saponi tribe, was amazed at what he saw. The scalped, naked, unshaven Spaniard made a motion that he was hungry, and shaking the bag so that the coins rattled, signified that he would give him some of the contents in return. The Saponi signaled to him to



THE FOREST ROAD ACROSS JACK'S MOUNTAIN





get into the canoe, and for a time it looked as if the unfortunate adventurer's troubles were over.

At the camp the squaws were engaged in barbecuing a buffalo calf. It was a pretty sight, the ruddy fire shining on their red capes against the darkening sky. Though the intentions of the rescuing Indian were probably of the best, the chief was at once suspicious of the newcomer's scalped head. He first ordered him clothed and fed, and then had him thrown and bound, and his bag of gold taken from him.

The Spaniard was so grateful to get the meal that he showed no resentment, he could stand anything on a full stomach. All summer and all winter he remained a captive with the Saponis. He helped them sow and harvest their crops, accompanied them on their hunting expeditions. Toward the end of the winter he was trusted to go about unhoppled; and on one occasion he stole a gun and a bag of shot and made his escape. Somehow or other his lucky star followed him, and he managed to reach Philadelphia.

He had barely arrived and was wandering aimlessly along the docks when he saw a boat getting ready to set sail for Spain. A crew was needed, and he allowed himself to be impressed and thus returned to his native land. He made a number of trips back to Philadelphia, always stopping at a certain boarding place on the river front, eventually marrying the landlady's daughter.

In Spain he had acquired a luxuriant back wig, so he was not the unpresentable looking individual who

had been left for dead on the secluded island below Shamokin. He of course told his wife of the buried treasure, drawing diagrams and telling her that some day he would go after it, and they would be rich and happy.

But he never got started on the trip, at least not to his wife's knowledge. Eventually he disappeared altogether, and when the widow, or whatever she was, could make her son understand she told him of the heritage which awaited him, that when he was old enough he must reclaim it. That was why Jack Schwartz left his city home for the perils of the frontier. And that was why he felt his first sentiments of hatred for the Indian race.

Unfortunately for him his mother's directions were faulty. From her he imagined that the chest was buried on an island in the Juniata and it was there he made his most valiant efforts to discover it.

After his marriage his attention was focused on more practical pursuits, providing for the larder, clearing land, fighting off Indian foes. For a time domesticity caused his interest in the treasure to cease. But when the Indians murdered his wife and two of his three children (the third was visiting its grandparents) his desire for revenge became coupled with the thirst to possess the fortune which it seemed the savages were withholding from him. It was only in the latter days of his life that he learned that the treasure was buried in an island on the Susquehanna, and not on the Juniata.



As the Indian wars dwindled down to an occasional skirmish, it came to pass that he was reconciled with James Logan, the Mingo orator, who lived at that time at the famous Logan Spring near Reedsville. When "Black Jack" was not drinking his prejudices softened, and he often went unarmed to the home of Logan, who strangely enough made no attempts on his life. Yet the legend is current along the Juniata that it was Logan who instigated the murder of the Wild Hunter's family. But this cannot be correct on account of the apparent friendship between the two men. Black Jack was an old man when Logan came to know him, yet Logan was enfeebled from drink and age, and infirmities soften the worst of hatreds.

James Logan's brother, Captain Logan, then living at Tuckahoe, had married a Shawnee maiden, who confided to her brother-in-law that one of her relatives had been in the party which attacked the Spanish explorers on the Susquehanna. They learned when too late that they had missed the treasure chest and some of them had spent years hunting for it. James Logan was rum soaked when he told this to the Wild Hunter, and together they went over the crumpled, torn, faded diagram which Captain Jack still possessed. Logan and Black Jack, strange partners, resolved to hunt for the treasure together. They spent an entire summer at the work, but Logan, becoming disgusted, abandoned the quest and following a sudden impulse left Pennsylvania for Ohio.

Evidently the Mingo orator and Black Jack became

fast friends while on this prospecting tour, for in the year following, 1772, the Wild Hunter joined him in the West, and they passed a year hunting and trapping. But the desire to find the treasure was stronger than all other impulses with Black Jack, and in 1773, the year before his death, he returned to Pennsylvania, taking up his abode at the spring which bears his name at the foot of Jack's Mountain. He was now about sixty-three years of age, but his life of hardships had told on his Herculean frame. His beard was snow-white, much of the light had gone out of his cold, grey eyes. There was a stoop to his giant, gorilla-like shoulders. He had not killed an Indian in ten years, was anxious to be friendly with every one of the savages he met, but the redmen could not forget the boast he made in 1763 that he had himself slain three hundred of their people. He had parted bad friends with Logan, he wanted him to return east for another search for the treasure, but the Indian was a marked man in Pennsylvania, he was afraid to return. But he was safer there than in Ohio, as the year of Black Jack's death also witnessed the foul murder of all of Logan's family by a renegade white man named Daniel Greathouse.

Unwilling to go to the Susquehanna country alone, because of his increasing feebleness, Black Jack wintered at his cabin, hoping to be strong enough to make the journey in the spring. But with the blooming of the paw-paw trees came no increased strength, and the trip seemed as far from consummation as ever.

To a traveling Presbyterian preacher, who spent a night at his home, the Wild Hunter stated that he felt no remorse for killing so many Indians, that apart from his having revenge for the cruel slaying of his family, it was necessary to get the savages out of the country to make way for the settlements, just as the wolves and panthers had to be exterminated. He considered himself an agent of civilization, he would face his Maker with that plea. But he denied having killed as many as three hundred Indians, he had been drinking when he made such a boast. The old hunter's words jibing with the clergyman's views of predestination, the pair parted in a friendly manner.

A few days after that the dead body of the Wild Hunter was found by his spring, a bullet through his heart. As he had not been scalped, few ascribed the crime to the Indians. In the dead man's clutched hand was found a much soiled and frayed paper, which fell to dust as the neighbors tried to pry it loose from the marble-like fingers. The body of the Wild Hunter of the Juniata was laid to rest on the summit of the mountain which bears his name and which he loved so well. It is reliably stated that the next year when James Logan secretly revisited the Juniata Valley for the last time, he managed to locate the grave of his old-time foe and latter-day friend, and stood by the mound of rocks for a full hour in silent contemplation.

For many years the spirit of the Wild Hunter failed to find rest. Just as there are sleepless nights for the

living body, there is sleeplessness for the soul. Every night at the midnight hour the great, burly, swaying ghost would rise from its tomb, and with hands groping and tremulous start down the steep mountain to the spring. Fully a score of reputable persons saw the ghost, the historian Jones attests to this, some of them saw it a dozen times or more, so often that they ceased to fear it. In fact they regarded it as one of the regular denizens of the mountain, like the wolves and lynxes. Seated by the spring, breathing heavily the ghost would reach out its right hand, as if to give something that looked like a scrap of paper to the belated passerby. The thin mouth would open and snap, as if trying vainly to articulate, tears like moisture on a stone would appear on the cold grey eyes, for no one understood.

Further west along the Juniata, out on the Raystown Branch in those days, lived a family named Rote, who often discussed the purpose of this great unquiet spirit, how it could be laid. The old maternal grandmother from the north of Ireland recited the formula that could solve the mystery and bring peace. When the ghost extended its hand the seer must not tremble and run away, but hold his ground, and take whatever the spectre wished to present. But he must hold a wet handkerchief over his hand, lest it be burned. That would end the story and send the Wild Hunter's shade to that bourne where roam the fiery essence of Toconontie or "the Black Prince," of Allumoppies, of Canassatego, of Teedyuscung, of Scaruaddy, in en-

forced calm. But the thunders of the Revolution intervened. The old grandmother from Donegal went to her reward all peace, the young boys fought with the Associators and almost forgot the memories of the past in the fury of battle. But when they laid down their muskets and returned to the calms and joys of dear old Path Valley, they heard that Black Jack's ghost was still worrying, still clambering about his rocky mountain at night.

One night the young veterans left their dogs at home, they carried no lights, and tramped in darkness over to the famous spring, where they waited the witching hour. At the moment of twelve they heard a heavy breathing high up on the mountain side. Nearer and nearer it came, louder and louder. How a soul must suffer to breathe like that! At length it came into view, a great, unsteady ghost, the pale starlight sparkling through the tree tops on its capacious breast. The cold eyes blinked and glittered, one huge arm was extended, as if to present something. Deftly one of the young men dipped his handkerchief in the spring and slipped it over his hand. Then he advanced to meet the ghost. Three things happened. The young soldier found himself holding a piece of very yellow, ragged paper; there were huge black finger marks scorched all over the linen handkerchief; the wheezing ghost was nowhere to be seen. The paper, still an enigma of faded scrawls, and the scorched handkerchief are still in the possession of the descendants of the brave young man. So far as it is known Black Jack's soul is at peace.

## XX.

## TOM FAUSETT.

## THE RECORD OF A TRIPLE LOVE TRAGEDY.

AS slayer of General Edward Braddock in 1755, Tom Fausett has found a place in history, even though he killed his commanding officer from the rear and in a fit of anger. As a man who lived to the age of one hundred and ten years, his grave is still pointed out along the State Road near Ohiopyle Falls, in Fayette County, he will always be of interest to scientists and statisticians. As the husband of three women who were murdered by Indians, two of them killed "before his very eyes," his tragedy strikes a sympathetic note with the chivalrous and the brave.

Though he was born in the Cumberland Valley, Tom Fausett after leaving the parental roof, made his first essay in pioneering and domesticity in Woodcock Valley, which is adjacent to the valley of the "Matchless Juniata." Building a small cabin near Coffee Run, he soon secured a good-looking Irish girl to share it with him as his wife. He was married less than six months, when returning home one evening from a hunt, he found the lovely bride lying inside the cabin door, scalped and her throat cut. As the body was still warm, he put his dog on the trail, and all that night



tracked the wily murderers over the mountains. When he got back to the shack in the morning the body had been removed. He never found it again, although he was sure that Indians and not wild beasts had done it. Heartbroken, he left the valley concluding that it had been a foolhardy act to bring a woman into such a remote, savage region.

But as he loved the Juniata country nothing could induce him to return to the banks of the Conodogwinet. He therefore made himself a small clearing in Liberty Valley, near the headwaters of Buffalo Creek. A few bison still summered there, as well as much other game. It was a more smiling vale than he had lived in previously, everything seemed to augur well for happiness there. He found another Irish girl from the Juniata to be his helpmate, and who, like her unfortunate predecessor, was willing to live in a wilderness away from all other human habitation. He frankly told her of his former trouble, assuring her that he would never leave her out of his sight. But the bride had been brought up in an Indian country, and was as fearless as her husband. Still as the bridegroom did not care to risk a second tragedy, he managed to keep close to her day and night.

On the anniversary of their six months of happy marriage they were returning from a huckleberry picking expedition. It was a clear, crisp evening in September, with only a few crickets daring to chirp in the face of the frost promised for the night. The young couple were walking hand in hand, smiling upon each

other as lovers should, when suddenly an arrow sped out of the forest, piercing the bride's jugular vein. There was a great rush of blood and the girl fell to the ground and expired. The dog which had been with them had been caught napping, but he soon took the scent, bounding into the thickets in pursuit of the hidden murderer.

For once in his life Tom Fausett was panic stricken. Robbed of his second bride under such cruel circumstances, he was dazed at the terrible extent of the disaster. Much as he would have longed to avenge her death by sending a bullet into the miscreant's brain, he feared to leave the body lest it be carried away in some mysterious manner.

Picking up the limp remains as tenderly as he could, he carried it a distance of three miles to his cabin. There he laid the fair body in the bunk, which so lately had been the bridal bower. Then he knelt beside the couch, weeping as if his great manly heart would break. About midnight the hound returned, weak and covered with foam. It hung its head, and with its tail between its legs slunk into the building, crouching before the fire with an expression which seemed to say that it had been "foiled."

All night long the stricken man sat by the corpse, in darkness, save the glow of a few coals in the hearth. When the morning dawned he went outside and dug a deep grave at one corner of the tiny garden. Then he carried the body out and lowered it into its tomb.

After that devolved upon him the unpleasant duty

to go over to the Juniata and break the news to the girl's family. It would be hard to explain, this mysterious loss of a second wife. There might be many evil-minded enough to intimate that he had killed the woman. As he walked along with hanging head the thought which had tortured him during the weary watches of the night came over him again. Why was he singled out to be so persecuted? He who had never harmed an Indian by word or deed was worse treated by the redskins than their most relentless foes. Perhaps, he reasoned, it was a case of mistaken identity; he was being pilloried for some other backwoodsman's sins.

When he reached the cabin of his wife's parents it took a world of courage to break the news. His worst fears were realized. The excitable north of Ireland couple berated the youth for taking such poor care of his wife, and a half-witted son rose up from a couch declaring that Fausett had killed her himself.

"You murdered your first wife, you did," he shrieked, "and now you are tired of your second and have fixed her the same way."

The stricken husband kept his temper admirably, but he longed to fly at the throat of the evil-minded idiot. He had turned his back to speak further to the old folks when the crazy man picked up a heavy wooden bench and swinging it with superhuman strength brought it down on Fausett's head. The wretched man fell to the deal floor and lay unconscious. He was in that condition for a week, and when

he woke up he was lying in the straw in the old couple's barn. Evidently he had been put out there to die. Bracing himself together with a mighty effort, he climbed out of the mow and into the sunlight. Seeing no one in the barnyard or about the cabin, except a mangy hound, he climbed the worm fence, and struck out aimlessly into the forest. The further he walked the clearer his mentality asserted itself. He learned his course of direction from the sun, altering his route so as to travel west. He wanted to get out of the cursed region where so much misfortune had beset him. Toward evening he came to an Indian trail, which he decided to follow. It would lead him to a trapper's cabin, or even an Indian's camp, where he might get some food, or directions how to get out of the valleys tributary to the Juniata.

Evening set in, but he saw no sign of life except night hawks flitting above his head. In the starless darkness the wolves began to howl. Some of them came dangerously close to him, but he was not afraid. When he stopped to rest his head ached, so he decided to keep moving until he reached some human habitation.

It was nearly mid-day on the day following when he came in sight of a small log cabin. It was in a glade, with a clear stream purling close to it. The giant pines and hemlocks about it had all been girdled and stood gaunt and barkless, like horrid skeletons along the creek side. There was a nice patch of corn and buckwheat among the slashings, evidently the settlers were industrious folks and aspired to a more permanent ex-

istence than hunting or trapping. As he neared the cabin a pair of hounds, chained to a shed, commenced barking. The door opened and a short thick-set man, bearded and wearing a backwoodsman's suit of buckskin, emerged and gazed up the path. Fausett quickened his steps and was soon within speaking distance of the frontiersman.

The men exchanged friendly greetings, and Fausett noted that the settler spoke in broken English, much like the Low Dutchmen whom he occasionally met with in the eastern part of the province. The Dutchman asked him his name and where he was going to, and he replied by saying that he was on a prospecting tour to the Allegheny River. In return the Dutchman said that his name was Jacob Reninger, that he had been born in New Jersey, of Holland parentage, but had moved into the wilderness three years before with his wife and five children. He invited Fausett to remain with him over night, as he liked to meet strangers with whom he could discuss the outside world. He explained that his clearing was located near the heading of Shaver's Creek, which was probably twenty-five miles in a straight line from where Fausett had been attacked by his crazy brother-in-law.

Fausett liked the spot, and resolved to tarry there a while. First of all he made a clean breast of his recent adventures to the pioneer; he could deal openly after that, with nothing concealed. Dinner was over when he arrived, but Reninger brought his guest into the house, introducing him to his wife and daughters.

They were an open-faced, healthy looking family, but Fausett's eyes lingered longest on the eldest girl, Annie, a very buxom young miss of fifteen, who was destined to live in history as his "little Dutch wife." She was an uncommonly pretty and refined looking girl to be met with in such an out-of-the-way spot. Her features were clear cut, which the poutiness to the lips, indicating a strongly developed love nature, could not destroy. Her eyes were full and dark blue, more like Irish eyes, her hair chestnut brown, her complexion clear, her figure, though inclining to plumpness, was well turned, the ankles being particularly small. She returned the newcomer's gaze with those wide-open blue eyes in such a way that he lost his heart completely.

Tom Fausett, in the language of the frontier, was a "pretty man." About thirty-three years of age, of medium height, slender and well made, he had a fine long nose, deep-set blue eyes, a clean-cut mouth, a crop of light brown hair, and a flowing blonde beard. Arrayed even in his tattered deerskin suit, he was a picturesque and winning figure; the handsomest man she had ever seen, thought Annie Reninger.

The relations between guest and host early becoming so harmonious, Fausett offered his services to help clear ground, only asking his board in return. If his host would loan him a rifle he would help with the larder, as he was a dead shot, he said. The offer was accepted, so the young man settled down to an idealistic existence in the little cabin at the head of Shaver's



Creek. His romance with the buxom Annie progressed apace. They were not long in declaring their mutual admiration, or settling a date to be married. They would travel to Carlisle in the spring, meet some of the bridegroom's relatives, who were people of standing, and have the ceremony performed there by a Presbyterian pastor.

They often discussed the mysterious fate of his earlier wives, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusions. Fausett suggested that they abandon the frontier after the wedding and live in the Cumberland Valley, so as to absolutely avoid a repetition of the past tragedies. But the fair Annie said vehemently that she was not afraid, she would live anywhere with him, but preferred the outposts of civilization. But they decided to move out of the watershed of the Juniata to the Allegheny, where in the vicinity of Shannopin's Town, now Pittsburg, there were some nice stretches of bottomlands that as yet had not been touched by the white settlers.

But before the romance proceeded further a holocaust engulfed the happy family. Jake Reningher, his two boys and Fausett went on a bear hunt to the Seven Mountains; it was in the month of March, when the red bears sometimes emerged from their caves. They deemed it safe to leave the good wife and her three daughters, including Annie, to "mind the house." Nothing could possibly happen, there had not been an Indian in the neighborhood in months. The hunt was a great success, six monster bears were secured with

pelts as bright and shiny as red foxes, hides which would sell for "big money" at Carlisle.

The hunters were gone a week. When they returned they found the cabin door open and half off its hinges. The fire was out, the house in darkness. The anxious men hastened inside. As their eyes became accustomed to the gloom they saw a pitiful sight. On a bunk, side by side, lay the pioneer's wife and two daughters, bound and gagged. Fausett looked about for Annie, his Annie, but she was nowhere to be found. Quickly the frenzied borderers loosed the gags and thongs, releasing the unhappy women. But they were unconscious from cold and starvation, and were revived with difficulty.

The mother, after many unsuccessful efforts, managed to tell the dreadful story. Four days before a band of five masked Indians had come to the cabin, while the family was at dinner. Their leader, the biggest, blackest and most hideous looking savage that they had ever seen, ordered the women to get up from table and turn the meal over to them. This they were glad to do, and they waited on the redskins while they ate. Then at a signal from the big chief, the Indians quickly arose and each seized one of the women. They held them tightly while the chief bound them. They had all been too frightened to cry out, but after the binding they were gagged. The mother and the two younger daughters were rolled on the bunk, while the chief picked up Annie as if she were a bag of corn, and threw her over his shoulder. Then, followed by

his band, he left the cabin and was not seen again. No violence was attempted, but the women would have died of starvation if the rescuers had not arrived when they did. As it was the presence of a small jug of rum in Jake Reninger's coat pocket was the real lifesaver.

By a hot fire the overwrought nerves and aching bodies were restored to normal, while a good dinner of bear steaks was the finishing touch in the cure. But all were sorrowing over the kidnapping of Annie, especially Fausett, who was this time bereaved before his wedding day. With a great outburst of grief he swore that he would find the missing girl and restore her to her family, even if it took him until the end of his life. He believed that clues were about the cabin. Going outside he carefully examined the soft earth for footprints. If he found only one he would know in which direction the savages had carried their victim. It did not take him long to find a footprint. The Indians had been very careful to step on solid turf or on stones, but there was one impression, of a very large moccasined foot, in a spot of thawed earth. It was headed for the North.

Tom Fausett, knowing the Indian paths like a school-boy does the war map of Europe, at once figured out that the victim would be taken over the Onondaga trail into Canada. The day was well-nigh spent, but the dauntless frontiersman insisted on starting on his long journey. He secured the best rifle, a stock of ammunition, as well as a bag of provisions.

"I promise to bring her back if she still lives," were

his words of parting, uttered as he shook each member of the stricken family by the hand.

"God bless you, God bless you," were the echoes he heard as he hurried up the lonely glade.

He found a path which he imagined the miscreants must have taken, and despite the darkness he was able to follow it until daylight. He followed it into Nittany Valley and through Nittany to the West Branch of the Susquehanna, where he passed the flourishing Indian village on Monsey Town Flats, near where Lock Haven now stands. He did not care to risk entering the settlement and asking questions boldly, but followed the south bank of the river, hoping to meet a stray Indian who might converse with him. But he saw only warlike braves at a distance, and he concluded that it was just as well—his mind was made up that he would overtake the runaways on the Onondaga trail, if at all.

The valley of the Otzinachson was very beautiful, even in its brown, leafless garb of March, and Fausett wished that he was passing down it on a happier errand. At the lower end of what is now Wayne Township, Clinton County, where the river coils close to the Bald Eagle Mountains, he ascended the ridge, following a path along the summits until he came to a point opposite the mouth of Loyalsock Creek.

He had "kept himself going" by eating sparingly of dried apples and jerked venison from his pack, but that being well-nigh exhausted, he resolved to beg a dinner from the inmates of the thriving Indian village of Os-

tonwackin, which crowned the river banks at the confluence of Loyalsock and the West Branch.

Descending the mountain, and reaching the shore, he was about to call "over" to the Indians when he espied a neat canoe moored nearby. In an impulsive moment he jumped in it, and soon worked himself across the swift current. A number of Indians were on the beach to receive him.

An old man among them, bent almost double with age and rheumatism, who seemed to be some kind of soothsayer, called out: "We know what you are here for before you come; your lady was stolen from you, you are seeking her."

Fausett, not knowing the best policy to deny or affirm, stood abashed before such a display of prevision.

"Don't you stay here," continued the sage; "follow the path. You can overtake your lady."

The young man was ravenously hungry, yet the prospect of rescuing Annie conquered his physical appetite. He was about to inquire the way to the northern trail when a bright looking young halfbreed stepped up to him, saying in a decided French accent: "I would advise against your following the Onondaga trail just now, as a terrible snow storm is raging up there. You cannot possibly make through."

Fausett, who did not know if this was a kindly meant hint or a subterfuge, thanked the young fellow, and for a moment stood on the beach undecided. The young halfbreed was none other than Henry Montour, a son of the celebrated Madame Montour, who had

recently left Ostonwackin to reside on a snug island near Shamokin. He invited Fausett into his lodge house to partake of some refreshment. Montour plied his guest with rum, which loosened his tongue, and he started to tell of the loss of his affianced wife. The halfbreed's face darkened, an inward struggle was going on. He hated to be a talebearer, yet it seemed unjust to allow the stolen girl to be carried away without a protest. Finally, after much hesitation, he spoke. He said that he had seen the girl and her captors go through the outskirts of the village that very morning. Her captor was Toconontie, that terrible Indian known to the settlers as the Black Prince. The impression made on him was that she was a woman of quality, she was being handled so carefully. Probably she was to be sent to Canada, where so many beautiful girls stolen from the white people were transported to be held as hostages.

A blizzard was raging along the Loyalsock; it would be a foolish act to attack the Black Prince and his band single-handed, but if he wished to rescue the girl, now was the chance. Henry Montour offered to act as guide for the first day's journey, when he could decide whether or not he wished to continue in the face of the terrific storms. The Loyalsock Valley through which the path led was heavily timbered, the Indians called the creek the "lost" or "bewildered stream." Yet this stream had to be crossed frequently, which kept them wet up to the waist, and shivering with cold. The blizzard was still raging in the spot where they



made their bed of spruce boughs for the night. Though they built this camp fire under some branching hemlocks, it had sunk three feet into the snow by morning. This valley, so Montour said, was ruled over by an evil spirit called Oktoneh, the God of Disaster, who was always represented with a raven on his shoulder.

After a meagre breakfast of cold cornmeal and cold beans, Fausett was ready to start off alone, but the generous halfbreed offered to accompany him one day further. That evening they came to the head of the valley, where they found two skulls securely fastened on poles. These, Montour said, were all that was left of two Iroquois warriors, who, while returning from a war excursion to the south, encamped there one snowy night with two southern Indians as captives. These prisoners loosened their bonds during the night through the help of the terrible demon Oktoneh, and after killing their captors while they slept, took possession of their arms and returned to their home in Carolina. But despite the dismal memories of the place, Fausett and his guide camped there for the night. By the next morning the storm had abated, but the snow was tracked with the footprints of many panthers and wolves, showing who their neighbors during the night had been.

Montour now was able to show his friend the correct route to Onondaga. But he advised him to stop at Tioga and inquire of the route taken by the renegades. It was the last day of March, and the warm sun melted the snow very fast. Fausett made excellent progress, as the path was well blazed. On the evening of the

second day after leaving the guide he came in sight of the Indian village of Tioga Point, at the confluence of the Chemung and Susquehanna Rivers. There he was pleasantly received by the Indians, but he was not able to procure any definite information concerning the lost girl. He was told that the Black Prince was at Onondaga, he could discuss the matter with him direct. Meeting an Onondaga Indian named Ta-wa-ga-ret, who had once been a guide to Conrad Weiser, he invited him to act as companion for the rest of the journey. The redman acquiesced, so they started early the next morning. On the way the Indian told Fausett some of the characteristics of the Black Prince, of his austerity, his haughtiness, his hatred of the white race in general. He would be a hard man to face on such an errand, thought the pioneer, but he was determined to leave no stone unturned.

After three days of tedious travel they reached the castle of the Onondagas. A guard at the outskirts said that the Black Prince was at home and offered to escort Fausett into his presence. Ta-wa-ga-ret, suspecting that there was something unpleasant in the white man's mission, became frightened and, without saying good-bye, disappeared in the forest.

Accompanied only by the strange Indian guard, Fausett was ushered into the presence of the great Tonconontie. Surely the Black Prince looked his name. In the first place he was a very tall, powerful man. His chest was very full and he had brawny limbs. His complexion was very dark, almost as black as that of a

West India Negro. He greeted the white man pleasantly, asking him to state his errand. Fausett replied that he had lost his affianced bride, that he had heard she had been taken by mistake for some one else by the Black Prince and his followers. The Indian asked him to name the locality from where the girl had been stolen, to which he replied that it was from Shaver's Creek, in Central Pennsylvania, where her parents' home was located. On hearing this the Black Prince scowled. Then in concise language he stated that he had not been in Pennsylvania in two years, that if the girl had been stolen it was by some other party, that he was tired of being made the target of white men's false accusations.

Fausett saw that it would be time wasted to discuss the subject further, so he thanked the chief for listening to him and withdrew. As he was re-entering the forest, trying to work out some plan of action, he met Ta-wa-ga-ret, to whom he told the entire story. The Indian, who was not overly fond of the Black Prince, advised him to go at once to Oswego, the populous lake port of the Iroquois, where most of the captives, bound for Canada were transported in boats across Lake Fountenac, now called Ontario. He offered to guide Fausett to the lake front, and they again journeyed on together. At Oswego, where they found a prosperous Indian trading settlement, they learned that four Indians with three white prisoners, two men and a girl, had lately embarked for Canada. Ta-wa-ga-ret, not caring to go any further, turned Fausett over to several

members of the powerful Canadian tribe of Zistagechroanu, who were returning from a trading expedition. With these tribesmen he crossed the lake in their bateau.

On the Canadian shore his hardships began in earnest. For months he tramped and alternately lost and found his way, he starved and struggled, he climbed, he swam, he searched, he questioned, until at length he got on the track of the missing Annie Reninger. She was far in the north, with a number of other captives, on the banks of a remote lake called Mistassini. To there the intrepid young man, after many trials and perils, forced his way. He lurked about the outskirts of the camp for weeks, like a timber wolf, until he caught sight of her. She seemed happy, she certainly looked well, but had to work very hard.

He waited a month longer before the chance came to rescue her. On that occasion she was left alone except for the children and old squaws. Like a wolf he rushed into the campground; with the butt end of his rifle he knocked the old squaws senseless; the frightened children scurried away; he seized his beloved Annie by the hand, and ran back into the trackless gloom.

At "top speed" they hurried over hill and dale to a swift river, the Gatinan, where the young lover had a canoe in waiting.

Once safely in it, and on practically the homeward journey, the overjoyed girl calmed down enough to tell the story of her captivity. It was the Black Prince who had led the band which carried her away, evidently she was supposed to be some one of note. At

Tioga Point he had presented her to a band of chiefs who were in council there, but they shook their heads. She was not the person they wanted. But rather than turn her loose, Toconontie gave her over to some of his followers, who were going to Oswego, where they traded her for six squaws to some Canadian Indians. Her beauty and the garbled story that she was a woman of importance, perhaps the daughter of one of the proprietors of Pennsylvania, caused her to be well treated, and she was presumably held for ransom by her new owners.

From the mouth of Gatinan River the couple made their way down to Lake Ontario, in the Canadian wilds, crossing over to La Famine at the mouth of Salmon River, in New York. Fearing to return over the Onondaga trail, they reappeared in civilization at Albany, wending their way from there down the Hudson and back to the Juniata.

It was in March, 1746, when Annie Reninger was carried away. It was just four years later when Tom Fausett restored her to her happy parents at their home on Shaver's Creek. The young couple had been married in New York, and now the next step was to secure a home. Fausett, who was very proud of his "Little Dutch wife," as he called her, first took her on a wedding jaunt to the Cumberland Valley, where they spent a month at the cabin of his brother Joe, in sight of Parnall's Knob, the brother Joe whose ill-treatment by General Braddock was the cause of Tom Fausett's slaying the august Britisher five years later.

It was a happy visit, and at its conclusion Joe Fausett accompanied the young couple across the mountains to the Beaver Dams in Canoe Valley, in what is now Blair County, where an uncle of the Fausetts the year previously had abandoned an ample clearing which would make Tom and the little Dutch wife an ideal home. They would be the only residents in the valley—they were trifling with destiny again—but the soil was rich, the water good, the game superlatively abundant, especially beavers, which were profitable to trap. Some well-to-do relatives in the Cumberland Valley had presented the young people with a cow and some pigs and sheep, so they were well equipped to begin life on the frontier.

Joe Fausett accompanied them to help put things to rights, remaining with them for nearly two months. It was the evening after he had departed, again a crisp, cool evening in late September, when the brezes swayed the reddened garlands of the Virginia creeper, and the corners of the clearing were banked with the rich maroons of the sumacs, that the joyous couple were driving their sheep out of the field into the log stockade. It was necessary to keep the animals in such a place, as the wolves killed them in open barnyards before the eyes of their owners. Tom Fausett was in the act of taking down the heavy gate—it was sixteen feet high—to allow the sheep to enter, when the crack of a rifle rang out in the afternoon stillness. The little Dutch wife uttered a cry of pain and fell to the ground. The sheep bells tinkled convulsively, then all was silence.



Tom Fausett dropped the heavy gate and seized his rifle, running in the direction from which he imagined the shot had come. How far he ran, in what directions he ran, he was never able to tell. He soon became unable to know what he was doing or where he was going, all was automatic, so terrible was his grief. A party of trappers found him wandering aimlessly at the mouth of Fox Run. He could not tell his name, or the location of his home.

All he would say, and he repeated it over and over again, "They have killed my little Dutch wife."

It was not until he had been led across the mountains to Fort Campbell, at the mouth of Licking Creek, where a small settlement existed, that he was recognized by a boyhood friend, Michael Castner, and gradually his story was drawn from him. A party was sent back to Canoe Valley, and the body of the little Dutch wife found and given decent burial. The Reninger family was notified, and came over the mountains and brought the stricken husband back to their comfortable home on Shaver's Creek.

But this extraordinary run of misfortune left an indelible impress on Tom Fausett. He could not understand why he should have lost three beloved wives, why all his plans to found a home and be a respected citizen should be thwarted. When he was able, he went back to Cumberland County, where he supported himself as a farmhand, and was looked upon as a man whose heart was broken, whose soul was dead. It was to escape these torturing memories of the past that led to

his enlisting under General Braddock, hoping to find a new interest for his overtaxed nerves in the stir of a campaign.

## XXI.

## AARON HALL.

## THE LION HUNTER OF THE JUNIATA.

“EIGHTEEN miles to Philipsburg,” so read the faded signboard on the broad highway at the outskirts of Unionville, that cold, blowy March evening. Out of the cozy village, with the lamplight beginning to glow in the cottage windows, the road led through a region of broad fields, and gradually ascending toward the gigantic Allegheny Mountains, which seemed to cut the setting sun in twain, off there to the west. Five miles more would have to be traversed before the former home of the lion hunter of the Juniata would be reached, five miles up grade, and the chilly night was falling fast. There was a cheerlessness to the landscape that betokened the last phase of Nature’s sleep, before spring’s awakening softened the hard lines of hill and dale into a smiling aspect. Huddled in the corners of frozen barnyards or under the eaves of buildings were little flocks of sheep, or a few cows, their bells chiming dolefully.

The bleak farmhouses, surrounded by bare swaying trees showed not a light in their tall dark windows; their occupants were “early to bed” to escape the long evening’s dreariness and cold. The horses’ hoofs now

and then sent out sparks when they struck some flinty stone on the frozen road. On some remote, dark hill a dog would bark out of sheer coldness or hunger. A few cabbage heads which had survived the snows and frosts stood stolid and dead in the empty gardens. There was a dreary, long drawn out moaning of the telephone wires along the road, the only sound in the new order of things that savors of the ghostly or the long ago.

Long as the drive must be, the expectancy of visiting the haunts of the great hunter, who between the years of 1845 and 1870 was the slayer of half a hundred Pennsylvania lions or panthers, kept the imagination keyed up to the highest pitch of wild, strange fancies. The whole atmosphere of that glorious past seemed to rise, that forest world of witches, outlaws, lumbermen, sang-diggers, barmaids, traveling preachers, Indians, hunters, that world of virgin pine, of rushing streams, of broad rivers, of rafts, of wild pigeons, of panthers, elks, wolves, wolverines and fisher foxes, that once was Central Pennsylvania, but now though only half way across the hill, was beyond recall. To stop at the home of the greatest Pennsylvania hunter of recent years, who had lived in the lifetime of men still young, who had hunted and trapped and lumbered just as the heroes of long ago had done, to feel the thrill of his recently vanished presence, he who had so lately gone across the hill, was a privilege and an opportunity to be embraced and appreciated.

And higher and higher climbed the winding road.

Colder and colder it became. More weird grew the moaning of the telephone wires. More often did the sparks leap out from the horses' heavy feet. Fiercer blew the winds across the upland pastures, bending almost double the lone umbrella-like trees. As the sky became more silvery, the outline of the high camel-backs of the Allegheny *massif* became bolder and clearer, with every dead shivery tree silhouetted against the lofty horizon. Behind those elevated ridges it seemed as if the sun would have to sink so deep that it would take long weary days to rise again!

Back on a broad, high knoll stood a lonely farmhouse, its windows red with flame, the red fire of the setting sun. Yet against the sky line to the west the red disc had long since vanished. All this while not a human soul was met with, the last belated traveler had put his team away, and casting off his woolen mitts had found sanctuary by some ruddy stove. But now the very top of the hill is reached. At one time it looked as if it would run level with the towering Allegheny beyond the ravine, but from the hilltop the giant mountain loomed into the argent sky, belittling alike the hills and plains. Then came another sharp bend in the road beyond which rose a wooded knoll, a grove of dense hemlock trees. A dog's raucous barking hinted of some one's living nigh, the formal iron fence about the grove showed that it hid a house from view.

And as the horses, their nostrils sending out white breaths like hoar frost, stopped, a single light glimmered through a window and out through the dense

hemlock grove to the windy highway. Then came the slamming of a heavy door, the patter of feet on stone pavements, betokening the approach of some one. The trail of a lantern's glow filtered out through the trees in uncertain rays; soon a great stalwart figure, bearded and old-fashioned looking, stood by the roadside holding aloft his light.

A genial greeting was given, a cordial invitation to "come in," words like these are sweet to half-chilled travelers, and are never declined or underestimated. The gate is opened, the travelers are bade to enter, while another huge figure emerges from out the shadows and leads away the team to the spacious barns. Half way up the path more figures emerge from the shadows, men, women, children, it is a house of life, of youth, all hidden in there behind the evergreens.

The night wind blows, "woo, woo, woo," around the chimneys and eaves, gale chasing gale in endless sport. And then a good view of the house is disclosed by just one angle of the light, a great, high, gaunt manse, built of bricks mildewed green at points and gables, high windowed, high doored, high roofed, high chimneyed, as if in keeping with the lofty castellated mountains beyond. A bleak house, an old house, a ghostly house, a house built as if to last and treasure memories. Few such houses exist on this continent, and those that do should only be approached on cold windy nights.

"Woo, woo, woo," swept the racing winds about chimney pots and gables, the last sound as the great



door closed upon us, and we were within the ancient mansion. In keeping with the exterior was the interior of this very unusual house. The ceilings were abnormally high, none higher in a castle in Spain or a chateau in the south of France. The woodwork, made from trees which once grew on the estate, was of walnut, dark, mysterious walnut, wainscoting, doors, closets, staircases. Room entered into room, gallery into gallery, there seemed no end to this vast house on the desolate hill top. Lights were dim and not a-plenty, just as should be in such a house. The presence of an unseen world took possession on entering there, it seemed one of the last strongholds of the empire of romance, that empire which has been almost battered to pieces by the heavy artillery of the modern world of white lights and confusion. But here the lights were dim and soft, and nourishing to the eyes.

All the denizens of this old-time citadel were kindly and solicitous, yet dignified and sedate as befitted dwellers amid walnut wainscoting and dark colonial furniture. As supper was being prepared logs were thrown on a dying fire in a sitting room, a cheery yellow flame rose up, while the shadows pirouetted on the tall chairs of this imposing home.

Two sons of the mighty hunter, who had been the master of this estate, regaled the guests with snatches of their father's prowess during the moments while waiting for supper, and confirmed many incidents previously heard concerning his career. Every word was well

worth hearing, well worth remembering. Soon the meal was announced, and the party adjourned to the lamp-lit dining-room. It was a pleasant genial meal in every way, restful and invigorating from the travels of the day. After supper the youngest son, Miles Hall, he of the full beard, and the classic features like Seneca the Roman poet, smilingly proclaimed that he had a surprise to show. Taking a lantern, he disappeared up a dark staircase.

"He's going to the attic," whispered his pretty little baby niece, and anything might be expected to come from an attic in such a house. But soon came the returning footsteps of the kindly host, slow, careful and steady steps, on the dark stairs, as if he was carrying something weighty. And sure enough he was. Suddenly pushing open the door at the foot of the stairs, he stood before the party bearing three magnificent hides of Pennsylvania lions.

Spreading them out on the floor he stated that these were the only ones left in the house. "We did have a dozen or more a few years ago," he went on, "but every time any one stopped with us and asked for one we hated to refuse, and so they went, one by one, until these three are all that are left, and one is only the hide of a cub."

But they were splendid relics of the mighty Nimrod, and while Miles Hall held a lantern aloft, some of the party got down on their knees and closely examined the trophies of the game that is no more, thanks to the foolish laxity of Pennsylvania lawmakers. Nowadays

sport lovers must travel to British East Africa, thousands of miles across seas to find sport which once was to be had at their doors, in beautiful Pennsylvania.

The coloring of the panther hides was curiously lovely. The blending of rich orange and lemon tints, its shading into fulvous and fawn, and from these to greys and drabs, the hue of most of the body, would make it a task for the best artists to follow. The hide of the cub had long hair, a dark chestnut background with yellowish grey spots. It must have been a pretty little beast.

"What a pity father killed the last litter of cubs," said one of the great hunter's sons, "he might have kept them as well as not, thus saving the species from extinction."

By the rich lamplight the hides were studied again and yet again. The long sleek tails, silvery grey in color, with tips of brown longish hair at the ends, the patch of white at the throatlatches, the inquisitive sharpness of the long ears with their golden tufts, the hollow sockets which once had sheltered eyes that were the terror of the wilderness, the muscular limbs, the great circular paws concealing claws that left their ineffaceable marks on the flanks of many a stag, claws that could rip bark from off trees as if it was fragile paper, claws that in death agony defied even man. Those hides, dried, dead and stiff, lying there on that ancient floor in themselves were the epic of the Pennsylvania wilderness: until they have been seen that epic cannot be attempted.

Oh the proud, free, great days of scope, of tracklessness, of Nature's grandeur, of Nature's triumph, that those dead pelts told! Oh the thoughts that ran like cold chills which they evoked! Oh, for the gift to turn those thrilling images into words! Oh, to live a life as grand, as carefree as was the lot of the bold hunters who trailed the Pennsylvania lion!

When Aaron Hall was a boy in the Tuckahoe Valley on the Little Juniata, he was born as late as 1828, the panthers and wolves came down from Riggle's, Bell's, Homer's, Tipton's and Juniata Gaps, and menaced the flocks in the back pastures. It was in that wonderfully scenic vale, with the Juniata flowing through it, with the Bald Eagle range to the east, and the main chain of the Alleghenies to the west, that valley where the great Cayuga chieftain, Captain Logan, the son of Shikellemus, lived and hunted, that the future Nimrod's earliest impressions of life were formed. His ideal was the outdoor man, the man of action, the slayer of ferocious beasts, the man who made the trackless forest "blossom like the rose."

Aaron Hall's father was a noted hunter, as were all his ancestors on his paternal and maternal sides. It was blood as well as emulation that made him the premier panther slayer of his generation. He was barely seventeen years of age when he notched his rifle for the first time for the scalp of a Pennsylvania lion (*Felis cougar*). He had gone to fetch the cattle, which pastured in Riggle's Gap, when his dog, which was running on ahead of him, set up a terrific barking.

Hurrying forward he saw a half-grown panther lying on the limb of a rock oak which hung over the cow path. Before the animal could see him he had raised his rifle, and a well-directed shot sent it sprawling among the dead leaves at his feet. It was by the body of this brute, which measured nearly six feet in length, that Aaron Hall resolved to search the Central Pennsylvania mountains until he had slain a half a hundred panthers. In his hunting he would trail them in the open, for the sake of good sport, scorning traps, snares and poisons. It would mean man versus brute, and not man *plus strychnine* against a defenseless animal.

That fall he added four more notches to his gun, panthers being slain in Riggle's, Bell's, Tipton's and Homer's Gaps, respectively. From that year on (1845) until the end of 1869 he continued his ceaseless but honorable warfare with the Pennsylvania lion. Meanwhile he had assumed man's estate, married, took up lumbering, and, having prospered, purchased five hundred acres of land on a high plateau facing the Allegheny Mountains back of Julian, Centre County. It was the ideal abiding place for an intrepid spirit, a lover of the wilderness. The main chain of the Alleghenies, which he had looked upon since birth, rose less than a mile back of the spot on which he erected his mansion. A vast flat stretched out from the summit of the range, a forest of virgin pine for miles and miles to the north and west, where those splendid streams, the Little Moshannon and Beech Creek rise, and where

amid the fantastic rocks of "Baretown," a city of far antiquity, Rock Run has its source.

When Aaron Hall first moved into that region it was said that he lived below the best trout stream and the best big game section in Pennsylvania. The trout of Little Moshannon had an especially delicious flavor, and were gamey to catch. The rock caverns along Rock Run were the hiding places of countless panthers and black bears. Deer were as common as cattle. The hunters never deigned to shoot wolves, wild cats or foxes, calling them "small game." Where there is a gorge in the Allegheny Mountains, which lets out Laurel Run, a tributary of the Bald Eagle, Aaron Hall had his favorite deer lick. It was under a mile from his house, much more convenient to go there than to the butcher's at Unionville, when there was need of fresh meat. Where the mountain dipped down, in full sight of the house, stood a giant original white pine. It seemed to tower a hundred feet above the other trees on the mountain, and on it the great hunter constructed his "blind." From it he shot scores of deer, also many were the wild turkeys slaughtered while concealed high among the branches.

In order to make a special success of panther hunting he evolved a breed of dog that was invincible against the Pennsylvania lion. When he first moved to his mountain home the panthers would sometimes roar at night from the summit of the Alleghenies back of the house. It seemed as if they were mocking him, as he could not well trail them until the daylight, when the



tracks were often lost. With the panther dogs it was different. At the first fiendish shriek from the mountain top Hall would get out of his bed, dress hastily, go to the kennel, and accompanied by his faithful canine friends, trail the panthers and often bring them to bay. When a panther was overtaken one dog would seize it by each ear, holding on until the hunter came up to end its life with a bullet. These dogs were a cross between the bloodhound, the bulldog, the mastiff and the Newfoundland, in such proportions as to produce the desired qualities of scent, courage, fidelity and "stickativeness." They were large beasts, light brown in color, with great substance and power, so huge in fact that they could carry a full grown man on their backs. They must have resembled the fabulous Irish wolfhounds described by Oliver Goldsmith, who told of dining at an Irish country house where these dogs were so large that their heads rested on the backs of the tall dining-room chairs.

Aaron Hall bred his panther hounds for twenty years. He had gotten them to a point of perfection when the supply of Pennsylvania lions became exhausted or moved to other localities. During his earlier years as a hunter, he killed his game along the foot of the Alleghenies, or in the gorges or "gaps" which opened into the valleys, but his last years of sport were in the very heart of the mountains. The game decreased in numbers, or became more shy; it had to be *hunted*. Accordingly he built a cabin of logs at the head of Rock Run, about ten miles from his mansion.

Aaron Hall, who was a huge man, six feet four inches in height, built like a Hercules, and resembling one, when he wore a curling blonde beard, thought nothing of walking to his cabin and back in a day, although to get there it was an up-hill tramp most of the way, and on one occasion he carried a wounded hunter the entire ten miles to his home on his back. In the early sixties his cabin was a sight well worthy of pilgrimage. In front of it he usually kept the frozen carcasses of a dozen panthers, and a like number of bears and stags. The bears, the biggest ones he could find, were always set up on their hind feet, with sticks in front to prevent them from toppling over, with their jaws propped open with skewers. It would frighten a tenderfoot, this array of the terrible monsters of Rock Run.

Aaron Hall had countless adventures hunting the Pennsylvania lion. On one occasion he was seated against a grassy bank eating his lunch. He heard a tap, tap, tap, tap, back of him; it seemed louder than leaves striking the grass in the breeze. He reached for his rifle, he never moved without it, and turning around shot a ten-foot panther between the eyes, which was poisoning itself to spring at him. Another time he was watching for deer at a "crossing"; being seated on a rotten log with his rifle across his lap. Something caused him to put his hand at his side, and he placed it in the fur of a giant panther, which was resting literally at his feet. Jumping up he shot the panther through the top of the head. Another time he was watching at

a deer lick when a huge stag came into the open. He was getting ready to take aim when a panther, which had been crouching unknown to him on a nearby rock, sprang on the deer, killing it with a single blow from one of its paws on the jugular vein. But Aaron Hall had shot the panther dead before it had time to feast off its victim. Once he found a panther cub in a hollow log. Picking it up he started to carry it home. He had not gone far when the mother came out of the forest and began to follow, crying like a sheep for her little one. The mighty hunter allowed her to trail him to the edge of his fields, when he shot her, fearing that she would frighten his wife and daughters. The cub became quite a pet around the house until it was accidentally killed by one of the panther dogs.

But most of Aaron Hall's panther hunting was done in the winter time in the "tracking snow." He would go out with his dogs, reconnoitering, and when they found panther tracks they would follow them for hours, sometimes for days, until they located the quarry. When the snow was deep Hall traveled on snowshoes, sleeping under a lean-to of hemlock boughs, if overtaken by night in the forest. One evening when he was returning after an unsuccessful chase he saw where four panthers had crossed his path. He sent his dogs after the brutes, and by daybreak rounded up and killed the entire four. That was his biggest day's kill of mature panthers. He once saw where nine panthers had crossed a trail, but as his dogs were tired, having hunted down two panthers that day, he did not send

them to break up this feline convention. He always aimed to kill his panthers at the first shot, as they charged when wounded, and many were the hair-breadth escapes of his fellow-hunters whose aim was not so accurate. In the late sixties panthers became very scarce in the Alleghenies, so Hall turned his attention to bear hunting. In a few years he had killed over a hundred of these animals, some of them of enormous size.

The biggest bear he killed was "Old Lamé Legs," so called because of his limping gait. He had probably once been in a steel trap, and weighed close to six hundred pounds. It is related that he trailed this bear on snowshoes for three days and nights. He had a frontiersman's disgust for the tenderfoot.

When the Hon. Coleman Sober, of Lewisburg, the world famous rifle shot, went to see him for the first time and asked him to take him on one of his hunts, Hall said that he would first "try him out." After a twenty-three-mile tramp over rocks and snow Sober was indefatigable, and was ever afterward a welcome guest and companion at the hunting cabin on Rock Run.

Until probably thirty years ago, when the remnant of panthers in Pennsylvania retired to the Seven Mountains, after the cutting of the last original pine at the headwaters of Little Moshannon and Beech Creek, the Allegheny backbone in Blair and Centre Counties was the last stronghold of the lion of Pennsylvania. The last two killed in that region were shot in 1885 and

1886 by John Lucas and Charles Stewart, respectively. They were slain near Beecher's Camp, in the Gum Stump section, in one of the last large tracts of original timber thereabouts. The panthers, like the wolves, loved the virgin forests. They dropped out of sight as their cover and food were destroyed. And when the panthers and wolves disappeared the deer deteriorated in size and swiftness, for Nature to be perfect must maintain its balance.

Once, after Aaron Hall had ceased hunting panthers his sons told him of some tracks they had seen in the Laurel Run glen.

"It's too near home," said the old man, "but I'll go out and see."

He tramped up to where the tracks crossed the hollow, but when he saw them he shook his head sadly. "It might be a big wolf, but it's no panther."

Perhaps the last bit of wildness that happened at the great house on the hill occurred a few years before the death of Aaron Hall. It was a cold winter's night, nearly thirty years ago, and the dogs set up a terrific barking. The old hunter went to the back door, which he opened, looking out into the frigid night, with the tiny light of the stars above glittering on the snow. At the edge of the field, nearest to the mountain he noted something like gleaming yellow lamps moving to and fro. On closer scrutiny, he perceived the dark outlines of a dozen wolves. The animals, hungry from the scarcity of ailing deer, had come off the mountain to make a foray on Hall's sheepfold, but

the alertness of the dogs had made them afraid to venture any further than the far edge of the clearing. Aaron Hall watched them for fully half an hour; many were the thoughts that were coursing through his brain, for he felt that he would likely never see such a sight again, unless it be that beyond the mountains, where the good and the brave go after death, the chase exists as the supreme reward. After despairing of success in the fold, with a final yelp, the wolves turned away and the dogs ceased their barking, the mighty hunter went inside and shut the door. And the cold night reigned supreme.

Forest fires raging on the summits year after year chased away the deer that the hunters did not get. There were no weakly harts or hinds for the wolfish tribe. Many wolves died from eating poisoned meat; they came no more. The few survivors vanished with the other picturesque elements of the wilderness.

In the fall of 1892, just before the hunting season, Aaron Hall, slayer of fifty Pennsylvania lions, of innumerable bears, lynxes, wolves and stags, crossed the borderland into that unknown land where it is hoped that the brave are rewarded with the glorious chase. But his memory will live in Central Pennsylvania, all along the Juniata and the Bald Eagle, and serve as an inspiration to those who would be bold and fearless if born in a less empty day, or if the emergency presented. And around the great, gaunt, tall-chimneyed house, which faces the main massif of the Alleghenies, the



winter winds howl woo, woo, woo, the hemlocks in the yard sway and sweep in the icy blasts, the night settles down bleaker and more profound, and in the very heart of all lives the spirit of the olden days.

## XXII.

## HALLOWE'EN.

## A TALE OF THE EARLY IRONMASTERS.

"I HEARD the owl hooting back of the big house to-night as I was coming past," said the old iron-moulder as he seated himself in a group of half a dozen elderly men at the Hallowe'en party in the largest stone cottage in "workingmen's row." "And it's a bad sign," he continued, "especially on this night, for it cannot fail but bring disaster."

A hush fell on the party as they looked about them; to talk of disaster when all the young people were having such a good time and Indian Joe was fiddling his liveliest tunes seemed irrelevant, out of place. Yet it was Hallowe'en, when there should be such a substratum to all conversations. Removing themselves mentally from the glowing candle lights and gaieties, and huddling closer to the open charcoal grate, the old men cogitated as to the exact nature of the coming holocaust. For everyone of them firmly believed in the family "token" of the Hasted family, the masters of "Creekglade Forge" at the source of Stone Creek. Unlike the Irish banshee, which generally reserved its appearances only before death in a family this token of English origin presented itself on the eve of grave

illnesses, financial disasters, disappointments, dangers, as well as foretelling the coming of the dark angel.

The third generation of the Hasted family to own the forge was now in control, the first of the name Abraham having settled in Pennsylvania in 1798. He had capital, as well as brains and energy, soon making himself a leading figure financially and socially in Central Pennsylvania. But the family had been followed by domestic tragedies of every conceivable kind; it seemed that as the money flowed into their cornucopia of life, happiness slipped out at the other end. But as proof of their inherent excellence, their employes at the forge remained from generation to generation, being like the retainers of feudal days in their conspicuous loyalty. The Hasted family was literally "born to command," yet their methods were such that they maintained both love and order.

"I don't like that owl hooting again," said another of the old workmen, the chief forgerman. "I was born here nearly sixty years ago, and I've heard of it calling from that old walnut tree back of the manse at least twenty times — every time something went wrong.

"I was a small boy when the first of the Hasteds went on that business trip to Philadelphia, from which he never returned. He had heard the owl hooting himself, and his wife urged him not to go, but he went. It hooted the night before the youngest son 'Sam,' a major of dragoons, was killed in the Mexican War. It hooted before that great forest fire in 1835, when

all the buildings except the stack and the big house were destroyed. It hooted when the second son's wife was killed in that runaway accident. It hooted so many times that I could keep on giving instances until daybreak. It isn't the cry of a Pennsylvania screech owl or a hoot owl; it is an English owl, that speaks a gloomier, more blood-curdling language than any of its kind native to these parts. I know it, and all the old-timers here know it. I don't think that any one would ever be mistaken that heard it once. Most of the old families—the quality folks, I mean—have a banshee or token. They could not escape them when they moved from the north of Ireland or from England. It is one thing that we with less 'family tree' don't envy them for. We all have to meet our sorrows in this life, but they have the foreknowledge which makes the agony more long drawn out. Not many of the Dutch have the tokens, but those that do generally had pretty good stock back of them. The token is a great follower of 'class.' ”

All the old men listened attentively to this exposition of something that they had heard over and over again, and knew by heart, but they dearly loved to discuss anything pertaining to the “big house” above all else.

The old gutterman, who had been the first speaker, then took up the narrative. “You are right about all the old families having the tokens, but there are some hereabouts that have the Irish token or banshee. The Clawaghters up in the Seven Mountains have a queer

one, a one-armed man in a canoe goes down the Ka-roondinha the night before there is a death in the family. The MacGifferts on the Lewistown Pike have a coal black fox; it crosses the road in front of the person who is to die. The McQueenys, of Rock Pine Forge, have a big black dog; it barks in the yard the night before there's a death in the family. With the Muchollans, at Black Diamond Furnace, it's a goose with a black head that is hatched the season when one of the household is to die. The McHales, at Indianville Forges, have a pure white calf with a black head born on their farm when there is to be death in the family. When one of the McClanys at Swatragh Forge is to die, a bird flies in the house, circles around the room, and goes out again into the night. When there is to be death among the McGlawns at McConnellstown some member of the family dreams of losing a tooth; if an old yellow tooth, an aged person; if a white, bleeding tooth, a young person. And the families that have tokens which merely foretell bad luck—they are too numerous to mention."

The old men smoked their pipes in silence for a moment or two, then the charger spoke again. "I am glad that the hoot owl of the Hasteds does not always mean death."

There was another pause, broken by the old gutterman saying, "There are some things worse than death."

Then another old man, a visitor at one of the workmen's houses, who had been silent during the entire conversation, spoke up: "I wonder who up at the big

house is to have trouble; they are a healthy looking lot, more chance that one of us would fall by the wayside than any of them."

The old gutterman who had started the talk, leaned over and putting his mouth close to the elderly stranger's ear, whispered, but in tones loud enough for the other old men to hear: "Young Abe, the master's oldest son, isn't doing the right thing. He's running with Mary Metzger, the daughter of a collier, and no good will come of it, mark my word."

"Why, hasn't he a perfect right to go with whoever he pleases?" spoke up the stranger, with a small show of indignation. "I believe in the rich marrying the poor, it evens up things."

The old gutterman shook his head. "You don't know much of human nature, partner," he said, "or you wouldn't talk that way. There is as much difference in people as there is between fishes and birds. They cannot mix; it's harder than putting oil and water together. The quality folks must stay by themselves, the working people by ourselves; only misery comes of mixing the breeds."

"I don't agree with you," said the stranger, pulling his long white beard angrily. "Over in the Dutch belt where I come from we have no classes, all mix together, everybody is happy."

"I guess you are right there," replied the gutterman. "All can be happy together where no distinctions exist, but where they do exist, they can never come together. I have heard new workmen come here and say, 'I'm as



good as they are, I'll mix with them, they'll mix with me,' but a five minutes' talk satisfied them that their point of view was so different from the folks at the big house, that it was as if they spoke a different language."

"I don't agree with you; it's all imagination, this 'difference.' People are the same, they all die the same way, and have to face the same Maker. I don't see what harm could come to that young Abe Hasted because he runs about with a coal-burner's daughter."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the moulder calmly, "at these old forge communities we live by ourselves, away from the rest of the world. We have time to watch things more closely than folks in the busy centers. While the people at the big house are the kindest and best in the world, they are different from workmen. We know it, and we are content to remain privates in the regiment."

"That's all right," broke in the old Lehigh County man, "but I demand you tell me what is going to happen to young Abe Hasted because he keeps company with a collier's daughter."

"That I don't know exactly, but I'll tell you what happened to his grandfather, the first Abraham Hasted, for whom he was named. It will take you back nearly a hundred years, to old England. Somewhere over there the original Hasteds owned a fine estate called 'Ramhurst.' The story goes that they possessed one hundred thousand acres of land, part farming country, and the rest underlaid with minerals,

principally iron. About a mile from the stone castle where they lived—it was said to be a thousand years old—was a thriving town, a ‘cathedral town’ they called it. The Hasteds, of course, never mixed with the business people of the town; they had their own society made up of wealthy landowners like themselves, and nobility and military officers. The first Abraham Hasted to come to this valley was the oldest son of the owner of that one hundred thousand acres of land and the stone castle. He was a shy backward boy, having been petted too much at home. He never cared for the opposite sex, although his relatives tried hard to interest him in some of the wealthy girls in his own social circle. He was nearly thirty years old, and showed no signs of becoming a benedict. One afternoon he was sitting with his mother in her private apartments when a knock came on the door. A servant announced that the milliner from the town had sent a representative with a few of the latest style hats for her ladyship’s inspection. The proud woman told the servant to send the milliner in. The door was pushed open, and a very pretty girl of fifteen, blushing entered. She was carrying six large boxes of hats, was almost hidden behind them. The young gentleman got up when he saw her enter, was about to leave the room, when something about the girl fascinated him and made him tarry. Whether it was her blush, or her artless, shy demeanor, or her pretty brown hair, oval face, good nose, clear white skin, and deep-set blue eyes, he could not tell, but he felt a some-



AT THE SITE OF AN OLD-TIME FURNACE



thing for her that he had never experienced for any other member of her sex.

"She almost tripped over the boxes as she sat them down blushing again, and the youth had a further good look at her. She was of medium height, well filled out for her age, with pretty hands and feet. She wore a small dark hat, a red worsted coat, a dark blue skirt of homespun; there was nothing stylish in her attire. Yet despite her awkwardness and plainness of apparel he was madly in love with her. Usually so diffident, he assisted the girl in taking the hats out of the boxes and displaying them before his mother. Evidently he would have made a good salesman, for the lady decided to take four of them. The girl was almost overcome with her good fortune, curtsying as best she could, and thanking her profusely. It meant that henceforth her employer would think more of her.

"Instead of ringing for the footman to open the door, young Abraham helped the girl with the boxes, and at the back door of the castle insisted that he carry some of them as far as the shop. It was the first work that he had ever done; he was perspiring freely when he reached the town, as it was a hot August day.

"The milliner, who was usually very severe with her pretty apprentice, was amazed to find that she had sold four hats, and had been assisted back to the shop by the great lady's son.

"As the lad was putting down the last box he asked the girl her name. 'Betsey Gisborne,' she faltered, looking down and blushing again.



“ ‘I’m Abraham Hasted,’ said the youth as he hurried away.

“As he was a noted horseman he always managed to drive his favorite hackney through the town during the hours when the fair Betsey would be on the streets on errands for her mistress. He gave her many a ‘lift’ into the country, becoming well acquainted with her. He told her of his love, to which she replied that she had felt a similar emotion the first time she saw him. He spoke of marriage, to which she said that she would love to be his wife, only she feared that their vastly different stations in life might be an insuperable bar, besides six months before she had promised herself to the milliner’s nephew, a butcher in the town, when her apprenticeship would be over. She had been young, he was her first admirer, but she had never loved him, yet it would be hard to disentangle herself from him on account of his connection with her employer. Her romance with the young gentleman had been so rapid that the butcher had not learned he had a rival, yet he must soon find it out, as the town was small, and he would be furious. Then Abraham confessed that if his parents knew of his infatuation, or his intentions with a milliner’s apprentice they would shut him up in a dungeon; it would be impossible ever to marry with their permission. Insomuch as both Betsey and he had complications to the calm consummation of their romance, if she loved him enough to go with him to America, he would fly with her that very night.

“It was late in the afternoon, they were in the young



man's hackney cart, driving over a vast, open heath in the direction of the west. The declining sun, mellow and golden, spoke of a world of hope beyond the seas. Taking his arm in hers, the lovely girl pressed herself against him, declaring her unselfish love in impassioned tones, and swearing that she would go to the ends of the earth for him. He kissed her, telling her that he had enough money and drafts on his person to enable him to take her to America; so he wheeled his horse about, and the high cart flew faster than ever, now headed toward the east coast. He knew of a post town twenty miles away; if they could reach it in an hour, a stage left that night for Hull, a seaport where many ships embarked for America. And it was to the post town they sped out of the track of the setting sun into the gathering night, two hearts at peace with the world.

"It was an easy drive for a swift horse on a cool September evening, the post town was reached within the hour. The horse and cart were left at the stable of an inn, the happy couple were soon speeding toward the seacoast in the stage coach. All night long they rode, in happy expectancy, for the post boy told them that he was sure a clipper would be sailing in the morning. There was a heavy fog when they arrived at the port of Hull. They sought out the captain of the ship, which bore the prophetic name of the 'Indian Queen.' Yes, he was sailing for America, for the port of Philadelphia, as soon as the fog lifted; he was a day late already, but hoped soon to be underway.

“Despite the fact that there were no telegraphs or telephones or railway trains, Abraham and Betsey were extremely nervous all day, fearing that they might be apprehended or recognized. They remained in the cabin until evening, when a fine wind arose, and the ship weighed anchor, heading for the golden west. The trip was not a honeymoon—that was its only drawback—four weeks was a long voyage for two who were not married but longed to be.

“At length the Delaware was reached, and then the long-looked-for city of Philadelphia. As soon as they were safely on shore a German clergyman living near the docks was located and the nuptial knot tied. The young couple decided to go to Lancaster, then almost on the edge of the wilderness, and there select a permanent place of abode. In Lancaster they learned of the magnificent timber and mineral wealth of the valleys contiguous to the Juniata, with a result that the bridegroom made a payment on ten thousand acres of land in what is now Huntingdon County. He knew something about furnaces and forges; he would follow the dignified occupation of ironmaster.

“Betsey Hasted, as she was now called, was a woman of uncommon intelligence and force of character. She was what might be termed a ‘business woman,’ and was an able aid to her husband in their mountain home. On shipboard he had drafted a letter to his parents which was mailed in Philadelphia. The proud couple was shocked, but not surprised when they received it, as the disappearance of Betsey Gis-

borne had uncovered the whole story. Needless to say they sent emissaries to the young man, begging him to give up his bride and return. These failing, they sent out word that if he would come home with his bride all would be forgiven. But his answer to all was that he was well pleased with his Pennsylvania residence, that he loved his wife, and wanted to be let alone. He further asked that his younger brother become heir to the estate, but he wished some money sent him to aid in developing his enterprise as an ironmaster. This was done, but years passed before he had closed all the negotiations with his conservative parents.

"Six children were born to Abraham and Betsey Hasted; the furnace was a financial success, they named it 'Creekglade,' after the tiny village in England near which they were driving when they had declared their mutual love. All seemed to augur a long and happy life for the couple who had taken destiny in their own hands, had broken down the bonds of caste.

"One day a letter was received by Hasted to the effect that his father had died, that in order to secure his share of the inheritance he should proceed at once to Philadelphia. The night before an owl had been heard hooting in a large walnut tree back of the recently finished manse; the ironmaster had remarked that it was an old legend in his family that such a hooting always foretold misfortune or death. But the cheerful, matter-of-fact little wife laughed his fears away. The arrival of the letter next morning inform-

ing him of his father's demise seemed to bear out the old tradition.

"He was overcome by the sad news, as despite his parents' opposition to his 'lowly' marriage, father and son had always been congenial in the past. Though he tried hard to conceal his feelings, the young ironmaster was in a depressed frame of mind when he started away on his horse, accompanied by his Negro servant. The bride, noting his gloominess, urged him to wait awhile, but he was obdurate. He would find a stage coach at Lewistown that would carry him the balance of the journey. His devoted wife would have accompanied him, but for the fact that she did not wish to leave her small children. The Negro servant said that his master was feeling in better spirits when he got on the coach, and waved to several friends on the hotel porch. That was the last Abraham Hasted's friends saw him alive. Late in the afternoon the stage was held up in the Narrows by a lone masked man. All the passengers threw up their hands except one, the master of Creekglade Forge, who seemed to recognize the 'robber' and made resistance. The bandit shot the ironmaster and split his skull with the handle of his heavy pistol. Then he dismounted from the coach, letting it go its way without further molestation; not a single passenger was robbed. From the remarks that passed in the thrilling moment between when Hasted recognized his murderer and received the death shot, the Hasted family inferred that the slayer was none other than the English butcher to whom his wife

had once been betrothed. And when the body was picked up by the roadside the next morning all the money and papers were found intact. The only article missing was a miniature of the ironmaster's wife that had been painted in Lancaster by Jacob Eichholtz, and which he always carried in an inside pocket over his heart.

"Letters from England received by the widow showed that the elder Hasted was not dead; the unfortunate man had been lured to his death by a false message. But the murderer was never apprehended, so officially the mystery remains unsolved to this day. All that trouble came from an ill-judged union, a grand man was sacrificed. Let us hope that the hooting owl does not foretell a similar alliance."

The merry party was breaking up to go home when the old man finished his story. Gusts of frigid air were sweeping in every time the door was opened. The fire had burned low in the Franklin stove.

## XXIII.

## ALL SOULS' NIGHT.

ANOTHER TALE OF THE EARLY IRONMASTERS.

WHEN young Abraham Hasted passed through the park which led to the rear door of the old manse at Creekglade Forge after a tryst with his beloved, Mary Metzger, in the Panther Gorge, he heard the ominous hooting of an owl in the big walnut tree. It was Hallowe'en, a night when almost anything uncanny might be expected to occur, but apart from that, the owl's melancholy cries had a special meaning to the young man.

Instantly he recollected the family tradition, of how an owl hooting in the old walnut always presaged some disaster to the house. He especially hated to hear it on Hallowe'en; it gave reality to the doleful forebodings. Used to the woods as he was, he had never heard an owl hoot quite as this one did. At his hunting cabin in the Lechethal in the Seven Mountains the tiny screech owls often gave vent to their weird outcries from the acacias about the camp, and deeper in the forests at dead of night he often listened to the funereal croaking of the great horned owls.

But this was a vastly different sound—it seemed to come from the grave. Hurrying up the stone steps,



with nervous fingers he plied his key to the old-fashioned lock of the heavy walnut door. Somehow the key was slow in slipping into its place, and while he fumbled about, he was forced to listen to the owl's lamenting, which seemed to grow louder and more terrifying with every reverberation. Finally the distraught youth was able to get the key to working, and rushed inside, slamming the door after him.

But massive as was the door and closely built, the dreary cries of the owl, at fifteen-second intervals, filtered into the old hall. It was a peculiar hall, more like a huge room in which he found himself. No staircase to the upper floor was visible; the stairs were in a smaller passage concealed behind a door on the west side of the hall. By this door stood a tall clock, ticking heavily away, tick, tock, tick, tock, a clock brought from Lancaster County that had once belonged to his grandmother's family, the old McGarretts, of Donegal Springs.

In the darkness he strove to listen to the clock, but it was drowned out by the hooting of the owl. Surely a pleasanter evening than he had spent could not be imagined, yet this was a disagreeable ending to it. Mary Metzger, to oblige him, had remained away from the merry Hallowe'en party which took place at one of the workmen's houses, and wrapped up as warmly as she could had walked with him up and down the path by the creek in the Panther Gorge, now and then stopping to listen to the musical roar of a waterfall.

The Panther fork of Stone Creek rose on a bench of the Scrub Ridge, and after falling over a cataract of considerable height ran through the deep gorge to join the main stream a mile beyond. At this time, the year before the outbreak of the Civil War, the tall original hemlocks grew in a dense tangle in the gorge, so tall that they seemed to be reaching up to catch the rays of the sun, which rays were not distributed over lavishly in this mountainous region.

It was a gloomy place for two lovers to wander at midnight on Hallowe'en, but if there was sunshine in their hearts, nature's blackness mattered little. As the lovers wandered up and down the dismal vale the young man recounted to his sweetheart the legend which gave the gorge its name. Panther Gorge had an ominous sound, enough to make one shudder when hearing it, but the tradition was very much more sinister. An old Indian, possibly Shaney John, told it to the young man's grandfather shortly after his arrival at the forge from England. It had made a deep impression, it was always repeated in the family circle on Hallowe'en, or on nights when the winds howled down the gorge, as if to sweep the house and stack away. The glade was as dark by day as by night, and many had suggested to the ironmasters that they cut the trees, and let in the blessed sunshine.

But the Hasted family loved traditions, loved things kept as they were, they were not iconoclasts in any sense of the word. The original hemlocks of Panther Gorge survived several ownerships, not coming down until the

last year of the nineteenth century, when a portable sawmill, that arch-foe of all that is beautiful, razed them, every one. Several forest fires have swept down the gorge since then, and to-day little else grows there but quaking-aspen and fire cherry, and those folks living near at hand have more sunlight than they want.

As young Hasted began the story of the gorge the fair Mary held tighter to his arm, shuddering partly from cold and from the awesome tale. Many years before, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, there was a certain great king of the Tuscaroras, that warlike tribe which came to the Juniata country from the South. He had lost his wife, and being still a man in middle life, decided to take unto himself a second helpmate. His choice fell upon a beautiful maiden of the tribe, a girl only half his age, but of singular intelligence and charm. It seemed a suitable match, for though the king was thirty-eight and his bride eighteen the difference in years was apparently compensated by the girl's uncommon mental gifts. All seemed happy for a time. The bride appeared to adore her famous husband and there was no doubt but that the king was wildly in love with his beautiful young mate. But some of his royal household, bolder than the outsiders, whispered to him that when he was away on hunting trips the bride was in the habit of strolling in the dark gorge above the regal encampment. One of the household, fearing to have her wander there alone, lest she be devoured by the wild beasts which frequented the spot, followed her by stealth, to act as a secret pro-

tector. To the faithful henchman's surprise he saw the supposedly devoted bride meeting a young Indian of the tribe, and falling in his arms with a rapture of love. Though he could scarcely believe his eyes the watcher followed her on every occasion when she went for a "solitary" stroll to the gorge. On the last three trips before the king's return he brought two fellow-guards with him to corroborate the information which he proposed to lay before the august monarch. There was no doubt of the truth of the intrigue, but the unsophisticated Indians almost swooned at the thought that such duplicity could exist in one so beautiful.

On the king's homecoming, after a most affectionate greeting from his bride, the devoted guard took him aside and imparted the awful story. The king was so affected that he reeled and fell over on the huge pile of dead moose which had been sledded to the royal camp from the wilds of the Seven Mountains. He had planned a celebration for that night to commemorate his slaughter of wild beasts, but instead he ordered that the queen and her paramour be brought before him. Confronted with overwhelming proofs of their guilt, they broke down and confessed, begging for mercy. But the king's pride had been wounded, he had an example to set, so he decreed an awful punishment. The royal artificer in metals was sent for and ordered to forge chains for the hands of the queen and her lover, and to weld their legs together by an iron band. Thus manacled together they were led into the depths of the gorge, to wander about in the gloom or

starve to death. With their hands chained behind their backs, and with a heavy iron band between the left leg of the queen and the right leg of her lover, they were utterly helpless. Weeping and wailing, they toddled along, until night added more terrible blackness to the scene. Then the forests resounded with the cries of panthers and wildcats, the howling of hungry wolves, the croaking of ravens and the hooting of owls.

The manacled couple knew that if they sat down they could not get up again, so as a measure of protection they kept on the move. But one of the panthers had not been able to satisfy his hunger that day, the supply of aged or sickly deer was slack, and scenting the human captives, smacked his grey chops in anticipation. Crawling by stealthy tread from his ledge high up on the side of the gorge, he approached the helpless things uttering yells of mingled hunger and joy. When the couple heard his cries growing louder they knew that their doom was sealed.

Standing against an ancient hemlock they awaited their end stoically. With a ferocious bound of twenty feet, the Pennsylvania lion was upon his selected victim, the Indian youth. The force of the savage impact hurled both man and woman to the ground, and the mammoth cat crouched on his prey like a vampire, literally sucking the blood from the wounds made by his heavy paws. After draining the youth of blood, he ate out his heart, then left the remainder of the mutilated corpse still fastened to the guilty queen.

The horror of her lover's death, her proximity to his mangled remains, were too much for her to bear; she lost her reason completely. Three days later emissaries of the king found her lying in the woods, muttering and shrieking, a raving maniac. This was reported to the ruler, who ordered that the dead man be cut loose from her, and that she be brought back to the camp. When the queen was placed before him she could not recognize him, nor talk coherently. She was given her freedom, and remained about the castle for a dozen years, a helpless imbecile, until finally a copperhead snake bit her and she died. From this tragedy the dark glen was ever afterward known as the Panther Gorge, although the first Abraham Hasted had killed an eleven-foot panther there, which sprang at the horse he was riding, further clinching the unsavory title.

According to the Tuscaroras, Indians dying in guilt become evil spirits, which corrupt and render miserable all living beings falling under their influence. The ghosts of the wicked queen and her lover were said to still haunt the Panther Gorge, and any person feeling their breaths upon them would have an uncontrollable desire to commit crime, to be at enmity with society. Perhaps these unclean spirits, ever seeking to transfer their malevolence to others, were the real cause of the many misfortunes at Creekglade Forge.

It was an uncanny story, and as young Hasted finished it he noticed that his sweetheart shook like an aspen leaf. She drew herself further away from him, as if to conceal her trembling, and asked him to take



her to her home, that she felt as if she were catching cold. As it was past the midnight hour, the young man hurried her to her humble dwelling, which was at the extreme end of the working-men's row.

As he saw her to the door the shivering girl cast a longing glance down the line of houses to the largest one, from which the guests of the Hallowe'en party were emerging into the night air, wrapped in their cloaks.

And the young lover remembered as he walked away that she had not thanked him for a pleasant evening, she was too pre-occupied watching the light which streamed from the festive door further down the row. He felt that he, the son of proud ironmasters, had honored the girl, the daughter of a stocker, by associating with her—the very least she could do in return would be to express some word of appreciation. But as he walked on he reasoned that she was young, and in every very youthful breast is a desire for that form of gaiety which expresses itself in bright lights. But his pride was piqued, though he strove to forget it in recollections of the kisses and embraces earlier in the evening.

Then came the melancholy hooting of the mysterious owl, which evoked memories of family tragedies, of old sorrows. He left the big hall and the old clock, and opening the hall door was at the foot of the winding stairs which led to the upper story. He ascended as quietly as he could, pushing open the door of his own room, which was in utter darkness. One window

was open and through it came the mournful cries of the owl out there in the park. Would it never stop, was ever an owl so persistent or terrifying? He shut the window and, undressing hastily in the dark, climbed into bed, hiding his head under the counterpanes.

But though the owl soon became silent, he could not sleep. He recalled other times when he had heard the owl, before grave illnesses to those he loved, before financial and political backsets of his relatives. He had never heard it except previous to unhappy or humiliating episodes. What could the owl be after now—perhaps he was to be the sufferer.

He had one thought uppermost in his mind, his love for Mary Metzger. She rose before his bewildered vision, an image of loveliness. Tall and very slight, with very round blue eyes and a mass of red-gold hair, no woman like her existed in the world; she must be his, and soon. Yet he had never discussed marriage with her, though often expressing the extent of his great love. He had felt that he could not mention a wedding until some plans were devised to gain his parents' consent. Though his grandfather, the founder of the family in Pennsylvania, had married a milliner's helper, his father had the strictest ideas about caste, as had his mother, who sprang from one of the proudest Scotch-Irish families in Lancaster County.

If his grandfather had done it why not he? Mary Metzger would make him as good a wife as his milliner grandmother had been to the first Abraham Hasted. But had that marriage turned out so well? Betsey

Gisborne had made a good wife and mother, but the earlier attachment in her life had resulted in her husband's foul murder in Lewistown Narrows. As a small boy he had looked with awe at the printed dodger offering a reward of five hundred dollars in gold for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderer, a copy of which still hung on the wall in one of the warehouses back of the company store.

But there was no such entanglement in Mary Metzger's life, not that he knew of; he was her only lover, therefore history could not repeat itself. He fell asleep just at daybreak, but before he did he was full of courage to face his parents and tell them of his love, and demand their consent to his early marriage. He was of the same mind when he awoke. His father had already gone to the office when he got down stairs, so he decided to break the news to his parents in the dining-room after supper, while they indulged their fondness for rich coffee. All day long he was moody and uncommunicative; his parents wondered what ailed him, he was usually so bright and amiable. He was silent all through the supper, which was served in the colonial fashion, with tall silver candlesticks on the table.

The dining-room, with its high ceiling, walnut wainscoting, its huge black marble fireplace in which a cheerful beechwood fire was blazing, with a Louis XIV clock of inlaid tortoise shell on the mantel, the massive sideboard covered with silver, as well as lustre,

spode and Wedgewood ware, the grim ancestral portraits on the walls, made it a picturesque setting for the scene that was about to occur.

After the meal, when the younger members of the family withdrew, young Abraham asked to have a few words with his parents. They eyed him sharply, his conduct during the day had been so peculiar that they suspected something was brewing. The young man arose, and standing with one hand on an antique glass fire screen, told of his love for the workman's daughter and his determination to marry her. The surprised parents listened attentively until he had finished, when the father arose, and shaking his finger at the son, declared that such a marriage could never take place, he would send the boy to Europe as soon as a satisfactory companion could be found; one mesalliance in the family was enough for all time. Then he concluded by saying that if any child of his ever contracted such a union he would disown him, turn him out of doors.

The boy's temper was under poor control, and picking up the glass screen, which his mother prized as her favorite antique, he hurled it at his father and strode from the room. The screen crashed into a dozen pieces, and the mother screamed with terror and grief. Even before reaching his room young Abraham repented of his rash act, but it was too late, he was an outlaw with his parents, his chances of marrying Mary Metzger seemed remoter than ever. He remained in his apartment all evening, wishing that he could undo

his unseemly act, angry at himself; he sometimes felt that the owl's curse was already upon him.

The next day he wandered about the house sheepishly; he neither spoke to his parents, nor did they to him. He tried to formulate some plan for the future, but his mind was a blank. Late in the afternoon he slipped into the dining-room and stood before the elegant portrait of his grandmother—she who had been a milliner's apprentice—that portrait which was considered Eichholtz's masterpiece. He compared it feature by feature with his mental conception of his own lowly sweetheart. The former Betsey Gisborne had a broader face, a bigger, stronger nose, more soul to the lips, more firmness to the chin, there was a fine pallor to the complexion, in truth it was a remarkable countenance, one woman in a hundred thousand. Though he had to admit to himself that his grandmother, at almost the same age as his beloved, had the stronger features and none of the insipid pink and white beauty of his own love, yet he swore to himself that he liked Mary's type by far the best. Looking at that portrait aroused in him a fresh desire to see his Mary again, and tell her what had happened. Perhaps she could help him with a plan, bring some ray of hope into the question. He had made no effort to see her all day, but it might be that she would be looking for him at their favorite trysting place in Panther Gorge. He had made no appointment, yet some instinct told him that she would be there.

It was All Souls' night, when ghosts were abroad,

and he hated to think of her wandering by herself in that glen tenanted by the evil spirit of the Tuscarora king's false wife. After supper he went to his room, and then down stairs by a back way, and crept out into the gloom. It was a weirdsome night, with winds rattling the leafless boughs of the trees, and not a star or light visible.

The path to the glen was so familiar that he lost no time in getting there. To his surprise he saw a female figure walking there, carrying a lantern. Coming nearer he recognized the tall reed-like form of Mary Metzger. He rushed up to her with outstretched arms, "Oh, what a joyful surprise," he said.

The girl stopped and looked at him in a confused, nervous sort of way. Her lips moved as if she wanted to say something, but she remained silent.

"Why you don't seem glad to see me, even though you were out here waiting for me."

To this the girl replied that she was only out for a little fresh air, that she must be flying home. Though this was the first time that she had ever seemed in a hurry to leave him, he offered to accompany her back to her parents' cottage. They walked along in silence, down the glen. Never had the roar of the cataract seemed so loud to Abraham Hasted. Near the edge of the forest footsteps were heard on the frozen earth.

"Who can that be at this hour?" said the young man. Before he could say another word he was seized by the throat by a short, thick-set youth of about his own age, whom he recognized as Simon Wagner, a



clerk in the company store. Instinctively he had never liked this youth, who was surly and sullen, and whose flat face was scarred by many pock marks.

"Damn you," said the clerk, choking him tighter, "can't a fellow meet his girl without a fice like you coming on the scene."

And he shook the young gentleman as a terrier would a rat. Holding on with a viselike grip, he rambled on, cursing between every sentence. "You had a foolish notion that this girl cared for you. Shucks, she hated you; she merely wanted to see how far you would go, you with all your money and aristocratic blood, you are no better than me or her, not half so good I think. Stick to your own kind, and I'll stick to mine."

These insults were too much for young Hasted to bear. Long and slim, he was yet sinewy and brave. Swinging with his right, he caught the low-browed fellow under the jaw, and sent him sprawling. As he fell Mary, who had remained silent thus far, uttered a piercing scream, wild and terrible as a panther's, making the whole glen resound with her anguish. As he fell, Wagner's head struck a sharp rock and he lay motionless. Not knowing whether he had killed the wretch, and caring less, Hasted strode away down the path toward the now sleeping community. He had gone about a hundred yards when he heard the patter of small feet back of him. Mary, out of breath and gasping, was at his side.

"Oh, Abraham, are you going to leave me alone

here in the woods with that dying man?" she cried.

The young gentleman angrily brushed her aside, continuing his way. The girl followed a few paces in the rear, like a starving wolf. At the door of the cottage where she resided Hasted stopped and rapped, until he had aroused her parents. Then he continued along the cinder path to the front gate of the park. As he entered bravely he saw a light shining from his mother's window. He thought of a quotation which had impressed him, "No one can injure him who has not first injured himself." We make by our mistakes and misdeeds the monsters which torture us through life.

## XXIV.

## MERITHEW.

## THE OLD STONEMASON'S STORY.

THERE was an apple butter frolic at the old log house at the mouth of Detwiler. The few neighbors in that lonely mountain vale had all collected at "Singing" Shaffer's to put the work through with a rush. Shaffer, whose real Christian name was Sephares, was called "Singing" because he had a cousin of the same name in Stone Valley, whose vocal gifts and religious inclinations were not so pronounced. Likewise in adjacent valleys were to be found Bill Smith and "Lying Bill" Smith, Sam Kline and "Red Headed" Sam Kline, Jake Stouffer and "Mason John" Stouffer.

On this night of the apple butter frolic, by the unsteady light of tallow dips and lamps, Farmer Shaffer was assisted by his good wife, his three girls and two boys, Simon Freedley, an old trapper, his wife and daughter, Simeon Plankenhorn, a retired timber cruiser, and wife, and last, but not least, an old stonemason who was visiting at the Freedley home.

In the mountains a stranger's name was not the first thing sought for; his other characteristics were studied and commented upon, then if he passed muster his name was asked. For that reason the relator of what

happened at the frolic had not thought to inquire the old man's name. "The Old Stonemason" was a good enough name!

One of "Singing" Shaffer's boys, a lad of twenty-one, inherited his father's musical taste, being somewhat of a violinist. And he was a poor "pealer," consequently his share of the evening's activities was furnishing snatches of old-fashioned melodies, like "Biddy Martin," "The Camptown Races" and the "Arkansas Traveler," on his weather-beaten Stradivarius—an instrument by the way of probable authenticity. At any rate it had been in the Shaffer family over one hundred years; burned in the wood inside of the case was "Antonius Stradivarius, Cremona, 1739."

Simon Freedley was a man about seventy years of age. In his youth he had worked in Clearfield County and in the Snow Shoe region making square timber. In the camps he had met the stonemason; they had worked together as "buddies," had listened to the Askey boys tell panther stories until their hair stood on end. They themselves had heard the blood curdling growls of the Pennsylvania lion on more than one occasion about the licks and sugar camps. Once when Freedley had been watching a lick near Black Moshannon he had fallen asleep. During his slumbers a panther had crept up to him and sizing him up as a likely meal for his mate and little ones, had covered him with leaves so stealthily as not to awaken him. Then the giant cat had slipped away into the forest to bring his family circle to the royal feast. Some good angel was watch-

ing over the young Nimrod, for he awakened, finding himself lying in a gully by the log on which he had been watching, and all covered with leaves. Though it was in the fall of the year he could not see why the leaves should fall so fast. He was not long in grasping the situation; he was to be a panther family's "midnight lunch." He scrambled to his feet, shook off the leaves, and none too soon. In the darkness he saw a pair of gleaming eyes, not fifty feet away. He aimed his rifle and fired. Probably he missed a vital spot, but the panther uttered a piercing yell, which was answered by another still further back in the gloom—then all was still. He had made a lucky escape and became the hero of the square timber camp.

Then the story was told how two boys from Stone Valley, Joe Emig and Ben Long, when on a rabbit hunt had seen a panther stretched out on a fallen tree right there in Detwiler in the fall of 1911. Hunting stories led to more personal narratives. The old stonemason told the story of his life, from the day of his birth at the foot of Thick Head, how his mother had run away and his father, marrying again, had "put him out" with first one backwoods family, then another. He had been abused and starved, made to do two grown men's work, had run away, been recaptured, endured all the hardships that could befall a friendless boy. Gradually he drifted out of the Juniata country, into Clinton and Clearfield Counties, where he worked for John Rhone, whose mysterious disappearance in the fall of 1898 was the wonder of

all of Central Pennsylvania, then to Potter and Tioga Counties, finding life no easier among the shrewd Yankees in the "Northern Tier."

When he was about thirteen years of age he was placed with a farmer in one of the northern counties to be "general utility" on a two-hundred acre dairy farm. It was a remote spot, several miles from a village, in a country made up of hilly fields interspersed with patches of virgin hemlock and sugar trees. It was a typical farm of that day and locality. The house, a long, low structure, painted white, stood in a yard about two hundred feet from the public road, surrounded by giant maples. A double path of flag stones led from it to a double gate. Across the road was the barn, a long structure, with the gable end facing the road. Below the barn the hill sloped off abruptly; it always looked dark down where the public road led, there were many maple trees and beyond a dismal swamp.

In the springtime when the boy arrived the nights reverberated with the pipings of the *hylodes*, the cries of the screech owls. The most cheerful night sound came from the whippoorwills.

The family consisted of the farmer and his wife, a sour, crusty old couple—Dutch people in a Yankee community—two sons, one of them a helpless cripple since the battle of Antietam, it was a year or two after the close of the Civil War, a daughter about seventeen years of age and a hired girl. The last named was a pretty girl, an orphan like the hired boy, a girl with



brown wavy hair, blue eyes and refined features, who might have shared the ill-treatment so generally meted out were it not that she was a prime favorite with the churlish old farmer's daughter.

The hired girl was kind to the unfortunate boy; it was the only bright spot in his otherwise dreary existence. There were as many cows to milk as he was years old, mares and colts to care for, wood to cut, water to draw, to say nothing of other and arduous tasks too numerous to mention. As the dreary days went by he hoped that he might die to escape the awful drudgery. At first he planned to run away, but it was more difficult than in a wilder country; all the farmers were friends and aided one another as in a freemasonry restoring lost "chattels." As this seemed out of the question hope died out of his composition; he was in a hopeless treadmill. Occasionally when he went to the village to help unload a wagon of buckwheat or a dray of cheese, he met other farm boys like himself and exchanged impressions with them. Several of them, when they learned where he worked, advised him to be cautious about going out at night, to beware of the ghost. But the boy was too tired and dispirited to be afraid, he usually forgot all about the gruesome hints by the time he was back at the gloomy old place. He worked hard all spring, he worked harder all summer, the fall work promised to be the most severe of all. And the winter would come around with logs to be gotten in, the most gruelling work of the category.

One evening the farmer lost a big work horse from

colic; to him it was almost a tragedy. The animal was especially needed in one of the teams for the winter's lumbering operations. A few nights after this misfortune the old man and his sons had driven in the spring wagon to an adjoining hamlet to look at another horse. The hired boy, as usual, was left to do the night's work, it looked before him a monumental trial, especially the milking of the baker's dozen of cows, the feeding of a score of pigs, the feeding and bedding of mares and colts, sheep and poultry, wood cutting and endless other duties. For a moment he stood in the gathering twilight in the open barn door, then set to work with a will.

It was long after dark when he finished, and with weary tread he started across the road and opened the front gate. As he did so he glanced up, being surprised to see a tall slim figure dressed in black coming down one of the paths from the old house. Too surprised to speak, he stood motionless, with one hand on the gate latch. As the figure drew near he could just make out that he was very tall and wore a suit of evening clothes, with white cuffs and shirt; the long tails of the coat flapped about the thin legs in the night wind. As the figure passed out of the other side of the double gate it glanced at him. He was too frightened to scrutinize the features, all he noticed was that the face was very white. Silently it passed through the gate, stepped boldly into the middle of the road, and with rapid strides disappeared below the hill among the dark, sighing maple trees. The frightened boy

passed in the gate, the cold perspiration was standing out on his forehead, his legs trembled as he walked along the flags toward the side door of the house. He had a strong feeling that he had seen a ghost, especially as it was the night of the second of October, the beginning of the ghost month, which lasts until All Souls' night, when all the spirits of the dead can return from the realms beyond space and time. All the family were in bed when he got to the house. Sorrowfully he picked up his old tin lantern and climbed the ladder to his bed in the stuffy little cubbyhole of a room above the summer kitchen. He was too tired to think further of ghosts and was soon asleep.

In the morning he thought it best not to broach the subject to the family—it might be a sore subject—he had heard that it was in most “haunted” families, and for a boy of thirteen he was steeped in worldly wisdom. Three weeks passed, during which time he saw no more of the ghost. All he saw was work, a mountain of work.

One evening when he was alone at the barn, the farmer and his second son had driven to the village to visit the crippled boy, who now clerked in the general store—they always contrived to get away at work time—he stood for a moment at the barn door gazing out into the fast-gathering dusk. Suddenly at his side he noticed the tall slim form of a young man a lad of about eighteen, dressed in a black broadcloth suit, a size or two too big for him, with long white cuffs, a high white collar and a ruffled shirt front. The autumn

wind was blowing his long curly dark hair, his face was ghastly pale the deep-set eyes were very large and black. He was sure it was the same figure that had passed him at the gate. The young man spoke in such a pleasant tone of voice to the bewildered farm boy that he lost all his sense of fear. He began the conversation by inquiring if there was any chance to obtain work on the farm. The boy replied that he doubted if there was any, but he could not answer for certain until the farmer returned from the village. Then the stranger asked if he could help the boy with his evening work which offer, needless to say, was gladly accepted. The black-garbed youth was a nimble workman, belying his frail, consumptive appearance. He assisted with everything, even to milking the "lion's share" of the baker's dozen of cows. Then he helped the boy carry the milk pails across the road to the spring house.

After the work was over the lad invited the stranger into the house, intending to share his bowl of bread and milk with him. The old lady had retired, but in the sitting room adjoining the kitchen there was a light, which disclosed the farmer's daughter and the hired girl before a mirror combing their dark tresses preparatory to going to bed. By the feeble rays of the tin lantern the farm boy endeavored to find the bread, but before doing so he asked the unknown his name, so that he might introduce him to the girls. The gaunt youth said that his name was Merithew. It seemed an odd name, but the boy took him to the door of the

sitting room and presented him to the young women, asking him to make himself comfortable while he got together a little supper. The stranger barely nodded to the girls, and passing through the long, low-ceilinged room, seated himself on an old horsehair sofa. He was sitting there with his head hanging and his long white-cuffed hands folded across his breast when the farm boy last saw him. The girls, rather timid, turned their backs on him and resumed combing their wavy dark hair. Barely two minutes had passed when the hired boy heard the girls scream out in terror. Resting his crock of milk on the water bench, he hurried to the sitting room. The girls were white with terror. Hastily they explained to him that the young man to whom they had been introduced had vanished when they turned their backs for a minute to comb their hair.

Who was the strange creature, why had he acted so oddly, they excitedly demanded. The boy tried to calm their fears, saying that he supposed the stranger, feeling bashful, had slipped out through the kitchen, while he had been busy finding the bread. The girls accepted the explanation, and to the boy's relief did not mention the incident to the family next morning. Perhaps they dreaded a drubbing if they told of having had a strange male caller after night. But the boy could not shake off the memory of the hard-working but illusive Merithew. He did not see him again until about three weeks later, on a cold wintry night, when all the family had driven to the village to attend some

special service at the church. On that occasion Merithew appeared at the barn door, asked if he might help with the evening's work, which offer was again accepted. But after working splendidly he declined the invitation to go to the house to get a bite of supper. He left the boy at the double gate and vanished in the gloom below the hill.

One night about Christmas time the boy was alone again; the family of course at church. Merithew appeared, helped with the work and vanished. About three weeks after that, in mid-winter, the hired boy and the farmer's son were milking in the cow barn. It was almost dark and bitterly cold. Suddenly the form of Merithew appeared out of the floor back of the cows. The animals became visibly agitated, shaking their stanchioned heads, and switching their long tails. Some of them bellowed mournfully. Merithew seemed utterly unconcerned, and began conversing with the boy in his low musical voice. At the far end of the stalls, on the other side of the double mangers, the farmer's son noted the unseemly racket and heard a stranger's voice. In his usual surly tones he demanded to know with whom the hired boy was speaking.

"I'm talking with Merithew," said the lad innocently. The farmer's son rose up from his milking, shaking like a reed, then he stooped down, picked up the milking stool and ran down the entry, hurling the stool in the direction from which the strange voice emanated.



"My God," cried the excited rustic, "don't you know you're talking with a ghost?"

As he said these words the tall, grim form of Merithew disappeared down through the barn floor. Barely had it vanished when the nervous farmer ran down the entry and out of the barn leaving the little boy to finish the milking alone. The boy, though badly frightened, held his post, but in his heart came a new courage, a new determination, a desire put there by the ghost of Merithew to make his escape from the hateful surroundings. Like a flash of divination he saw that Merithew had come to help him, perhaps was the shade of some former farm boy worked to death or into consumption there or in the neighborhood; he must get away before too late. All, even the hired girl, had gone to bed when he got to the gloomy old house. The next morning was Sunday, and they all were off to church while he was about his usual tasks. But when the carry-all was lost to sight up the hilly road the boy dropped his pitchfork and struck out manfully across the fields. Soon he was in the shelter of a grove of dense hemlocks and maples. He made good time, and when night fell he was on the Susquehanna watershed, determined never to return.

But he was apprehended, nevertheless, and might have been returned to the odious surroundings had it not been for a friendly Irish farmer who fought his battle for him, and with whom he remained for several years. But though lastingly grateful to his staunch friend, in his heart of hearts he always cherished the

memory of his real deliverer, Merithew. The pale wraith had awakened in him a real desire to escape, had put hope back in his breast when it had almost flickered out in the darkness of wretched drudgery. He had sent him out into a bigger and better world, where work had its advantages, where justice, kindness and right prevailed, all elements of that spiritual realm from whence Merithew had come.

## XXV.

## GREEN GAP.

## THE LAST MASSACRE OF THE JUNIATA.

“CLEM” HERLACHER is fond of saying that if the last Indian massacre in Pennsylvania did not occur in the Juniata Valley, the victims were at least residents of its watershed. History fails to record the story of this final bloodthirsty act of the rapacious redmen. Jones makes no mention of it, nor does Rupp, or Sherman Day or Meginness. Yet the great number of reliable persons who have heard the story from their parents and grandparents amply attest to its correctness.

The consensus of opinion places the date of the last massacre as late as the second month of the year 1801, or long after peace was declared between Great Britain and the Colonies, and over a year after the death of General George Washington. At that time Thomas McKean was Governor of the Commonwealth, Edward Shippen was chief justice of the Supreme Court, John P. G. Muhlenberg and William Bingham were the United States senators, all able, energetic men, well capable of coping with such a situation. But the massacre evidently escaped their immediate attention, and thereby missed

its chance of finding a place in recorded history.

The scene of the massacre of the Juniata citizens, Green Gap, in the east end of Sugar Valley, in Clinton County, is remarkable in several ways. The largest tree in the valley, a white pine, which when cut some forty years ago was measured by the venerable Daniel Mark at seven feet across the stump, stood at the mouth of the gap, in height it was the same as the pine cut on the campus of Dartmouth College—270 feet; the last native elks in Sugar Valley were slain there by Major Philip Wohlfart and Jacob Franck in 1835, some of the last wolves native to the valley had their dens there, until slain by David Zimmerman about 1847.

Though wolves made incursions into the valley at much later dates, in fact in the hard winter of 1857, according to Henry Wise, they held a battle royal among themselves near Eastville, devouring one of their number, the brutes wiped out by Nimrod Zimmerman were the last "resident" wolves in the "East End." The story of the destruction of these "last wolves" is of more than passing interest. Shortly after David Zimmerman's arrival in the valley, he took unto himself a charming bride, and leaving the parental log castle, at Tea Springs, where four counties, Union, Lycoming, Clinton and Centre corner, he moved to a more secluded nook in the vast wilderness. Shortly after his arrival at the new home his bride showed him the tracks of two wolves in the snow near the sheep-fold. This augured ill for his stock-raising intentions, so he deter-

mined to rid the neighborhood of these "long-tailed hunters," as the old settlers termed the tribe of *canis lupus*. With the aid of his faithful dogs he tracked the wolves, a male and a female, to a rocky den in the depths of Green Gap, several miles from his place of residence. Indications pointed to the presence of pups in the cavern, so the intrepid hunter placed himself on the watch, eventually shooting the she-wolf. Then he dug out the cave, finding ten new-born pups. It was in the month of April. Snow was still on the ground, as is often the case in high altitudes at this period of the year.

After killing the pups the hunter resumed his vigil for the dog-wolf, but the wily beast apparently deserted the country. Though a trifle disappointed at not having wiped out this entire wolfish family, Zimmerman returned to his cabin, presenting his bride with the rich brown-black pelt of the dead she-wolf. Peace reigned about the secluded cabin for several days and nights. At length an extremely cold night set in, coupled with a black frost.

The Zimmerman cabin, built of yellow pine logs, was a one-story structure, and the bedroom window, always kept open at night, was but a couple of feet above the level of the ground. The young couple had retired after a hard day's work, and were about falling into a doze when they heard the yelping of their dogs in the yard, which usually betokened the presence of some skulking animal. After a few minutes a louder and fiercer howl came from the giant pines at the edge

of the clearing. Louder and louder it grew, until the dogs abashed by the comparison lapsed into silence.

Zimmerman rose up in bed, and looked out into the clearing, which was clearly visible in the frigid starlight. In the open lot stood the burly form of a giant dog-wolf, with mane and tail erect and bristling. It seemed to be barking an open defiance to the dwellers in the lonely cabin. The hunter calm and collected, reached for his gun, his favorite "swivel breech," which lay on the deal floor by the four-poster. The bride caught him by the other arm, imploring him not to get up and do battle with the wolf. The bridegroom whispered that he had no such intention, but he wanted to be able to protect his bride and self in case the wolf attempted to spring through the open window. But the wolf showed no desire to come closer. His howl, at first loud and defiant, struck off into a melancholy key, a sobbing song of loneliness and misery. From defiance his song had become a pæan of sorrow over the inevitable.

All the while Zimmerman was adjusting his weapon so as to be able to fire it through the open sash, to hit his quarry despite the uncertainties of the dim light. But soon he was ready, there was a click, click, followed by a loud report, and with a horrible yelp of pain the last "resident" wolf of Sugar Valley rolled over on the frozen ground, a lifeless mass.

But to return to the most important happening in Green Gap, the massacre of the brave boys from the Juniata country. It appeared that in the last months



of 1800 and the first month of the year following a number of mysterious robberies of stock were committed on the farms of the settlers residing at the headwaters of Cocalamus Creek in the Juniata Valley. The animals stolen included horses, milk cows, beeves, hogs and sheep. A number of farm buildings, spring houses, and straw stacks were burned, a virtual reign of terror ensued. No trace of the culprits could be found. The victims applied to the local authorities and then to the State executives, but apart from rewards being offered no definite effort was made to unravel the strange happenings. But it was hinted on high authority that the crimes were those of persons living close at hand, it was wasting time to ask that the State Government take a hand.

"Mend your own bridges," was the gist of the final answer.

Angered by the misconception and apathy among those in the "high places," a meeting of the chief sufferers was held at the farmstead of one of their number, a brave, high-spirited stock raiser named Captain Harry Green, formerly of Milton, a veteran of the Revolution, whose property was located near the heading of Little Cocalamus. Half a hundred head of stock had been stolen, four barns, six spring houses and six straw stacks burned and yet not a single definite clew to the marauders. At the meeting Green surprised his fellow-sufferers by stating that the robbers were Indians. Some few were disposed to question this statement, declaring that all the roving bands were

now safely corralled on the northern reservations, but the intrepid pioneer drew from the pocket of his buckskin coat a moccasin which he had found near the ashes of his largest straw stack. He went on to relate that only five years before Indians had made a raid in Black Wolf Valley now called Treaster Valley, in Mifflin County, driving off a couple of dozen head of beeves, that they had been tracked up to the fastnesses of High Valley where they had slaughtered the animals and made good their escape to the north, that the Indians had been threatening reprisals for the white men's recent extermination of the buffaloes.

He believed that the redskins were camping somewhere in the mountains south of the Susquehanna, and if some of those present would volunteer he would head a posse of regulators to secure summary redress, they would bother the State no longer. Every man present signified a desire to join in the Indian hunt, but Green decided to accept only the seven unmarried men, who unanimously elected him "captain." Their first intention was to proceed to Black Wolf Valley, but before they had started a farmer returning from Swinefordstown informed them that there was a rumor of Indians camping in a wild gap that had its outlet in the valley of Fishing Creek, in the east end of Sugar Valley, a valley so named for the number of sugar maples growing in it.

The party started, well armed and in high spirits. They got no trace of the Indians until after they had left the Gap, and came out in the above-named valley.

Then they noticed the smoke of a campfire in the gap back of the present village of Carroll. They might have surprised and annihilated the savage band had it not been for the alertness of the Indian dogs. The fleet-footed redmen abandoned their campfire in the "nick of time," at which a haunch of venison was roasting, and scurried back into the impenetrable forests. The pursuers were quite a little surprised not to find any traces of the missing farm animals. Not a hoof-print or sign of any kind was to be found. But they decided to pursue the marauders. They were fleet-footed like the redmen and several times were close at their heels. They chased them over the rocky country to the Bald Eagle Ridge, and along that mountain to Mill Hall, where they crossed the valley to the Allegheny range, following those mountains to the mouth of Lick Run, where Farrandsville now stands. There the Indians crossed the river, and as the ice was going out and the northern country little known and treacherous, the pursuit was there abandoned. The party then retraced their way down the West Branch Valley.

At the mouth of Bald Eagle Creek they met a friendly Indian, Joe Sunfish, who was going to McElhattan Run to trap beavers. He said that he believed he could tell of the mysterious raids in Coclamus Valley, who the marauders were and what was done with the plunder. The band was most probably led by a "bad Indian" named Stiffarmed George, a Seneca, and their last camp had been in one of the

gaps opening into Sugar Valley. From his description of the locality, the pioneers had clearly gotten into the wrong gap; they had been in Chadwick's Gap, whereas the thieving Indians had camped and concealed their booty in the glen now known as Green Gap. That gap could easily be located. At its mouth stood the "Sentinel Pine," a tree of such noticeable girth and height that it far outstripped its fellows.

Stiffarmed George was at the head of about a dozen savages, he said, all with unsavory reputations, and liable to arrest for abandoning the reservations without permission. That Stiffarmed George was a "bad Indian" is borne out by the fact that he died on the gallows at Buffalo, New York, in 1803, for the murder of a white man. Captain Green had known Joe Sunfish for a long while, he had been a frequent visitor to the Juniata country in the days when beavers were plentiful. Consequently his surmises concerning the movements and identity of the outlaws was apt to be reasonably correct. The regulators therefore continued their way down the valley until they came to the Indian path, once the favorite highway of the eloquent but intemperate James Logan, which led through McElhattan Gap in the direction of Sugar Valley.

Before reaching the sulphur spring where Logan often camped while imbibing the medicinal waters after a debauch, the path diverged, one leading in an easterly direction through Hopple Hollow. This path Green and his party followed. It led into the Carroll Gap by way of the present Bixel Church, and at the

mouth of the gap a splendid view across the valley was obtained. There were many gaps in the long range of mountains, on the "winter side" of the valley, Green Burr, Bull Run, Schwenk's, Chadwick's, Green's, but the gap which they wished to reach was the furthest east. Even at that distance, four or five miles, they made out the black towering, matted head of the "sentinel pine." They could see where they had made a mistake, Chadwick's Gap was further west than the gorge where the redmen had their rendezvous. Following the Indian path across the valley, they found a new and well-marked trail leading to the gap in question.

They saw the "sentinel pine." What a noble tree it was, the hardy frontiersmen bowed their heads in reverence as they passed it. Such a tree must be, as the Indians claimed, possessed of consciousness, of soul. The gap was a veritable jungle of giant pines, and hemlocks, also the tallest rhododendrons they had ever seen. Windfalls had made travel still more difficult. Snow and ice further impeded progress. But the path was distinct, it had been recently used. However there were no hoofprints of cattle discernible. The animals were either still in the gap or had been butchered.

It was a half day's work to travel the four miles to the head of the gap beyond which lay the waters of the South Branch of White Deer Creek. Near the summit the pioneers reached a large open space; windfalls had downed most of the timber, what was left

was girdled and dying. In the center of the clearing were the remains of Indian campfires, some of them with the embers smouldering. Lying about were the skulls and bones of oxen, hogs and sheep. Evidently the red marauders had killed as much of their booty as possible, selling the rest perhaps to some white renegades. But at the same time there must have been regal feasting among the aborigines. In the newly fallen skiff of snow was the spoor of many panthers, wolves, wildcats and foxes, crossing and recrossing the campsite. These scavengers had descended on the camp, gorging themselves on what was left, after the departure of the Indians.

It made the regulators angry to look upon such a scene, especially as they had to cook a frugal supper of the small amount of jerked venison they had brought with them. It was getting late, too dark to find any tracks of the horses and cattle which possibly survived. It was bitterly cold, so they decided to utilize the Indian camp for the night. It was as safe as any place, the wolves might howl from the mountain sides, but such animals never molested armed men. It might have been well to leave some one on watch, but all were tired after their long pursuit of Stiffarmed George and his band. After supper the ruddy glow of the ebbing campfire further induced sleep. One by one the hardy band wrapped themselves in their blankets and passed into slumberland. Captain Green was the last to fall asleep, quiet reigned over the camp, even the wolves were quiet that frigid February night.



The tired regulators had slept possibly an hour when in single file a dozen fierce-looking Indians ascended the gorge, and, reaching the clearing, surrounded the sleeping band. Silently, as only Indians can, they closed in on the sleepers, and with their tomahawks they brained and scalped the unhappy men. Not a single sleeper knew what had happened until he found himself awake in the land of shades. Then the Indians stripped the bleeding corpses, gathered up the rifles and ammunition and as silently as they had come departed out of the gap toward the vast wildernesses of the north.

The dead men were not left alone for long, the bloodthirsty wolves were soon aware of conditions, and descending off the mountain slopes in files, like hideous caricatures of Indians, proceeded to ramp and fight over the mutilated bodies. It was a wolfish orgy to be sure, participated in by all the wolves in Sugar Valley and in the adjoining regions. Hundreds of the savage creatures fought all night and all the next day, and all the next night, until hardly a recognizable human vestige remained.

It was not until the second morning after the massacre that some hunters from an improvement in the west of the valley, two hardy men named John Colby and Samuel Jones, bound for a red bear hunt at Buffalo Path, heard the unseemly racket of the wolves in the lonely gap. Finding an Indian path they followed it to the head of the wild glen. There the sight which greeted their eyes was sickening to the extremity.

Human skulls and bones were everywhere on rocks, in the spring, wedged between logs, side by side with beeves' skulls, showing the extent of the wolfish frolic.

At first they thought that the wolves had been the aggressors, but when they picked up the skulls to gather them together for decent burial, they saw on every one the telltale mark of the cruel tomahawks. These same hunters had seen Captain Green and his band on their way to the north and the number of his party corresponded with the number of skulls found.

What was left was given a decent burial that frosty morning under a pile of heavy rocks, where they would be inviolate from wolves or other desecrators. The word was sent to the authorities, but nothing was accomplished; the name "Green Gap" alone to-day perpetuates the memory of the foul deed.

## XXVI.

## THE ROB ROY.

## A LEGEND OF OLD M'VEYTOWN.

**A** LONG the old canal bank, below the picturesque village of McVeytown, for a full century stood a certain public house, a tavern stand with a history. Long before the building of the canal it had been a noted hostelry, a favored stopping place for travelers along the pike, a headquarters for the hardy settlers and hunters of the neighborhood. It had been in the hands of one family for nearly the entire span of the century, a family of more than ordinary refinement and common sense, who had raised inn keeping almost to the level of a profession. For that reason they attracted the best class of custom and many were the travelers who journeyed miles further enduring fatigue and cold, so that they could spend the night under this hospitable roof. And many were the travelers who went off their regular roads purposely that they might be entertained there. Even the roughest customers from the Blue Ridge and Jack's Mountain maintained a respectable demeanor within the heavy walls of the old stone tavern; the few Indians who stopped there recalled that it had been built originally as a fort, as was evidenced by the thickness of the walls—the en-

tire atmosphere was one of genial charm. It reflected the English inns of romance in this wild mountainous section of the new world.

The family who kept the stand were of English descent, of exceptionally good stock, being related to the nobility; the head of the family had been a baronet's younger son who emigrated to Pennsylvania, marrying there a beautiful girl of lesser rank but of solid north of Ireland forbears. The first landlord had married the eldest daughter of this union, an attractive girl, who maintained her dignity, yet left no detail of her hotel business neglected.

She was a favorite with all travelers especially with gentlemen travelers from a distance, who detected in her qualities of mind and heart of no mean order. Often these fine gentlemen tarried for a number of days, appreciating the home atmosphere, while they questioned the regular patrons from the mountains concerning the tracks and trails of the wilderness. The good name of the house was passed from one dignitary to another, for gentlemen always recognize one another at sight, and "go to the stone tavern, 'The Bounding Elk,' " became a password assuring a kindly reception and genuine comforts for the most exacting tourist.

Among the visitors were many foreigners, principally Scotchmen, Ulster Scots, and a few Englishmen, who made the Juniata Valley the veritable Celtic trail in Pennsylvania. For there they found most of the earliest settlers descended from their own stock, and their clannish natures found greatest happiness among

persons of kindred names, customs and religion. Some of these British travelers were scientists, writers, artists or teachers, but there were numerous "younger sons" of distinguished parents abroad, who were living as "rolling stones" in the new country, traveling from place to place, yet never finding any spot attractive enough to settle in permanently, no calling suited to their luxurious natures. Some of these gentlemen were young, others middle-aged, a few of them were quite old and proportionately more restless.

It was in the early spring of 1791, the year after the young landlady's marriage, that a stranger of more than usual interest ensconced himself at the stone tavern known as the Bounding Elk. At first he had not intended to stop, but struck by the name, paused to inquire its meaning. He was met by the comely young landlady who smilingly informed him that it was named for a famous and probably mythical elk, which pursued by Indians in days gone by, had cleared the Juniata with a single bound near where the tavern stood.

Evidently the stranger was an antiquary, as he seemed greatly pleased with the information. Dinner hour being near at hand, he turned his horse over to the colored stable boy, Patterson, and entered the tavern. He was so well received by the stalwart young landlord, to say nothing of the charming better half's attentions, that he decided to remain over night. Going to the barn, he unstrapped his saddle bags, and proceeded to make himself at home. He gave his

name as "Mr. Campbell," which caused the landlord to inquire if he were related to persons of that name residing further up the valley. The stranger shook his head, saying that he had no relatives in the Confederation, as far as he knew.

He seemed to be quite a young man, but it was hard to guess his correct age, as he was of that sandy complexion which so often defies the inroads of time. He was of medium height, sturdily built, with a clear-cut aquiline nose, deep-set Celtic blue eyes, and, though his lips were somewhat full, he always kept his mouth tight shut and compressed. He had good color, good teeth, there was a slight curl to his auburn locks. His manner was sprightly, yet underneath it all was a vein of seriousness which expressed itself most noticeably in moments of abstraction and silence. Polite, yet reserved to all classes of people, he had the gift of making friends easily.

Prolonging his stay at the Bounding Elk from day to day, he soon became a fixture about the premises. His chief interest seemed to be in listening to the Indian legends of the mountains which the old pioneers loved to retail in the tap room. Occasionally Indians stopped at the hotel, and the stranger made a point to become acquainted with them. He seemed to possess the power of penetrating their stolidity and reserve, for they talked freely of the grand days when the Juniata and its surrounding regions was their earthly paradise.

From remarks dropped by one of the old Indians, he was led, late in October, to make a journey on



horseback to the headwaters of Moose Run, a tributary of Bald Eagle Creek, although previously hardly a week had passed but he had made some shorter pilgrimage to others of the historic shrines in the Blue Ridge, or Fasick's Ridge, or Jack's Mountain. But the ride across several ranges of mountains and valleys to the Snow Shoe region was his longest excursion; he was gone nearly two weeks. At times the young landlord and his wife feared that their visitor might never return; he had come mysteriously, he might depart in the same manner. But when almost given up as lost, he rode up unconcernedly, his face beaming with evident pleasure and satisfaction. He had been in a fierce snowstorm, had almost perished in the impenetrable forest one cold windy night, but when that was passed and gone, he could only say that the trip had been well worth the effort.

The night of his return the stone tavern bid fair to re-establish its claim to the name of the "Bounding Elk." Just before supper time a loud barking of dogs was heard a short distance down the river. A gigantic bull moose, on his southerly migration, had been driven into the water by a nondescript pack of hounds, which were yelping and leaping about his huge, swart form. With his massive palmated antlers he defended himself as best he could until, stepping into a deep hole, he was almost swept off his feet by the current. Just at this moment the landlord, a couple of old hunters, and the stable boy arrived on the scene armed with flintlocks. The appearance of the Nimrods spurred the des-

perate moose to greater efforts, and he managed to reach the south shore at a spot where the bank was level, and with a mighty plunge took harbor in the forest. Dogs and men were after him, they could not allow such a superb quarry to escape.

Black moose were practically extinct at that time, although the grey moose or elk were still fairly numerous in Jack's Mountain and in the Seven Brothers. The disappearance of the hunters on what might be an all-night's chase left the stranger and the young landlady alone in the tavern. Had he not just returned from a long horseback journey he might have accompanied them, but as it was he preferred to enjoy a quiet supper with his hostess.

That night blew up bitterly cold, the winds, "in their weary play," hurled themselves against the gables and roof with a ghostly woo, woo, woo. All Souls' night was past, else the winds might have been mistaken for the outcries of angry spirits. After supper the young couple sat before the huge open fireplace, watching the sparks from the great back log fly up the chimney, and listening to the unhappy wind. The stranger was stroking a large black cat, his favorite animal, which climbed on his lap and shoulders, arching its back and purring affectionately. After a while, when the man and girl felt in harmony with one another, the stranger's reserve vanished, he began talking about his trip, of the legends he had heard while in the high mountains.

Several weeks before an Indian named Nicodemus

had begged a meal at the tavern. He said that he was over a hundred years old, and he certainly looked it. He claimed to have been one of the Pequot Indians converted by the Moravians at Shekomeko, in Dutchess County, New York, who followed the missionaries into Pennsylvania after their persecutions at the hands of the New Yorkers. This Indian told of his accompanying the missionary Ettwein on his journey to the Ohio in 1772, and how they had camped for several days at Snow Shoe on the backbone of the Alleghenies. While there another Pequot named Nathan, a member of the party, fell in love with Paa-lochquen, a Shawnee maid of rare beauty, the daughter of a hunter of that tribe camped in the neighborhood. His ardor was reciprocated, and Ettwein was preparing to baptize the beautiful girl when the Pequot lover fell ill. Though he had everything to live for, the unfortunate Indian died in a few days and was buried at the foot of a giant mountain, the spot ever after being known as Indian Grave Hill. Ettwein had uttered a prayer at the grave and carved the deceased's name on a nearby beech tree. The bereaved maiden was inconsolable, and sat by the grave grieving in silence. Vainly did her father try to make her return to his camp at the head of the stream whose name commemorated one of his great kills in the hunting field, Moose Run, but the girl was obdurate. Sorrow drove her out of her mind, she forgot all else except the loss of her lover. Her equally grief-stricken relatives brought her food and drink, but she fasted until the next phase of

the moon, when she recovered her reason. But she refused to return to Moose Run. Life never again could flow in its old channels, she said.

Her father moved to another hunting ground across the ridge where she consented to go. When the moon took on the *demi-lune* the girl was out of her mind again. She fasted and went without sleep, claiming that she saw and was with her beloved Nathan. In time she became known as the Half Moon Maid, and the camping ground later was called Half Moon Lick. For over a century afterward it was a famous locality for deer.

The stranger was seized with a desire to meet the Half Moon Maid and perhaps she could answer a riddle which was tearing at his heart. So he had journeyed into the wilderness and met the unhappy woman, now middle-aged and minus her former beauty. But she had promised to put him in touch with some one across the seas, some one whom he had not heard from for several weary years. He had come back from the high mountains jubilant, like one reborn; he was to receive more than a wireless message can give to-day, a sight of and an interview with his sweetheart.

But before going on further with his story the stranger revealed his identity. His name, Campbell, had been assumed by his grandfather in Scotland, who was none other than the famous outlaw Rob Roy. His father, James MacGregor Campbell, had escaped from Edinburgh Castle, where he had been imprisoned after the Battle of Prestonpans, to France, and there





GOLDEN HOUR AT OLD MCVEYTOWN





the younger James Campbell was born. His life had run smoothly enough except for several military experiences, until when on a visit to Florence, in northern Italy, he noticed one afternoon, when walking along the Arno, much as Dante had observed the immortal Beatrice, the beautiful Countess Angiere Agnes Garliardini.

This young noblewoman was an orphan of Italian, English and German blood and heiress to considerable property. Though she spent most of her time with Italian relatives, her guardian was a Bavarian, a Baron Linderum, who had served with her father under Marshal Saxe at Fontenoy, both being youthful cavalry officers in their teens at the time of the memorable battle.

The appearance of the young countess made an impression on young Campbell's sensitive soul, a soul like Byron's that was always "wax to receive, marble to retain," that time could not lessen or separation efface. The oval face, with its *retroussé* nose and full lips, the blue eyes, the pale hair, crispy, like spun sugar, the slender form, all to him made a picture of exquisite loveliness. As it was a case of love at first sight with the youth, it was equally so with the girl, and she leaned against the parapet gazing after him as he strolled along toward the Cascine Park. So strong was the impression that the young lover could have no peace until presented to his charmer. As acquaintances, both found themselves most congenial, the words of love were soon spoken and on both sides. Then

came the breaking of the news to the guardian, whose rage knew no bounds. He had other plans for the fair girl's future, he made it known. The lover was warned away, to go out into the big world and win a name for himself. If successful, he might come back and again pay his addresses, if by that time the girl had not married some one else.

Not having a regular occupation, not even a commission at that moment, with his father a penniless exile, beset with enemies, there was nothing to do but to turn away with a heavy heart, to seek surcease in some other part of the world. The social position of Countess Angiere Agnes made her too conspicuous a personage to figure in an elopement; at any rate she did not enthuse over such a proposition, though he made it to her. Therefore alone and sunk deep in hopelessness, the young man made his way to America. There he saw many opportunities to prosper, but his soul was filled with such a great unrest and emptiness that he could not concentrate his mind on any given task. He had been a wanderer, filled with many vague hopes and wild fancies until he found his ultimate islands in the hospitable walls of the Bounding Elk.

The beautiful Angiere Agnes had promised to write to him regularly in America and he gave her the addresses of family friends in Philadelphia who would forward his mail to wherever he might be. He wrote her every day until he reached the ship, every day on shipboard, and daily for weeks after his arrival in the Quaker City. When the time eagerly watched for

had rolled around and he might expect letters from his beloved he was cast into the depths of despondency by the non-arrival of a single line, directly or indirectly. Though he kept on writing letters at intervals of every week or two for a period of over four years, silence was profound as far as Angiere Agnes was concerned. Though he could not understand the girl's instability after so many protestations of love, he kept his faith through it all—he never even looked at any other woman.

His first ray of real hope came when old Paalochquen, the erstwhile "Half Moon Maid," told him to return to the Bounding Elk and learn the true state of affairs. He hoped that this glimpse into the world of his dreams would set his soul's house in order, so that he might find his place in the world and cease the foolish career of "rolling stone" or dilettante. He felt firmly convinced that Angiere Agnes loved him, that there was some cause for her silence, but it would have been useless to return to Europe before she came of age, which event had happened in the previous December.

As he was speaking these final words of faith the great clock in the corner of the room began striking twelve, the sleeping black cat on his lap raised its head and curved its back, as such grimalkins always do at the signal of the witching hour. When the last stroke had sounded, the young man put the cat down gently, and rising from the settle, bade his hostess good-night. Lighting his rushlight, he passed out into the dark cold

hall, to ascend the broad staircase to his room, a sad and solitary figure.

After he had gone the landlady, the fair Dorcas, sat by the fire meditating. Surely this youth, whom she ever afterwards called "The Rob Roy," was different from any man she had ever met before; his love story above all others had its pathos, his hopes for the future she prayed might be realized. There was something heroic about him that won her admiration. And as the fire burned low she fell asleep with the cat on her lap.

When she awoke she saw her husband, the two old hunters and Patterson, the stable boy, standing by her. The fire was low, the room frigid. A few rays of pink dawn were coming through the shuttered windows. The men were exultant. They had killed the moose, its mammoth antlers lay on the floor, the dogs were licking the blood off the section of skull to which they were affixed. It took the sleepy woman several minutes to fully grip her consciousness, but when she did she congratulated the Nimrods on bringing down the monarch of the forest. Then she asked after young Campbell the Rob Roy. Patterson, the stable boy, spoke up saying that he had met him going out of the house as they were coming in. He had asked him to go back to the stable and saddle his horse for him—he must hurry there now.

Anxiously Dorcas inquired where Campbell was going. The boy could not tell, except that he was carrying the saddle-bags with him, which seemed to indicate a long journey. Suddenly losing interest in

the hunters grouped about the remains of the bull moose, the young woman ran out to the stable yard. No horse was to be seen. In the barn the Rob Roy's mount was not in its box. The young man had departed without revealing if he had had his peep across the seas, and if his faith had proved true. And the fair Dorcas hung her head, as if slighted.

At that moment the Rob Roy was riding to the East as fast as his horse could travel over the frosty roads. With blind purpose he urged the faithful animal on until he reached Philadelphia, where he put up at an inn on the water front. While in the city he met several friends to whom he imparted the information of his intended return to France. To all of these friends he said he was rejoining the army, that war was brewing, but in a letter posted to Dorcas on the eve of departure at sea he confided his real reason for the journey, a strange happening past midnight in his room at the Bounding Elk.

The letter recited that after he left his landlady at the inglenook, he repaired to his room, lighting the way with the single rushlight. As he opened the door, by the rich, flickering light, he saw his beloved Angiere Agnes standing in the middle of the room. Her face was ghastly pale, of a greenish hue; she held her left hand, the long fingers greenish white, over her heart, and spread beneath her hand was a sheet of letter paper. As the surprised lover advanced toward her she extended her hand to him, giving him the scrap of paper. As she moved her arm away from her breast

he could see a gaping hole in the black silk bodice, and something that looked like black clotted blood. And as he took the paper in his hand, which was in the form of an old-time letter with cracked red seals, there was a ragged hole in the center of it, the edges of which were much powder marked.

The young man's lips moved as if to speak, but he checked himself, knowing that it was dangerous to address a ghost—the phantom was certain to fade away—so he waited for the shadow of what was once the fair Angiere Agnes to speak. He could see her full lips twitch and curve, with the movement of cold clay, before the familiar tones were heard. The story which she related chilled his heart and made him bite his lips in rage.

It seemed that when he had gone away to seek his fortune in the New World she had resolved to be true to him, she had written him every day and expected to hear from him in return. But no answers came to her letters. The long silence almost broke her heart. She questioned her guardian, but he could tell her nothing. In her desperation she wrote to a man of prominence in Philadelphia, one of her guardian's friends, asking about the absent lover, whether he was alive or dead.

Meanwhile the old baron approached her with a proposal of marriage, which she indignantly refused. The elderly guardian did not seem rebuffed, but passed the episode over, apparently continuing to be as polite and considerate as if nothing of a serious nature had happened. One evening, she was at the baron's castle



in Munich at the time, the old man asked her to accompany him to a reception at the royal armory or "Rust Kammer," where some distinguished savants from England and Spain, including a noble writer on armor, were to be entertained.

While dressing for the occasion a letter covered with seals and postmarks was handed to her. Breaking it open she saw that it was headed "Philadelphia, April 27, 1791." But, alas, it was not in her lover's handwriting, but from the prominent Quaker whom her guardian knew. Breathlessly she read it; it contained bad news. James Campbell, it said, had been married over two years to an estimable young lady of Philadelphia, giving her name, and was living with her in excellent style within a few squares of the residence of the writer of the letter. In her grief Angiere Agnes almost fell to the floor. As it was she reeled, and had to be supported by her maidservants. But though full of tenderness and sentiment, she was of proud nature and resolved to conceal the tragedy from all, especially from her guardian. So she finished her simple toilette, dined with the old nobleman in his state dining-hall, laughing gaily as though nothing had happened, yet when she looked in the long mirror opposite to where she sat she could see that she was deadly pale.

After the repast she drove with the baron to the armory, and was soon in the midst of the large assemblage, which embraced all the nobility, as well as the intellectuals of the city and vicinity. The armory was a quaint old place, with stone floor and stone gothic

arches, and after paying their respects to the distinguished guests the old soldier desired to show his fair ward the wonders of the collection.

In the "saals" of this armory were contained many antique treasures, such as figures of men-at-arms in harness of plate or mail, and weaponed with swords, partizans or iron-studded clubs, and shields emblazoned with armorial bearings. Around these were ranged, in various trophies, banners, lances, pikes, halberds, morning-stars, and iron-mounted flails, herald's batons, gilt tournament lances and every species of firearm, match-locks, wheel-locks, snap-huhns, dogs, pistolettes, and hagbuts with their rests. On the walls were displayed morions, skulls, swords, battle-axes, back-plates and breast-plates, touch-boxes and bullet moulds, cross-bows, kettle-drums, pitch-rings, and chevaux-de-frize; and on the floor were ranged small pieces of artillery with their balls, including demi-falcons or long long slender cannon, one with the date 1608 on it.

All of this was highly edifying to a lover of military science, and the old veteran feasted his eyes on these relics of his art of war as if they were so many beautiful women. At the sides of the vast central chamber were numerous chapels or alcoves, faintly lit by tapers.

While the old soldier stopped to converse with a fellow-veteran of Saxe's Wars, Angiere Agnes slipped unnoticed into one of these shadowy recesses. On a table, uncovered, lay a number of pistols of cumbersome and antique design. Picking up one after another she primed them until she found one that was

loaded: some armorer must have been experimenting with it. It would be a risky thing to do, as the old weapon might explode, but she determined to end her sorrow then and there.

Laying the letter from Philadelphia, the death knell of all her hopes, over her heart, she placed the pistol against it and pulled the clumsy rusty trigger. There was a sickening report, a lot of foul smoke, a crash on the stone floor, and all was over. Baron Linderum heard the shot, and with his aged friend, ran forward. When they reached the dim chapel Angiere Agnes, Countess Garliardini, was beyond all mortal aid.

The armorers swept away the collection of ancient pistols, and gently placed the body on the antique table, where it made an admirable bier for the lovely corpse. When the baron had first rushed to the spot he had seen the shot-torn letter lying over the girl's heart; he had divined the meaning. It is well that his thoughts are unrecorded. When he viewed the body lying on the table, with the long white hands folded across the lacerated breast, the letter was gone. He charged the armorers with concealing it, but could get no satisfaction from them.

All that was mortal of his still-born romance was laid to rest in the family vault of his schloss, and he retired to a life of solitude until he might be placed in death by her side, amid ancestors reaching back in unbroken line almost a thousand years.

Where the soul goes after release Angiere Agnes could not tell, where the damning letter was wafted to

she was still less able to know, but at any rate she held it over her broken heart when she greeted her lover in his desolate room at the Bounding Elk by the beautiful Juniata. And to prove that he was not dreaming, but that he really saw her, she handed it to him, her white finger marks brushing away some of the powder stains.

And then she was gone—to the unknown land that she, nor no other dweller in it, can ever describe, that nether world which is not spiritual, not material, the no man's land which is all we know of the universe we cannot see, that universe that is material enough to retain a scrap of paper for four or five sad years. Yet we know that is a land far from Nirvana or Valhalla.

How long after she had vanished Campbell kept standing there clutching the bullet-rent paper he did not know, except that when he heard the voices of the returning moose hunters and the barking of the dogs below he folded the letter and put it in his pocket above his heart, and slipping quietly down the stairs—he wanted to see nobody, speak to nobody, be alone with his soul—he hurried outdoors to the stable.

And a few days after he wrote the story to Dorcas, as if she were his one real friend, "The Rob Roy" was sailing down the Delaware toward the East, where his hopes had risen like the sun, away from the West, where they had gone down in a sunset of exquisite beauty and profound sadness.

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